Camp and Lamp

By

Samuel Mathewson Baylis.

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Camp and Camp

RAMBLES IN REALMS OF SPORT STORY SONG

BY

Samuel Mathewson Baylis.

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Samuel M Baylis

Author.

PREFACE

A CHILD was given a little corner of the Great Garden to dig and plant and care for and be his very own to do with as he pleased.

He labored many days with unaccustomed hands and strange tools to break the hard ground and fit it for his planting, then went out along the wayside and by the stream and through the wood and to the mart if perchance he might find wherewith to deck his little garden.

He sought diligently and returned laden, having found here a seedling and there a slip and yonder a root, of which he knew not yet the name nor that whereunto the thing should grow, yet did he nevertheless set each in its appointed place and tend and water them all the hot, sunny days.

And some laughed to see the Child at play in his garden, and many were indifferent; but some few paused with words of cheer and helping hand, whereat the Child took heart and worked on. And, by-and-by, buds appeared and the green leaf showed and the blossom opened and the Child was glad by reason of the pretty things in his little Garden of Delight.

Yet some, in passing, when he would show them his pretty blooms, and learn their names and species, made answer curtly and desired the

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Child to trouble them not with his posies, nor hinder them on their journey towards the Valley of the Golden Stones to which they were bound.

And again there passed, on their way to the Crystal Hills, a company of Wise Men learned in such things, and the Child would know of a surety the measure of his planting. And one said : " Weeds, rank weeds, all of them, stay me not with such ! "—and another : " Nay, brother, see you not this and that and yon rare plant ! "—and still a third : "In very truth, little one, both say well ; study you this Treatise on Gardening, wherein I show how to mark the Weed from the Flower, and learn, that your Garden be not marred."

And as the Child read and pondered there came a noise of joyous laughter and he saw a Laborer, freed for one day from toil, pass with his family and hamper of good cheer to a merry-making in the wood ; and the Child was moved to offer them a nosegay to brighten their holiday, and bade them choose.

And the Man and the Woman, the Youth and the Maid, the Aged Man and the Boy plucked the Child's blooms with thankful hands and went on their way with glad faces.

And the Child marveled that the blossoms by which the folk set great store and of which they gathered many were given in the Book as of little worth, and, that of the few choice plants it showed him the Garden grew, the Aged Man and the Boy, alone, had, all unwittingly, each gathered but one.

S. M. B.

MONTREAL, June, 1897.

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TENT, ROD AND PEN.

"And I wish the reader also to take notice, that in writing of it I have made myself a recreation of a recreation. And that it might so prove to him, and not read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixed, not any scurrility, but some innocent, harmless mirth; of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge . . . and I am the willinger to justify the pleasant part of it, because, though it is known I can be serious at seasonable times, yet the whole Discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition; especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business and gone a-fishing. . . ."

ISAAK WALTON.

TROUT LINES.

CLICK; click; click, click, click-k-k-k, whir-r-r-r, szz-z-z-z—

"There he goes! Up with the anchor, Peter! After him, Louis; the line is giving out!"

Stalwart arms grasp the paddles, and the light canoe is driven with swift and powerful strokes after the rushing fish! Not a moment too soon; the pressure is relieved—the line slackens—a sounding splash—a flash of silver and a shower of rainbow-colored drops in the gleaming sunlight!

"He's off!"

"Not a bit of it, sir; reel him in, he's your fish!"

The slack is taken up—the reel fills—we are right over the spot—the pliant bamboo is strained to breaking point. Suddenly, the rod straightens with the spring of an archer's long-bow; the line flies up with a whiz, and at the end of it a giant fish outlined against the dark green background of the tree-shaded banks of the rippling river. In recoil from the unexpectedly sudden rising of what seems some avenging spirit of the waters, the canoe is overbalanced, upset, and the occupants flung to the depths beneath. Then, as consciousness returned, and wondering eyes opened, a glance explained everything.

The Scribe, in reminiscent mood and slippered ease, had instituted the periodical winter overhauling of angling gear beside the apology for a camp-fire in his

own particular den, and had dropped off into a doze. His pet retriever and the household cat, having sat silently interested spectators, took this fitting opportunity to assist in the operations they had till then been content to oversee. The end of a trout-line dangling from its reel set in place on a rod gave the cue. A few tugs started the music, and the dance began. The consequences of the exertions of such vigorous performers on a limited stage may be left to the imagination—the effects on the sleeping partner have been described.

It may be that these were intensified owing to the latent malady ever responsive to awakening suggestion ; for, among the many ills that flesh is heir to is one—if it may be termed an ill—that attacks alike the young and the middle-aged, and spares neither gray hairs nor bald heads. While in some respects its characteristics resemble those of certain diseases that engraft themselves where existing conditions of diluted blood or dilapidated frame render the system susceptible to attack, it differs from them, and is peculiar, in the fact that its ravages are mostly confined to those natures that are cast in a finer mould, and it scornfully passes by those of a baser sort, who enjoy a comparative immunity from contagion.

Strange to say, that although the "Faculty" numbers many victims among its most distinguished members, the Pharmacopoeia provides no remedy for the malady. It is not as bad as seasickness, nor as debilitating as lovesickness, that drags its weary length along, and finally leaves the sufferer in a state of unsatisfied emptiness and general collapse. It is rather feverish in character and intermittent in attack, but

has one symptom in common with the latter disease that impels the patient to protest with Orlando: "I would not be cured!" In short, it is the "Trout-Fever!"

Who has not had it? Who is ever free from it? Who does not look for it as regularly as the returning warmth of the early summer gives new life to the blood so long congealed by the frosts of winter? Who does not feel its first insidious advances as he takes down his Greenhart or Split-bamboo from its bracket and lovingly brushes off the dust with his best silk handkerchief, gives a few turns to the reel, just to hear the old familiar click, or tenderly smooths out the ruffled feathers of his favorite "killers"? In imagination again wading the same old stream, or on the secluded lake carefully balancing himself on the improvised raft or more luxurious skiff, indifferent alike to pouring rain or beating sun, he eagerly strives, by the well known tactics, to induce the wary water-sprite to "come and be killed." Yes, my friend, you and I know all about it, don't we? We've been attacked so often that we recognize the symptoms at once, but, like sensible men, instead of fighting the inevitable, we proceed to take the case in hand.

True it is, there are some people who can complacently congratulate themselves upon being free from all danger of arriving at such a maudlin condition. Their idea of the proper enjoyment of a holiday is to get themselves up in the immaculate costume of the ballroom; to appear as symphonies in black and white in the nightly crushes at the Springs. These know nothing of the delights of flannel shirts and old clothes or the *dolce far niente* after the *al-fresco* lunch, when

pipe and story exhale a flavor that Time has not affected. They would look upon the homeward tramp through the silent woods with the precious load of fish and other "truck" as unmitigated humbug, or at least as something they are well out of.

With such your true fisherman has nothing in common; in his kindness of heart and broad charity for all that the Craft enjoins, he trusts to circumstances to place the Philistine within reach of those influences that tend to produce a better frame of mind, and impel him, at some time, to pause in his engrossing hunt after the mighty dollar, to forget for a while the claims of customers, clients or creditors, and turn his back on the work-a-day world, and his face to those quiet paths, by river or lake, where Peace and Contentment have their home.

"Enough of moralizing," say you, "it's fish we're after!"

Ah! my friend, you should learn the first line of the angler's creed, that "it's not all of fishing to catch fish"; and when you have driven ten miles or more in a rough conveyance over rougher roads, whipped a lake all day without getting a rise and driven back again at night with an empty creel, an unruffled temper, and a contented mind, you may count yourself among the novitiate of the Craft. If in camp, you are able to show as the net results of a day's work enough fish to supply present needs, cooked them, eaten them with other fare off one tin plate with the aid of a three-tined fork and a pewter spoon, enjoyed the meal as you never did the finest a city restaurant could offer, washed the dishes, and are content, you have done well. If, then, you, too, can fall to moralizing upon

the vanities of an uninterrupted existence within sound of the market quotations, sing "Hey! for the life of the merry greenwood," and realize that the line between the enlightened adept and the untutored pot-hunter is defined in that the one considers merely the fish and the other the fishing, you have reached a plane where the craftsman can welcome you among the initiated. Having done this, he can do little more, for, as the Grand Master before quoted says: "Now for the Art of Catching Fish, that is to say, how to make a man that was none to be an Angler by a book; he that undertakes it shall undertake a harder task than Mr. Hales, a most valiant and excellent fencer, who, in a printed book, called 'A Private School of Defence,' undertook to teach that art or science, and was laughed at for his labor. . . For Angling may be said to be so like the Mathematics that it can never be fully learned."

Shall the apprentice attempt what the master shrinks from? He may be well content if the reader be willing to accompany him on his rambles and show a disposition to be entertained by his attempts at a little pleasant gossip by the way.

To the Canadian angler chafing at his enforced detention in the city and sighing for the slowly coming time of his all too short annual outing, the embarrassment of riches is a disturbing factor in making choice of a place for the enjoyment of his own particular sport. There are the bass lakes of the Eastern Townships, the Muskoka, and Gatineau districts; the muskalonge fishing of the Thousand Islands and the Ottawa River; there are the trout lakes back of Quebec and those of the

Laurentian district, where the monsters come from; the Saguenay and Lake St. John, where the festive Ouinaniche sports in his native element, not to speak of the salmon rivers of New Brunswick and the Lower Peninsula, which are available only to the very wealthy and, as a matter of fact, are all held on leases by clubs and select syndicates at high prices.

The counties of Kamouraska, Temiscouata, Rimouski and Gaspé in Quebec, Restigouche and others in New Brunswick, bordering on the State of Maine, may well be called the sportsman's paradise. It is here the lordly salmon has his haunts; here the moose and caribou roam over their native wilds, and trout lakes and streams may be counted by the hundred. One may safely get off at almost any station in the district named and with a portable boat and camping outfit, strike back into the country from five to twenty miles and discover lakes for himself that had never been disturbed with the cast of a fly, and by using a little judicious "influence" with the *cultivateurs*, secure their good will and co-operation, with permission to fish in any lake that may be on their land.

A word of technical interest may be looked for and perhaps as well inserted here and shortly dismissed.

My experience of trout fishing in lakes during the summer season—which is not by any means the best time for fly-fishing—varies as to the size of fish. I find the best time to fish from about four o'clock to dusk, though I have taken them at all hours of the day. The style of fly—of which a cast of three is used—seems to be of small moment, as when trout are rising at all they seem to take almost anything. The general rule is, for bright days, to use some such flies as "dark

hackles," "turkey wings," or "black fairies." For dull days, any bright-colored fly takes well, and when dusk comes on, a "coachman" or "white miller" as a dropper is very taking; in fact, the "coachman" or "Parmachene belle" are good flies to make one of a cast at any time. A slight breeze to ruffle the water is a very desirable element, if it be not a cold wind from the North or East.

Each lake—and there are hundreds scattered through the country more or less available—has individual characteristics of its own as to the size of fish, some apparently yielding none but small fry, and all of them containing in their hidden depths much larger fish, to be got at only with sinker and worms; a mode of fishing, let it be observed, justly held in contempt by your true disciple, who would infinitely prefer to have it said that he had "taken nothing" than to secure a boatload in this nefarious fashion, of which the market supplier may well be allowed a monopoly.

THE ENSNARING DIMPLES OF FONTINALIS.

"COME IN!"

"Thanks! and we'll light some of your cigars, for we came up to talk over your proposal to do as Peter did, and "go a-fishing," and a smoke helps one along. What do you suggest?"

"What about taking up our old quarters at the Sea-View House at Macnider? There are Silver Lake and Beaver Lake and Trout Lake, where you made such a record as a raftsman, not to speak of the brooks, the Tartagou River and the more distant White Lakes and their outlet, White River, all good for a day's outing and a basket of trout. We can take Johnny and make a three-days' trip down to that new lake he talked about, where the fish grew so big that one the last party caught was so immense they could not get it into the boat, but had to tow it ashore, and the whole party lived on him for a week!"

Of course that settled it to the satisfaction of the quartette of congenial chums whose minds had been concerned as to the direction their steps should take on this particular and eagerly looked for holiday.

Tackle was at once overhauled and repaired, two wall tents, blankets and other requisites necessary to the better catching, curing and digesting of trout were added to the combined outfit, and the day fixed for starting.

The close of a sultry summer's day—"the fever being hot upon us"—finds us wending our way down to the

dock of the Richelieu Company's elegant steamers that nightly ply between Montreal and Quebec, those two queen cities of the North in whose defence and praise swords have been drawn and mightier pens than mine been wielded. Their feet are kissed by the noble St. Lawrence, that lovingly yields such willing homage, and proudly performs the menial part of burden-bearer of the tribute that the nations bring to enrich his regal mistresses, already embarrassed with the wealth of memories that cluster round an historic past, when self-denying sons and daughters of the Church, chivalrous soldiers, far-seeing statesmen, and earnest patriots laid broad and deep the foundations of their country's history.

Three hundred and fifty years ago, Cartier, lost in wonder and admiration, first sailed over its broad expanse. His pious soul, in memory of the day, would fain dedicate it to some tutelary saint—Canadian nomenclature ever after taking largely the same pious bent—and he hailed it St. Lawrence!

The poet, or novelist with a poet soul, will some day arise who will embalm his memory in some soul-stirring epic worthy of so great a theme. Germany has her Rhine, immortalized in poem, tale and legend. The Hudson and other rivers of the Great Republic have had their praises sung by many tuneful voices. Other lands, too, can boast of their beautiful rivers, whose shores have echoed to the stirring of some heroic deed, and shall it be wondered if the sons of the Northland view with glowing pride the glorious possession flowing in majestic sweep past their doors, whether these belong to the manor or the cot. Every foot of land washed by its crystal flood is redolent with the

breath of romance and heroic daring. From the very spot where we start on our journey, the immortal Dollard embarked in canoes with his handful of predestined martyr companions. A few steps back into the town is the spot where the intrepid Maisonneuve—"first soldier of the cross," and governor of the colony—stood alone and held at bay before the gate of the fort a swarm of red-skins. A few miles down and almost within sight—we pass the spot on our way—the heroic Madeleine de Vercheres held her father's fort for seven days and nights against the baffled Indians till help arrived, her only garrison being women, boys and old men, who could not take the field.

As the boat swings from her moorings, we think of the little band kneeling, two hundred and fifty years ago, before their improvised altar, on the spot where the wharf now stands, and dedicating the infant settlement to the protection of Our Lady under the name of Ville Marie, and all the accompanying circumstances so graphically related by Parkman as "true history and a romance of Christian chivalry." A "Royal City," truly, with wealth in rich abundance, gathered from near and far, from mine and field and sea, by the sturdy energy and brawn and brains of, and as lavishly poured at her feet by, the city's hard-headed Saxon sons. To the eye undimmed by the glare of the latter-day magnificence, and the ear attuned to catch the whisperings that echo amid the jarring clamor and bustle of a great trade mart, these appeal with forceful insistence. The very air is voiceful with memories of a stirring past. Amid the work-a-day crowds, impalpable forms, clad in doublet or cuirass, move to the accompanying tinkle of rapier and spur; the ghostly chanson of rollicking

voyageur or *coureur-de-bois* is hushed by the warning finger of cassocked cleric, or shamed by the averted glance and shrinking demeanor of hooded saint gliding by on some old-time errand of mercy; while high and shrill above the clangor of alarm bell, *Pilote's* warning bark, or defiant gun, screams the strident yell of the vindictive foe that ever hovered, alert and ruthless.

A comfortable supper, and a more comforting smoke on the moonlit deck to the soothing accompaniment of the violin and harp of the gentlemen from sunny Italy, and "we seek the seclusion that our cabin grants."

After a sound sleep, we wake in the morning just as the steamer rounds the point under the guns of the citadel of Quebec. The slanting sun gleams brightly over the sparkling river, shining through the intermingled spars and rigging of the scores of vessels moored under the cliffs or anchored in mid-stream, and flashes again from dazzling tin roofs, touching up the distant foam of Montmorency Falls with a beam of light, the whole a picture of wonderful beauty, ever new and never-to-be-forgotten. Quebec!—the Mecca of the modern tourist, satiated with the chequer-board cities of more go-ahead proclivities—who shall do justice to the romantic associations that cluster round its storied past, or describe its beauties? Not I, here and now at least, for we go a-fishing, and trains won't wait.

The Intercolonial Railway, by which we continue our journey, follows pretty closely the shore line for about two hundred miles, when it takes a sharp turn off through the Metapedia Valley. The beautiful panorama of ever-widening water and distant mountain is continuously unfolded before our eyes. Our journey

ends at the sharp corner referred to and we are soon at Macnider.

On alighting, we find the beaming face of "mine host" looming up on the platform, and jumping into one of the antiquated carriages that here serve as busses, we settle down for the five-mile drive to the Sea View House, on the shore. As the tide is in, and the afternoon warm, we take our first plunge in the sea, coming out with a glow and an appetite, and a warm spot in our hearts for all mankind.

It is usually understood at the Sea View that when people go off fishing they go to "the lake"—a well known spot, easy of access, and in consequence comparatively "fished out"—but, as aforesaid, Johnny had thrown out hints on a former visit of an Eldorado where the fish were swarming one over the other in their anxiety to be caught. And the size! "*Oh, mon Dieu!*"—the French tongue failed of words to express the magnitude. We had, therefore, made preparations to make an early trial of the simple-minded *habitant's* veracity, as well as to relieve him of a solemn promise to show the place to no one before we had tried it.

We found Johnny, and engaged his *charette* and pony to take the baggage, his buckboard and mare to transport ourselves, and himself and his brother Isidore to go as boatmen, cooks, and general camp utility men, all to be on hand next morning, which finds us up bright and early, and the breakfast provided by our kind-hearted landlady quickly stowed away.

In view of the rough roads and consequent jolting, the proper packing of the miscellaneous camping out-

fit is a matter of some concern and much rope, but is soon arranged under Johnny's skilful handling.

Rod-cases, overcoats, necessary change of clothing, and our "beufs"—than which there is no better foot-gear for the sportsman; light, strong, easy to the foot, and, when properly made, quite water-proof—are loaded on the *charette*. Three day's provisions for two hard-working and hard-eating men; four others not so well disposed in one respect, and a mare and a pony well qualified in both, quickly follow. These, with what utensils we required in the way of pots and dishes—not forgetting that standby of the camp, the frying-pan—with the tents and blankets, made quite a load for the *charette*, which we send off as a sort of *avant-courier* to make an impression, and more especially to lead the way, we ourselves following with all the importance a dilapidated buckboard and battered habiliments would permit of.

We pause for a moment to cut a "persuader" from a convenient hazel-bush, then "All aboard!" with a parting shout that induces the sleeping inmates of the hotel to growl a malediction on the heads of our noisy crew, and startles our ancient nag into a sufficiently lively state of mind to carry us with a rush over the short stretch of heavy, sand-covered road along the beach and up the little hill at the end. Passing the fir grove, we reach the first big hill—one out of many we shall have to wrestle with on our journey—at the top of which we found Isidore, whose impedimenta consists only of his woodman's axe, the usefulness of which will become apparent from the time we pitch our tents till we break camp. Isidore being settled among the

baggage on the *charette* with Johnny, we are now fairly started on our twenty-five mile drive.

We follow the shore road for about eight miles, passing through a thriving French village, with, as usual, the most prominent objects, its parish church and the neighboring *presbytère*. Straggling out at either end of the central point at ever-widening intervals is the double line of familiar old-fashioned farm-houses, with their eaves overhanging in gracefully sweeping curves, whitewashed, and, according to the taste of each individual owner, the roofs and window-frames painted in vivid colors, or a mournful black; many of them with the front door appearing several feet above the level of the road, but with no steps up to it, suggesting ideas of a state of siege with the ladders drawn in; one serving as a model for all the others, and each furnished with the same pattern of snapping cur, most valiant in bark, but whose usefulness is not otherwise apparent. A worn foot-path around the gable end discloses the more homely entrance by the back door, which will probably continue to be used till the inhabitants reach a state wherein it will be possible to live up to the requirements of a front-door stoop, and, as the stage people say, a practical door.

A striking feature in connection with most of the better places is the substantial-looking barn, with its long-armed windmill built out at the best angle to catch the prevailing breezes, a chain gearing running through the wall and connecting with the threshing machine inside, all of them, however, at this season of growing grain standing silent and grim. Another noticeable feature attached to nearly all the houses is the old-fashioned, oval-topped, clay oven standing in the open,

wherein the housewife bakes the heavy, sodden black stuff called bread (!) by heating it with a strong fire, raking out the ashes and putting in the loaves to bake, just as her Normandy or Brittany French ancestors did hundreds of years ago. Along the fences, on lines strung for the purpose, or against the walls of the buildings, are the opened skins of black porpoises, with the fat attached, which later will be resolved into the fragrant and luscious porpoise oil with which much of the cooking is done.

Presently we leave the shore and turn off for our tedious climb straight over the hills into the back country, making for what Johnny calls the "*douzième range*" or "concession," pausing for a moment at the top of the first hill to take a parting look at the ever-fascinating sea spread like an expanse of glistening mirror at our feet and reflecting the glare of the bright summer sun. We journey for miles, scarcely meeting a human being, and for long stretches not seeing a living thing, and reach in time a stream where the road descends and rises again at the other side of the bridge in a way that would cause the heart of a city hack to ooze out of his heels, but which our hardy nags seem to take as a matter of course.

Our road crosses several likely streams that suggest possibilities of a good catch of the dainty little brook trout, but which we now regard with supreme indifference. More hills, along whose crests we drive and enjoy a magnificent view of indented valley and rising mountain, all covered with a thick growth of primeval forest; passing several lakes of varied extent, which Johnny contemptuously describes as "*pas bon*" or as containing nothing but "*des petits poissons blancs.*"

Finally we reach the "last house" and halt a moment to purchase a supply of milk. Then we plunge into a two-mile drive over a bush road, the vilest specimen of "road" it was ever my lot to traverse. We reach at last our journey's end and drive our team into an open space by the side of a most tempting little sheet of water, sunk, as it were, in the hollow of the surrounding tree-covered hills, which dip gradually down to the water's edge and form a fitting background to the picture, and throw ourselves on the ground to ease our bones after the six hours' drive.

Johnny speedily has a fire going, tea made, and we all fall to on a refreshing lunch, topped off with the inevitable and never-to-be-forgotten smoke. Ah! that smoke—unpleasant comfort, discomforting pleasure—who shall account for it, who condemn?

A pleasant location having been settled upon for the tents—the larger one for ourselves and the smaller one for the men—it was decided that we should take our first cast in the scows, which Johnny had dragged out from the spot where he had "cached" them the year before, leaving him and Isidore to set up the tents and have things in readiness for our return before dark. The ground, or rather water, was new, the boats leaking like baskets from exposure to the weather, and as all wanted to fish to the exclusion of paddling, the chances appeared slim. However, Fortune favors her friends, and the end of a day threatening rain being the best possible for trout, a few casts soon showed there were plenty of fish. We speedily landed several good ones of three-quarters to one and a half pounds. Presently, in making a long cast near a likely spot, where the lily pads showed above the surface, my flies were seized

with such vigor and displacement of water as to draw forth an expression of delight.

"I've got him—the patriarch of all the tribe of fishes!"

Reeling him in as fast as the exigencies of light tackle and an eight-ounce bamboo rod would permit, he was gradually drawn within sight of my end of the boat.

"By the shades of your valorous ancestors, Don Carlos, come and have a look at him, so that if he should break away I shall have a witness to the tale I have to tell!"

The landing net soon disposed of him and he was laid in the bottom of the boat, the admired of two pairs of delighted eyes, the pocket scale recording his weight at two and a quarter pounds. Darkness was now setting in and we made for the landing, where the cheerful blaze of the camp fire shot across the quiet waters. Johnny and Isidore had done their work well. The tents were pitched, the baggage stowed inside, a tempting bed of "sapins," or spruce tops, spread, and the rugs and blankets laid on top of these.

The respective catches of the two scows were duly examined and compared, and though my big trout was awarded, and still holds, the "record," the results were eminently satisfactory all round.

The all-important and ever-interesting function of camp-life—the evening meal—was now convened, and six hungry men proceeded to discuss one that skilled hands had prepared; rough and ready, perhaps, but enticing, as hungry fishermen well know. Fresh trout—on the fin—fried to a turn with rich bacon. Potatoes boiled in their jackets and dried to a powdery whiteness. Fresh bread and butter. Tea—hot, strong,

sweet, and served at the proper moment, winding up with canned peaches that never tasted so good before. Not very luxurious, perhaps, or fit to "set before the king" in his royal apartments, but served in such surroundings possibly even his royal nose might take on a less contemptuous curl. Have you ever eaten such a meal in camp, my friend? If so, you'll agree with me; if you haven't, I can only say, you have not yet lived!

Isidore's axe having been busy among the pine-stumps, a fine store of camp-fire material is at hand which is now put to good use, and we gather round the roaring blaze that lights up the gloom of the surrounding woods and shoots its cheerful beams far across the blue waters of the lake shimmering under the deepening twilight. Cigars of a peculiarly racy brand kept for the purpose having been handed to the men, and feeling safe against prowlers of all kinds under their powerful protection, we give ourselves up to the serene enjoyment of our pipe of peace, the contemplation of the delights of a day well spent, and of Johnny, as we see him in the light of the camp-fire—the beau ideal of the hardy, simple, honest French-Canadian farmer or *cultivateur*, whose ancestors are typified in the *coureur-des-bois* of the old regime, and from whom are descended the *voyageurs* and raftsmen of later times. In fact, he might be allowed to speak of himself with better show of reason, as a certain royal personage is said to have done; "*Le camp! c'est moi!*" He has travelled, has John; been to Quebec, the lumber shanties, and to that Eldorado of the French-Canadian laborer—Fall River. He lives in a little *cabane* on a rough hillside, its one solitary room containing himself,

wife, and the usual tribe of children, which will probably be increased by one each subsequent year we see him. We wonder where he would raise enough among the stumps of his little clearing to keep the life in his growing family. His house you would not stable your horse in. He does not see as much money in a year as you spend in cigars in a month. The *étoffe* for his scant wardrobe is probably made in continuous process from the sheep's back by his hard-worked, prematurely aged wife, and the "*beufs*" on his feet will by careful patching be made to last for years. He is a devoted son of the Church, to which he drives with his family some seven or eight miles when he desires its ministrations and wishes to enjoy a gossip with his widely-scattered neighbors at the same time. He is strong, healthy and happy; has probably no idea of the barrenness of his lot. He is fond of life and would not willingly leave it, but would make the most strenuous efforts to prolong, if need be, what you might be disposed to qualify as simply an existence. His fund of gaiety and good humor is inexhaustible, and his peculiar chuckle, as he seizes some *mot* dropped by the Philosopher in buckboard or boat, is funnier than the attempted witticism, and quite as straining on their timbers. His neighbors call him lazy, and say he is fonder of going of with "*les m'ssieu's*" on their fishing trips than he is of attending to his farm, but this is mere envy of his good luck and greater qualifications for the business which he regards as well-paid pleasure. He is able to do more work round camp and in a boat, stand more exposure, carry a bigger "pack," eat more provisions, and is a better man for the rough work of a fishing trip than any I have ever met. *Salût!*

Johnny, may we smoke many a pipe and share many a meal together yet!

Our first day in camp ended; night closed in, and we retired to rest on our spring bed of fragrant spruce, to sleep the sleep of—if not the just—the tired and happy fisherman.

Rain fell during the night, but our tent was perfectly dry. Continuing in a drizzle all the next day, we did not propose to lose what promised good, if damp, sport, so donning our mackintoshes we sallied out. This time, with our boatmen to paddle, and comparatively drier, because more soaked boats, as Paddy would say, luck favored us and we prepare for the supreme moment of the first cast. "Carefully, now! Just at the edge of those lily-pads," and down they drop right on the spot. The flies are scarcely wet when with a sounding splash a good-sized trout seizes a fly and hies off with a rush, making music as he goes. He is quickly brought up, however, gently played a while, and gradually drawn within reach of the landing net, when the transfer is made with proper despatch from his native element into our basket.

And so the sport goes on. We paddle up and down and across the lake, anchor at the likely places, and fish all over to the entire satisfaction of all concerned and the repletion of our fish-creels. As the sun gets high we go ashore to the camp for our midday lunch, which we enjoy as a lunch only can be enjoyed under such circumstances. After a rest, and the inevitable pipe, we go at it again, till, tired out, we make for the landing-place, and prepare to pack up and start for home in the morning.

The third day, at noon, sees us packed up ready to

start on our homeward drive, and we bid good-bye to the scene of many pleasant hours, our "record" consisting of the sport we had had, the fish we had eaten and enjoyed, and a sufficiency to allow of a welcome treat being offered to our friends in their seaside quarters. The long drive seems, as it always does, shorter on going over it the second time; in point of fact, being mostly down hill, it takes us an hour and a half less to do the return journey. We bring up our craft in full sail with flying colors, somewhat battered but still in the swim; the crew are paid off, with an added bonus in the shape of some spare outfit, which is greatly appreciated, and the present voyage is over.

AT HOME WITH THE GREY LADY.

IT FELL ON A DAY, one summer, amid the bewilderment of interminable figures of many books piled on office desks, and the oppressiveness of heaps of goods encumbering shelving and floor space in warerooms, and the irritating chaffering of the mart—varying only in degree from the huckstering of the *Marché Bonsecours* to the larger operating on the floor of the Exchange—when the ever-recurring longing for a whiff of the tonic breath of the woods and streams made all these seem but a weariness to the flesh, that a letter arrived.

Seeing that in the nature of things this must be a common occurrence, oft repeated many times a day, it might scarcely be worthy of remark were it not for the weighty import of the contents, which, in brief, proved to be an invitation from my friend the Professor to accompany him on a ten-days' outing in the northern wilds of Michigan, where it was proposed that we should enjoy life under canvas on the banks of one of its celebrated rivers, the Au Sable, and fish for Grayling! All care for the *minutiae* of such an expedition in the matter of equipment was hospitably assumed by the Professor, who, however, kindly considering my inexperience, merely suggested that in one's personal outfit a Saratoga was unnecessary. In fact, the nearer the "plunder"—the Professor forgot himself at times—could be reduced to the proportions of "a silk handkerchief and a shocking bad hat" the better would the transportation department's arrangements be facilitated.

Here was enough, surely, to stir the blood of the eager tyro just then entering the novitiate of the Craft, and to set a-buzzing all his hopes and dreams of achieving genuine camp experience under ideal conditions; and the many hundreds of miles of intervening distance were annihilated, and the worries of business were forgotten, and the swift consideration of its claims decided the possibilities, and the answer was prompt, and it wasn't "No!"

Knowledge has come with experience and the years, but the Professor's scanty suggestions respecting wardrobe caused some concern. Surely, even in the bush in midsummer, something else was useful—at least as protection against the flies and mosquitoes—say an old pair of pants, ditto boots, and a shirt, if not a coat. Then, a rod and tackle were essential, and a pipe an absolute necessity.

When at last an outfit had been evolved from the depths of inexperience and store-closets distantly approaching the requirements laid down, second thoughts reverted to the object of all this pother—"to fish for Grayling!" What sort of a thing was this, anyway, and where had one heard the name before? Then it dawned, and light appeared; but with it the thought that while I shared with the poet the delight of having met "with here and there a lusty trout," neither "here" nor "there" nor anywhere had I come across, or met with anyone who had even seen—not to speak of having caught—such a thing as a "Grayling." Recourse was then had to the books, and the Master was, naturally, consulted first. Hear, therefore, what good old Isaak Walton says in his "Observations of the Umber or Grayling":—

"The Umber and Grayling are thought by some to differ as the Herring and Pilcher do. But though they may do so in other nations, I think those in England differ nothing but in their names. Aldrovanus says, they be of a trout kind; and Gesner says that, in his country, which is Switzerland, he is accounted the choicest of all fish. And in Italy he is, in the month of May, so highly valued, that he is sold there at a much higher rate than any other fish. The French, which call the Chub *Un Villain* call the Umber of the Lake Leman *Un Umble Chevalier;* and they value the Umber or Grayling so highly, that they say he feeds on gold; and say that many have been caught out of their famous river of Loire, out of whose bellies grains of gold have often been taken. And some think that he feeds on water-thyme, and smells of it at his first taking out of the water; and they may think so with as good reason as we do that our Smelts smell like violets at their being first caught, which I think is a truth. Aldrovanus says, the Salmon, the Grayling, and Trout, and all fish that live in clear and sharp streams, are made by their mother Nature of such shape and pleasant colors, purposely to invite us to a joy and contentedness in feasting with her. Whether this is a truth or not, it is not for me to dispute; but 'tis certain, all that write of the Umber declare him to be very medicinable. And Gesner says, that the fat of an Umber or Grayling being set, with a little honey, a day or two in the sun, in a litle glass, is very excellent against redness or swarthiness, or anything that breeds in the eyes. Salvian takes him to be called Umber from his swift swimming, or gliding out of sight more like a ghost than a fish. . . First, note, that he grows not to

the bigness of a Trout, for the biggest of them do not usually exceed eighteen inches. He lives in such rivers as the Trout does, and is usually taken with the same baits as the Trout . . and is very gamesome at the fly, and much simpler, and therefore bolder than a Trout; for he will rise twenty times at a fly, if you miss him, and yet rise again. . . He is of a very fine shape; and his flesh is white, his teeth—those little ones he has—are in his throat, yet he has so tender a mouth that he is oftener lost after an Angler has hooked him than any other fish."

Again, we turn to the fifth edition of a work published in Dublin in 1777, entitled: "The Art of Angling," by R. Brooks, M.D., and read :—

"The Grayling is in proportion neither so broad nor so thick as a trout, and in size seldom exceeds eighteen inches; they weigh about half a pound; but in some places they are said to be three times as heavy. They delight in rivers that glide through mountainous places, and are to be met with in the swiftest parts of those streams . . . The time of its spawning is in May. The flesh is accounted by some to have the most agreeable taste of all river fish; it is firm, white, cleaves like the salmon, and is judged to be very wholesome. It is a brisk, sprightly fish when in the water and swims as swift as an arrow out of a bow; but when he feels the hook he is dead-hearted and yields rather too soon for the angler's diversion. The same rules that have been laid down for taking the Trout, will also serve for the Grayling, only let your hackle be somewhat finer."

This writer also notes, in almost the same language as the Master, the alleged characteristic of the Grayling

to attack more boldly and frequently than the Trout, and both speak of the methods of taking with bait, which the modern angler will hold in contempt.

In turning to the Encyclopedia, we find under an article giving the Latin name—Thymallus Vulgaris—much confirmatory of the foregoing as applied to the fish found in England and the Continent of Europe. In addition, we find it referred to as a "scaled fish' which "inhabits clear streams with rocky or gravelly bottoms, and 'seems to require an alternation of stream and pool.' The back and sides are silvery grey, marked with longitudinal dusky streaks; the dorsal fin is spotted, the spots arranged in lines across the fin. The Grayling is greatly esteemed for the table, but requires to be cooked when newly caught, when it has an odor which has been compared to that of wild thyme. . . There are several other species of Thymallus, none of which are British. One of them. . . a very beautiful fish . . is called . . 'Fish-with-the-wing like-fin,' by the Esquimaux."

Finally, on referring to the dictionary, we notice under the heading, "Grayling," brief corroboratory data, specially remarking the peculiar "very broad dorsal fin," and, in addition:—"Zöol—An American fish of the genus Thymallus, having similar habits to the above; one species—Thymallus Ontariensis—inhabits several streams in Michigan."

Here we reached a point in our enquiry where it were well to pause in search of technical lore; and, knowing we were at last on the direct road, to reserve further investigation till such time as personal introduction might lead to better acquaintance with the Grey Lady of our quest. For, notwithstanding the

eminent authorities above quoted, and mindful of archaic diction, it seems more fitting that such a dainty incarnation of lovely wilfulness and sweet perversity should be clothed in female guise rather than in that of the more prosaic sex, however courtly and worthily displayed.

Thus fortified with extended information, curtailed impedimenta, and a limited return-ticket, I started alone on the invasion of the territory of our bordering neighbors; and if the warm welcome of the Professor were any indication of the hearty reception which Canadians *en masse* might expect, the wisdom and forethought shown in the purchase of that return ticket were fully justified.

This, though long, was, however, only one of three stages of the journey; and regretfully cutting short our stay at the Professor's charming home, we fled together due North and were landed with all the baggage on the platform of the little station of Grayling at the head of the Au Sable River. We lost no time in the exchange of travelling gear for the "shocking bad hats" and other things; found the two guides, who had been engaged with their boats, all in readiness to load up and start down the river at daybreak—if our impetuosity so decided; fixed upon a more reasonable after-breakfast hour than this, and "turned in" to dreams of freedom from the thraldom of civilization.

Seven o'clock of a fair August morning found our whole party assembled beside the loaded boats moored to the bank of the stream, which at these almost head waters was of the very diminutive proportions of a small brook. The Professor yielded to me the place of honor in the bow of the forward boat steered by

his veteran guide, Bill, while he took his seat in my man Charlie's boat, and—I with gun, he with rifle within easy reach for use on anything wearing feather or horn—we waved our farewells and were at last off on our twenty-five mile run towards our goal in the deeps of Nature's solitudes.

The river soon widened and took on the characteristics peculiar to these streams; here, sluggishly moving in level, reed-fringed reaches, calling for continued and strenuous use of the paddle, where an occasional duck or heron or sentinel eagle offered a mark, and perhaps a prize, for our shooting skill; there, sweeping through a shelving sluice, with scarce enough water to float us, and plunging into the swirl and eddy of a deep pool below. The skill with which our steersmen guided us along our rapid, tortuous water way, where the natural difficulties of chute and eddy were vastly heightened by the necessity of dodging the fallen cedars on either bank, reaching almost across the swift stream—technically known as "sweepers"—was a matter of admiration to the tyro and experienced camper alike as they ducked and clutched at those precious hats in the desire to hold possession and enjoyment thereof.

We put ashore about one o'clock for a tea-kettle snack, and shortly after starting again we had evidence from a crashing in the bushes along shore that we were in a noted deer country; though we saw none, we further on passed an old Indian in camp, and a man "poling" his way back to the settlements, who had each four illegally killed out of season—a circumstance which no one thereabout at that time seemed to think it his business to meddle with.

We reached our camping ground about four o'clock, a nice, clear point at a bend of the river, made fast and quickly had the baggage ashore. Here, again, the deft, methodical way in which our guides set about the work of preparing camp was a matter of admiration to us who, feeling ourselves in the way, were content to "sit around" and watch and smoke and wonder. Our wall-tent was produced from among the bundles, poles cut, and it was soon set up on the chosen spot with pickets and guy ropes all in place. Then the near-by balsams were despoiled of their feathery, scented, plumes in great armfuls which, being laid, tops up, one over the other, covering all the floor space, and then a rubber sheet and a blanket spread over all, presented a most inviting bed. Pillows were arranged with the bags and spare clothing, great army blankets laid ready for top covers, the tackle and remaining outfit brought in under shelter, and our housekeeping affairs were in order. The small fly tent set up near by for the men was more easily disposed of, and with everything so well advanced it was seen that there was yet time to drop a line at the door of the Lady in whose domains we now were.

There's not a grizzled old fisherman of them all but may, if he will, hark back to his Simple Simon days in search of suitable sensations fitting the occasion; or, failing here, may pass on to his salad years, when with mingled feelings of joy and trepidation he presented himself on the front piazza of the only fair one's abode in the wake of the mutual friend who had undertaken to administer the solemn rite of introduction, and there discover them.

Did I think, as I stepped into Bill's boat and we

drifted down to what he said was a good pool just below our camp, of the be-ruffled gallant gliding in his gondola along some shadowed Venetian canal, lapping against the stones of his lady's prison-bower? Did I hear the flick of the pebble against the window, or see the flash of a fair white hand in the moonlight, or perhaps catch an echo of the kiss and the rippling laugh that trembled and faded as the boat shot by into the shadows? I don't know. I only remember dropping my lure as daintily as I knew and the swift and sudden response, the desperate leap, the easy yielding, the surprise of the extraordinarily large and beautiful dorsal fin spotted and colored with the brilliancy of a peacock's feather, and the flash of dotted silver beneath as the prize was surely being drawn within reach, though evidently very insecurely held, all as laid down in the books!

Evidence as to the delicate care bestowed on such a dainty pound-weight was the covered well in the centre of the boat—made watertight except for the holes in the flat bottom permitting the water to enter—into which the fish are dropped as caught and thence transferred into a creel built in the stream by the camp and there kept alive till wanted for the base use of the frying-pan.

And to think, in view of all this solicitude, of the party of so-called "sportsmen" the guides spoke of who came in, one season, with barrels, and bags of salt, prepared to take home their catch in pickle!

Night closed in and all—workers and loafers—lounged about the glowing, pine-scented camp-fire in the enjoyment of after-supper pipes; and there filtered through the smoke and the consciousness of the latter

final conviction as to the all-round skill and proficiency of the former by reason of pleasant sensations arising from the display of ability in the culinary branch of the guides' profession, and we were content. Silently we sat and smoked and tested our sensations in the novel situation; alone in the woods, dozens of miles from anywhere, and wrapped about in their utter and awesome stillness and shadows; the latter only intensified by the flare of our pine-knot blaze, and the former but emphasized by the plaint of the river fleeing the reaching arms of the "sweepers" and snuggling against its banks at our feet, the cradle-song of the breeze as it rocked the pine-tops overhead, and the good-night calls from the rent-free dwellers in Nature's tenements as interpreted by her sympathetic, though unromantic-looking, lover, the veteran Bill.

Untamed by other charmer, this grizzled, taciturn hunter and trapper is happiest when at home in the woods and will, with a few books, his gun, traps, and scanty stores, spend the long months of winter alone in such shelters as he may erect in moving from one camping-ground to another, gaining from his experiences a training in self-reliance, and building up a wholesome, manly character as rare as it is unappreciated among the swarming masses of city-dwellers.

The call of the whip-poor-will needed no interpreter, but it was needful that he point out to us the difference between the cry of the screech-owl or the hoot of the cat-owl; while the echoing whack of a beaver's tail on the smooth surface of a near-by water stretch, and the "chuck" of the muskrats among its fringing reeds, were cause of wonderment till explained by our mentor; and the distant bark of a wandering fox, or the

far, faint cries of a pack of wolves in pursuit of deer lost their disquieting features under the reassuring indifference with which Bill dismissed them in a word.

It was now time to turn in for a first-night's performance of a role in the proper costuming of which tradition enjoins Pyjamas. The deprivation of these did not seem so strange as the manner in which the more experienced actor proceeded to dress for the part; first, slipping over his soft cap a fish-net-like mosquito veil, and tucking the ends well under his turned-up coat collar. Then, securely fastening other avenues to his person at the wrists and ankles, and assisting me to similarly equip myself, he declared—after plentifully sprinkling the tent walls and ourselves with extract of pennyroyal—that we were now fortified against all attacks of mosquito or "no-see-um," and might sleep as peacefully as in the peppermint-laden air of a country church. Even a bed of roses has a few thorns sticking up here and there, and the compensating thorns in our much perfumed couch were the aggressive little "no-see-ums" which, despite peppermint and wrist-bands, worked their determined will on hands, arms, and otherwhere, to our no small misery. This to ease, I prepared on waking to strip off and indulge in an early morning plunge in the pool at our door, when the alarmed expostulations of the others caused me to enquire as to the cause. "Feel before you leap," suggested the Professor; and on doing so my feelings underwent a sudden and severe shock.

I have plunged into the chill, east-wind-driven surf in the bay, or the deceptive shimmering enticements of deeper water off the Point Rocks, at Macnider, and as hurriedly scrambled out again, chilled to the bone;

but the piercing, icy cold of this clear, northern stream in midsummer was a thing to remember and shun, and the scaled and furry swimmers were left in possession of their own bathtub, while we stuck to the tin pail.

Life in camp had fairly begun, and, as there were ten days before us, we desired to taste delight in leisurely and epicurean fashion becoming those who go "a-fishing" rather than merely to catch fish. In this spirit one may "fish" in a boat or ashore, with rod or without, in a hammock with a book, or, stretched at full length on the pine-needle carpet peering through the smoke of a pipe, energetically doing nothing. No telegrams, no letters, no newspapers! "In the world, yet not of it," and, for the present, no desire but to be away from it. We "caught fish," of course, and enjoyed to the full the angler's keen delight in so doing; but we took no more than we could use each day, and kept no "record" of the spoils. We challenged each other to trials of skill, and if I beat the Professor at rifle target practice he took ample revenge when we made far-off, amateur attempts at "poling," generously off-setting his victory by an offer to give me some lessons in Poker on Sunday, when it wasn't proper to fish!

Such an evenly balanced conscience is apt to cause uneasiness, and I observed symptoms of trouble in the Professor's. On being pressed, he confessed that his longing for venison and his respect for the law were at conflict, and he feared the victory of matter over mind, inasmuch as a broiled venison steak was at that moment the one thing lacking, without it life was empty, and for it he would risk much. Could I help him, and did I think my scruples would affect my nerves and impair my proved, steady aim, and would I get into

Bill's boat and go up the river at once and be ready to "shine" down when dark set in, and bring meat ere he died? Certainly I would, with pleasure, alloyed, however, with misgivings that this was but another of my friend's facetious ways of taking the stranger in and affording him entertainment.

On the way up, I learned from the guide much respecting deer hunting, and how, between the hounds and the bullets of the swarming pot-hunters on one side and the fangs of the scouring wolves on the other, industriously at work day and night, in season and out of season, the poor deer were even then on the high road to extermination. The practice of "shining" deer is, alas, too common wherever they are found and the conditions of streams or lakes occurring in the district are favorable to its employment. In brief, and speaking generally, "shining" is accomplished by placing a strong, forward-thrown light in the bow, beneath and behind which the hunter, sitting in shadow, directs his aim by the fascinated eyes of the game towards which the steersman's silent paddle is propelling the craft. It is resorted to, usually, in the closed summer season, when the deer seek the water to rid themselves of flies, is a nefarious practice at best, and we justified ourselves in the use of it by the immunity granted in game laws to hunters *in extremis* and forest-rovers providing for the family larder.

Having reached our objective point some miles above camp, we waited till dark, lit our "jack," and shoved off into the night; not even a whisper or movement in the boat being permitted as we glided like a phantom with the current, along which Bill's silent paddle guided our unerring way. We passed the first stretch

of smooth water, but only silence absolute and deep fell on our straining ears. Then a thrilling run of rapid and pool, dodging under and around the overhanging "sweepers" grimly threatening catastrophe, brought us to the next "reach," over which we had about passed when we heard the splashing in the rushes for which we had been so eagerly listening;but too late, as it was useless to turn back and attempt a successful approach up current. Again we scurried through a bit of swift water where the vigilance of the steersman must be more keenly alert, and the attention of the rifleman may be diverted to the panorama whizzing by, and the fantastic dance of light and shadow among the trees on either bank, and on the water stretching in a molten flood before; then into another likely "cover," which also "drew blank;" a final slide, and, almost before one might realize it, our six-mile run was over, and we were slowing up where the flare of our "jack" was nodding to the welcome of the camp-fire, and were stepping ashore, empty-handed, to condole with the disappointed Professor, and persuade him to try his luck. This he did the next night; and for four consecutive nights did we, alternately, make the trip, with no better luck; and the tantilization of the feast deferred waxed great with our whetted appetite, but the longed-for realization waned with our fading hopes.

It is the unattainable we ever desire; and though our refrigerator was kept full of fresh fish, and we had large supplies of hard-tack, condensed milk, and other such back-woods luxuries, the moon we sighed for frisked just beyond reach. The situation was desperate and off-chances must be taken, so a foray down river by daylight was decided on, and Bill and I again

were elected to go as the foraging party. We slipped off after breakfast, with the good wishes of the two left behind and the smiles of the morning sun beckoning us on before, alert and eager for achievement; but beyond going ashore to inspect an ingenious contrivance put up by an Indian hunter for smoking his game, and, again, to see the work of beavers in cutting down trees for their dam-building operations, the trip was uneventful; and, having run some ten miles, we decided to put back.

The Chinaman is said to have defined tobogganning as :—" Biz-z-z-z-- Walkee-back-a-milee;" the moralist draws useful lessons from the difference between slipping down hill and slowly regaining the lost ground; and on a fishing river it makes all the difference whether one is using a paddle or a pole—to the one so doing. As for me, having given up the hope of getting meat, and the necessity for doing anything not being apparent, I stretched full length in the bottom of the boat and proceeded to do nothing most sedulously all the way back—simply live. Thus engaged, the top of a high bluff we were nearing came within my line of half-awake vision, when I was startled into a fully aroused condition by seeing what looked like a large calf come skipping up to the edge and look over, a hundred yards or so away.

" Deer," remarked Bill, quietly. " Think you can hit it so far away ? I dassent try to git any nearer."

" Well! I'll have a crack at it, anyway !"

" All right, I'll steady her agin th' bank. Now keep—"

The well-meant advice was cut short in the impatient ring of the first shot of the kind I had ever fired,

which, through the smoke, I could see, with pardonable elation, had taken effect; and it only required Bill's hearty "Well done, good shot, you've got him, sure!" to make the satisfaction complete. We put ashore, found the slain deer fairly and squarely hit, prepared it for transport, dragged it down the bank and into the boat and made for the beleaguered camp, where we were welcomed in hearty and substantial fashion fitting the occasion. If our feasting lacked the vigour and thoroughness of our more savage brothers celebrating such functions, we certainly tested our guides' skill as caterers; and the taste of those grills and roasts, and the smell of their preparing, are among the memories that abide with us of our sojourn in the domain of the Grey Lady.

All too soon these golden days of idyllic delight are counted off, and the last one is reached, the last fly cast, and the last meal eaten in our "Camp Lazy," which we shift that night a mile or so up stream, where we are to be met in the morning by a lumber team, and thus prosaically toted back to civilization and store clothes. We had that night practical demonstration of the need for great care being exercised in selecting camping ground in a timber country; for there fell upon our taut canvas roof such a shower of rain, and there roared about our walls such a storm of lightning, thunder and wind as one meets with but rarely; and, when we sat upon the top of our baggage piled on the great lumber waggon which carried our whole party —boats and all—and wound our way out of the woods among the giant trees that lay prostrated in every direction, some torn bodily up by the roots, others snapped off like broken pipe stems, we appreciated

the sagacity that instinctively leads trained experience to pitch a tent so as to guard against such ever-present danger.

After some six hours of this laborious, dromedary-like method of travel, our weary, unshorn, sunburned, fly-bitten persons, and battered belongings, were unloaded at the country inn from which we had started, and we were contemplating the pictures of ourselves reflected in the little chamber looking-glass. Unattractive at best, the most partial critic might well shrink from faithful description, and we fled the sight and sought the remedial possibilities of dressing-case and valise, and the consolatory evidence of the platform scale, which showed a gain of five pounds each in our weights.

The next morning we bade farewell to our trusty squires, who were waiting to see us off in the early train which was to carry us the first part of our long journey of eleven hours to my comrade's home, where delightful hospitality tallies so with inclination that one needs no pressing to linger and enjoy, and the days pass. These, too, must end, and the daily grind be taken up, and the twenty-fifth day since this was suspended finds me again in harness after nearly 2,000 miles of travelling to and from the quest on which I was bound, with a few beaver chips and a deerskin as evidences of success.

But if these be all, then were it barren indeed, and the writing and reading of these chronicles a fruitless task!

IN JEWELLED GOWN SHE SILVERY LURES.

"And here is a hearty draught to you, and to all the Brothers of the Angle, wheresoever they be, . . and to all that love us, and the honest art of Angling . . for I love any discourse of rivers, and fish and fishing."

IF, perhaps, unmindful, or unknowing, of the strict letter, there is no doubt of the complete assimilation by later-day "Brothers of the Angle" of the wholesome sentiment of the Master's time-honored toast. Indeed, it was in pursuance of the implied injunction of the closing portion that a little knot of them were engaged, one summer afternoon, on the balcony of the Sea-View, at Macnider, just as they had been on every convenient occasion since Fortune had so kindly brought them together. There was the General, who had hunted and fished in every corner of the world, into which it was popularly understood he had sprung, like a great forerunner, fully armed, and had been accumulating impedimenta ever since. Then, the Veteran, who had caught salmon, not to speak of trout, in greater numbers and for longer years than he cared to remember, in all their most favored haunts. The Philosopher and the Scribe were there, too, absorbing knowledge from the lips of the Elders; while the unlearned and unnamed Neophytes simply wondered at and envied the capacity for absorption, and the skill displayed in the unfolding of the Book of Wisdom.

As we sat and talked, the eyes of all swept over the noble expanse of shimmering blue spreading from the cliff-foot North, East and West, and found no resting, save upon what seemed a bank of clouds faintly seen through the haze of the northern horizon, where lie the Hills of Mystery and Desire. We spoke with diffidence of our early yearnings and later resolve to visit and explore, and disclosed a half-formed project to hire Sandy's schooner, gather a following and make a descent in force forthwith and settle once for all the nature of those wonderful trout he was ever dangling like an Ignis-Fatuus before our mind's eye. The Veteran heard with the tolerance of years for youth, but without enthusiasm; declared he wanted no "wet sheets" or "flowing seas," nor "a wind that follows fast," either, when he went fishing; expressed a decided preference for Pullman conveyance in which to reach, and dry beds, comfortable boats, and good men to enable you to enjoy your fishing when you got to it. As we silently watched him deftly and artistically putting the finishing touches on a fly he had been making for our instruction, we thought with ill-suppressed envy of the private preserve which made it possible for our friend to indulge his taste in such happy way, when, as if answering our thought-suggestion, he spoke again :—

"Now, look here, you, Philosopher and Scribe, what's the use of wasting your time and taking such trouble and risk going forty miles to the North-Shore for a few trout when there's my water on the *Baie des Chaleurs* lying idle. It's too late for salmon, but there's lots of trout, and big ones too, and you're welcome to all you can take. I'll give you a letter to Peter, who'll look after you on the water, while his wife

will attend to your comfortable lodging ashore! What do you say?"

What was there to say, or do, but to try to express our thanks as best we could and arrange the time of starting to suit train and steamer schedules? But, when all this had been done, it was found that a sudden indisposition would prevent the Philosopher from going! What now to do? Play Hamlet minus the title role, or close the doors—go alone or stay at home? The theatre-bred, accustomed to the stimulant of crowds, might demand the one, but "The Contemplative Man's Recreation" is independent of extraneous stay; and its votaries, failing in better, are quite content alone in their own good company—hence the Scribe's unhesitating choice.

I find myself, therefore, in light marching order, with handbag and fishing tackle, on the platform of the little station at Macnider waiting for the down train, which soon whirls us off; now plunging into the gloom of interminable snow-sheds, and again emerging into the shimmer and sparkle of that noble sheet of water, Lake Metapedia. We slip for miles along its shores till the road dives into and burrows its serpentine way through the gorge of the Metapedia Valley, along the cliff-shadowed banks of the smiling river of the same name—the forest-children's highway across the inhospitable wilds of that portion of the Gaspé Peninsula and utilized by civilized men in building the now disused "Government road" on the other shore, whose broken-down bridges and grass-grown track we catch glimpses of as the superseding train flashes swiftly by. A foretaste of delight and a spur to appetite is afforded at the sight of a couple of local, business-like "fisher-

men" lugging on board at a way station a magnificent string of fine trout, the spoil of this well-known river; and, again, at the mouth, where the other celebrated stream, the Restigouche, joins and forms one of the finest salmon preserves extant, we get passing sight of the luxurious quarters of the fortunate owners. We are hurried on to the seaside port of Dalhousie and at once go aboard the little steamer "Admiral," lying at her dock ready to start at daybreak.

On waking, we find that we are well on our way down the *Baie*, skirting the North shore and dropping freight and passengers at stated points into the great scows that have put out and serve as lighters in lieu of wharves. Our turn comes and we are dropped with other freight into the yawning depths; the long sweeps are got out and our unwieldy craft is slowly urged to the not distant shore, which we reach at last with an appetite as keen as our impatience at the delay.

The gossip of mine host, and the more cheering fare of his wayside inn, serve to pass the time while conveyance to Peter's is being arranged and got ready; and a stout team with a monosyllabic driver is presently bearing us towards our goal some miles up-river. Here, news of our coming having preceded us, our welcome was warm and cheery. Peter himself was temporarily absent, but our hostess's kindness overlooked nothing; rest and refreshment being proferred, and substitutes for Peter and his boy in the canoe assured for the afternoon's fishing, the interval is utilized in taking stock of our surroundings.

The house is perched on a little bluff at a sharp bend of the stream, overlooking one of the best salmon pools on the river, and is but one of a number strung

like beads along the road leading from the sea to vice-royalty's quarters on the edge of the wild. Each household is interested in the sport of salmon fishing, through supplying polers, canoes, produce, etc., to the anglers, who secure accommodation by temporary engagement, periodical lease, or purchase outright, of lodges and fishing rights.

Here, surely, a royal sport may be fittingly enjoyed in luxurious ease, with care removed and inconvenience refined away!

The monarch steps down to a waiting barge moored to the bank below his lodge, seats himself in the low armchair in the centre, nods to his henchmen—who sit to paddle or stand to pole, one at either end—and is steered, or pushed, down stream or up as fancy directs. His robes may not be very imposing, and his crown but a shapeless mass of felt; but his rod of office is of the best workmanship, his tobacco or cigar of courtly flavor, and his all-embracing smile of satisfaction and utter content a thing the biggest king of them all may envy and vainly hope for till "crowns and kingdoms perish." Royalty and vice-royalty come here seeking that which courts and high places ill afford; men of state and men of affairs gladly drop the weightiest matter if they may but come and kiss the hem of the Jewelled Gown; and the palace-dweller turns his back upon the tinselled pomp and glitter, hurries leagues upon leagues to the little, unpainted, wooden lodge, well content if in his short stay he may catch but the glint of the Silvery Lure of the tantalizing Sprite flitting by wood and stream.

Meanwhile the matter of fact Alfred and Tom are waiting the pleasure of the every-day-young-man, and

we put off at once upon the water. A first glance establishes the necessity of heeding the Master's maxim, now become a truism :—"fish *fine* and *far-off*;" for except in the deep, sluggish, level reaches, where fish are not usually caught, the river flows in a succession of pool and rapid over a clean, gravelly bed, and the water is remarkably clear even at great depth. We met with but fair luck, enough, however, to whet appetite and put one in a humor to enjoy the housewarming to which Alfred invited me that evening. This was enlivened by the strains of the country fiddlers, brought over the hills "at great trouble and expense;" the presence of some of the anglers from neighboring lodges, together with a goodly supply of lemons and other juices from their stores; and the vigorous efforts of the beaming dancers to test the stability of Alfred's new frame house, which they persevered in till well into the dawn.

The next morning brought to me the first fair view of the silvery lure of the Jewelled Gown; for, having shifted our scene of operations, we seemed to have better luck in the new pools; and the reel sang merrily, as, anchored at the head of a little rapid, we cast into the pool below, and the silver flashes came at us singly, in pairs, and would no doubt have come in greater number had we offered more inducements in the way of flies. That two were enough, was soon shown when I got a lively trout, fresh in from the sea, of two and a half pounds, and another of one and a half, at once, on a light line and cast, at the end of an eight-ounce bamboo rod and tried to hold and land them in the swirl of the tumbling rapid. By careful handling of rod, landing-net, and canoe, we managed, between us,

to bring up all standing with cargo safe; and while filling up—pipes understood—we had opportunity to study and praise.

The speckled trout of the brooks and lakes is a singularly beautiful fish; the Michigan Grayling is unique in its dainty, delicate dress; but a fresh run sea-trout, lusty, fiery, and strong, having the characteristics of the lake trout, but with fainter markings and dimmer spots, and the added charm of the sheen that flashes from its silver coat, is, to me, the *acme* of piscatorial beauty. As a sport-affording, gamey fish, when found fairly numerous and large, in ideal conditions for taking, there are few if any to compare; and even your veteran salmon-fisher, after a long day swinging a heavy, two-handed rod without result, may be induced to admit that an hour's play with a newly-run school of one to five-pound sea-trout is "not half bad."

Rain now interefered with the comfort of, if it did not entirely interrupt, the fishing, but the next evening Noah's bow of promise was once again displayed to cheer and encourage; and, as if to be more emphatic, it was this time doubled, and the glorious spectacle sweeping across the sky in broad arches whose bases were the eternal hills about us, lit by the last beams of the sun sinking behind the Western range facing our door, is in memory yet.

The next day an early start was made up-river, with Peter and Richard poling; partly to enjoy a leisurely trifling with the fishing in the pools controlled by our Veteran host and the proffered hospitality of a neighboring angler-friend at a midday dinner by the way, but largely to simply explore the charms of this untried new world of stream, mountain and wood basking in

glorious sunshine. The sturdy polers made short work of swift current and boiling rapid; and at one place, where a considerable actual fall is encountered, and appears to bar the way, I was astounded to see them make straight at it, and, by surprisingly skilful manoevring of the poles, the canoe was actually forced up and through the foaming water, and almost before one could draw second breath was floating in the calm, level stretch above. Here, we shortly turn and start on our long, dreamy, flight back, wherein poles are discarded and paddles but little used, except for steering; the rod is scarcely heeded, and the pipe allowed to go out; all tension is relaxed in body and brain; thought and speech are quiescent and dumb. The witchery of the river is upon and about us, entering in and taking possession of our very being; its musical laugh is rippling in our ears; its seductive allurements are dancing before our eyes; the perfume of its breath is stealing over our senses; and we drift unheeding of the fleeing hours, and the shadows lengthen, and the dusk falls, and—we are floating in the pool below Peter's house!

A suspicious splash, followed by the widening tell-tale circles, arouses all the dormant passion of conquest. A tempting "white miller" is slipped on the cast and proffered as a feeler, with most taking success, and for half an hour the pool resounds to the splashing of the captives that are gathered in, till darkness and satiety combined intervene with a stay of proceedings, and we go ashore for supper.

I have studied good old Isaak Walton's recipes for cooking a Trout, and have tasted Johnny's accomplishments in that line with the aid of a frying-pan and

some bacon, and have found them good; I have essayed the achievements of the Windsor's *chef* and found that fancy sauces and imposing names cannot redeem indifferent material or make stale trout fresh; but I take off my hat to the memory of that freshly-caught boiled sea-trout, served with egg sauce, the good lady of the house placed, smoking hot, on the supper table that groaned in pitying asides at the clumsy compliments the grateful fisherman showered upon the embarrassed *cuisinière*!

Not even ambrosial delights in the Temples of the Gods may long detain mere mortals yet fettered to grosser things; and the time arrives when one must pack up and hie away to labor. It is arranged that Peter shall take me down in the canoe as the more pleasant way of reaching the sea shore, where connection with the steamer will be made; and, accordingly, next morning, we bade farewell to our kind friends, feeling that even the Master with his boon companions and pupils might be well content with mine hostess's speeding of the parting guest and the modest reckoning of the charge.

We drift leisurely with the easy glide of the current, which flows more sluggishly as we approach deep tidal water, and soon catch sight of the blue sea at the mouth of the river. Reaching this, we have still quite a run across a deep bay where the sea breeze has full sweep; but, notwithstanding this raises quite a swell, the little canoe rides like a gull, and, obedient to Peter's steady urging—reinforced by some shaky paddling of my own—is shortly floating in smooth water by the little pier of the fishing station on the beach. Here we find store of ice and skilled hands to properly pack

the fish we had reserved to bring home, and we adjourn to the snug quarters of the store-keeper to wait for the steamer and enjoy a gossip along with his proffered hospitality. His quaint originality and shrewd commenting on men and things were as entertaining as the talk of his wonderful cancer cure and evidences of its operation were amazing; while his truly enchanting, old-fashioned garden, filled with quaint Hollyhocks, Sweet Williams, Marigolds, Monk's-hoods, Phloxes, and other species, unknown and forgotten in these hot-house days, all arranged with care and taste along pebble-paved, picket-bordered walks, was like a peep into Fairyland, and remains an abiding assurance that one may catch many things beside fish if one only wishes and keeps one's eyes open when going "a-fishing."

At long last, the smoke of the steamer is seen round the point, and, with a hearty hand-grip to Peter, and a word of kindly farewell to our Genie of the Enchanted Garden, we are off in the scow and, in time, aboard.

As we stand on deck watching the vanishing point of the beach and the widening stretch of blue between, there comes the thought of those who "go down to the sea in ships," or are occupied in labor by its moody shores; of those who live the free life of the forest and camp by the running stream; of Johnny, and Bill, and Peter, each different in character, yet each typifying traits developed by the subtle spirit of out-o'-doors; of the Great Teacher who chose His disciples from among just such men, and found them not wanting; of the hale spirit of "The Compleat Angler," sweetened and made lovable in the practice of his "gentle art;" and there comes, too, the wish to leave as parting fare-

well to those who have companied thus far in these wanderings, a line from his Creed :—

> " . . the blessing of St Peter's Master be . . upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in His providence, and be quiet, and go a-Angling."

THE ENCHANTING HILLS OF MYSTERY AND DESIRE.

THERE IS TUCKED AWAY in some pigeon-hole of memory of most of us, however prosaic, a recollection of some youthful aspiration, some desired achievment, some longed for atttainment, that danced and flitted before our imagination ever luring us on to the uncertain and illusory path of accomplishment.

To the boys of Macnider, the distant hills of the Laurentians, hazily seen even on clear days across the intervening miles of blue sea between, loomed large with promise, their skies shone fair with hope, and their streams sang joyously to the dance of the leaping trout as none other. The "North-shore" lured them as the great unknown, big with wonder and discovery, has ever tempted. But there was no Isabella to pawn jewels and equip ships, and there certainly was powerful influence to restrain impetuous mariners from venturing so far on their "long, low, rakish crafts" improvised from the left-over planks of Sandy's schooner-building operations. And when we had attained the dignity of a "flat," the veto power still held, and the injunction: "not to pass the 'point rocks'" was rigorously maintained. And, even when in course of time Sandy's schooner was finally completed and floated like a sea-pigeon preening itself in the crystal mirror of the bay, the admired of dozens of pairs of envious eyes, and Sandy magnanimously offered to take a load of their owners direct to the promised land, there was still the

passage-money—which Sandy vowed was "fur nawthin'"—and our parents' permission to be secured at one and the same time. Then it was we tasted the bitterness of hope deferred, and, in our small way, felt the humiliation of Columbus going a-begging among the Courts of Europe on a question of ways and means, and entered, in a measure, into his feelings when he heard the stern and decisive "No!"

The Boy, however, soon grew into man's assertiveness and opportunity, and, by hire or purchase, achieved the yacht or yawl that should realize his youthful dreams; some of him, alas, but to find the sailor's death amid the treacherous shoals and currents and sudden storms that banish delight from those inhospitable shores.

The Doctor was ever one of the most ardent and venturesome, and took long to mature his plans; but when, prior to his last summer's outing at Macnider, he proudly displayed certain Admiralty charts, nautical instruments, tackle and arms, it was surmised by the more cautious Scribe that something was in the wind and might be in the water before long. We were not long in doubt what he was about in the far-away regions of the Gulf where he had betaken himself, for a telegram reached us at Macnider to the effect that a fast and safe yacht had been purchased, an experienced pilot secured, and that even now the impetuous owner was on his way up and desired the Scribe to secure the presence of The Infant and Don Carlos, together with the more important items of tent, blankets, camp outfit and provisions, all to be on the beach ready to be put aboard on the arrival of the Commodore, whereupon we should immediately set out for a cruise to the

"North-Shore," where we should camp and sail, shoot ducks and porpoises, catch trout, and—speak it with awe— perhaps a salmon! Here was a lengthy programme at short notice, truly; but the long anticipated joys of landing a salmon and seeing Eldorado at the same time stirred up the Scribe at once to action. There are, however, considerations of business and wives and boys of their own that weigh with the now Old-Boy. The Don pleaded business and the general Tomphool notion of the whole thing, and promptly declined. The Infant concluded his patients could wait a few days—we said they'd be glad to—and, as the expedition lacked ballast, thought he'd better go. The Scribe found no insurmountable objections in any of these respects, and, having in mind the gastronomic needs of a ship's company, and his peculiar adaptability to meet them, had, philanthropically, about decided to take the cook's chances of voyage, ship, and crew as a fair risk, when the Commodore hove in sight through the fog, pitched his anchor ashore, and followed it himself, demanding if we were ready to start! Now, it is permitted even to a Jason or a Nansen time to fit out, and the intrepid navigator was persuaded to allow at least twelve hours for this, and to start by daylight. This found us ready and determined, notwithstanding the Don's dismal prognostications of disaster; but, as we had seen him in close conference with *Cammelle* on the river while pretending to be fishing, and knew *Cammelle's* pessimistic views respecting foolhardy, amateur sailors and cranky sail boats already, we preferred the quiet assurance conveyed in the wink of our pilot Louis' twinkling eye, and cast off amid the rather subdued farewells of families and

friends, and pointed straight out as close to a fair Nor'-East breeze as we could win. This assurance was completed as, when fairly started, we watched Louis' business-like handling of chart and compass, the calculating and laying of our 45-mile course to our unseen destination, and his emphatic declaration of his ability to sail the boat alone and go to Anticosti if need be, though admitting the evident advantages of deck and cabin for comfort and added security.

Though the wind held fair, and we bowled along at a 5-knot gait, certain ominous signs presented themselves, which one of our Medicos felt it to be his duty to go forward and investigate; and from the ensuing sounds the Cook was of opinion that a storm was rising. He was about to anxiously apostrophise "the Pilot" respecting "danger on the deep," when his glance fell upon this worthy as he sat in careless ease with his hand on the tiller, his pipe in one side of his mouth, and an incomplete grin on the other, and he refrained. The callous and indifferent attitude of our other Medico to the troubles of a *confrère* struck with the hard plunk of a winged duck, scattering and shattering a layman's innoculated respect for the *camaraderie* of the Profession, and the Cook sat and smoked and thought and wondered where the wisdom of paying any more of his hard-earned dimes to the Hospital to cure him of a sore head after shore leave when two of its most brilliant attendants were impotent and subdued before a little *Mal-de-mer!*

The rapidly nearing shores took form, and Louis proudly pointed out the cluster of houses—the only ones for miles either way—which marked the entrance of the river for which he had been making in one straight

run for half the day, and remarked : "dat where I promise' to bring you, and dere you are!" Our confidence in his skill was confirmed as we watched him dodge the shoals and sandbars bordering the channel, which he made with ease, and we swept in on the swells into smooth water and rounded under the sterns of two Gulf fishing smacks anchored in the quiet bay. We and our baggage were soon ashore and the camping ground selected. The tent was pitched, beds were made, a fire started, and supper prepared and eaten with the rapidity and ease of old campaigners in good time to allow of the usual camp-fire pipe before turning in for the night.

It might be supposed that a 7x7 wall tent would afford but inadequate accommodation for four men and their baggage. But if our six-footer sighed for more room he had at least enough to ensure that his many feet came well inside the tent flap, and we half-raters took what was left without a sigh for the luxury (?) of our late seaside quarters; and, drowsily adapting the mariner's prayer; "Lord, have pity on those poor folks in the hotel now," we surrendered to the soothing benisons of the chant of the lapping tide, the croon of the pine-scented shore breeze, and the pervading and absolute peace surrounding our little hold, unshared by intruder and sentinelled only by the sleepless stars. Thus fended, we resigned ourselves, trustfully and care-free, to the benign ministry of Nature's own nurse, Sleep. So may it be when we meet the Cowled Sister as we camp by the other river, and our fears, born of the hospital and the charnel-house, flee and are gone as she folds our passive hands and leaves us sleeping

with the chaste kiss of peace upon our fixed and serene brows!

Our tent door faced the East, and the slanting beams of the early morning sun, reflected from the blue tide now at its full, awoke us to the actualities and possibilities of a glorious new day. Our glance swept around from the little point where we were encamped, formed by the river on the right, and the deep bay to our left, where three white porpoises were sporting within stone's throw of the shore that for miles East and West shelved precipitously to the sea. The tree-crowned bluffs were unbroken by building of any kind, save where the few fishermen's cots clung to the sand-bank shared with them by the telegraph station, and the little chapel used only in the infrequent visits of the missionary priest in his journeyings along the coast by pilot boat or dog-team, and the desolate beauty of it all was charming. The more prosaic thought occurred, however, that it was the last day of legal salmon-fishing and that our obtaining the privilege of permission to try the doubtful chances of capturing a belated wanderer of the tribe depended upon the good-will of the guardian of absent owners' rights. As our tackle consisted only of light bamboo trout rods, and their accompanying fly-books could not show half a dozen salmon flies among them; and, moreover, as trout fishing privileges are in general freely accorded to accredited anglers, we thought that our ambition to score one salmon out of the hundreds already taken might, under all the circumstances, be reasonably facilitated. Much to our regret, we found the keeper of the keys absent down the coast and not expected back for some days; but assuming the tacit permission of his

retainers as a gracious invitation to enter the open gateway, we enlisted one of them as guide to the unknown land of many dreams. We left Louis in camp to do some needed minor repairs and stepped into the waiting canoe to be ferried across to the point where we should begin what we supposed would be a few minutes' walk to the Unknown to which we were being lured.

Oh, those miles through hot sand where the sun beat mercilessly, and those hills that extracted perspiration and breath so ruthlessly, and the weariness and the thirst only aggravated as we glanced in passing at the restful luxury of the barred and deserted fishing-camp and the evidences of thirst assuaged scattered all about!

The added discovery that we had brought no lunch did not, however, deter us, and we still pushed on till the welcome sound of the "chute" and the sight of an ideal pool at its base dispelled all fatigue and roused us to our opportunity. The Commodore and the Cook soon had their bamboos rigged with the likeliest trout cast the united experience of fisherman and guide could suggest; while the Ballast betook himself and the gun—with which he had immortalized himself by bringing down a duck on the way over—to the shadow of the friendliest rock he could find in that weary land of great rocks.

The conditions of blazing sun and hot weather were not such as to invite success, and we met with indifferent measure of it. The easily satisfied Commodore soon resigned his rod to the willng hands of the guide, professing to prefer taking lessons to fishing himself; but the Cook, despite a splitting headache, vowed he

would stick to the game so long as it followed and adhered to the lines laid down by him, and the results were ten or a dozen trout running from half a pound to two pounds weight. Suddenly a sounding splash almost at his feet caused the writer to turn a glance of enquiry, which fell upon the excited half-breed guide gesticulating and pointing to where his line cut through the water of the pool impelled by an, as yet, unseen motor. His yell of delight:—"*une belle saumon*"—was heard above the roar of the falls, and we gathered around intent upon the question propounded by the bald-headed man's friends: "what will he do with it?" That this might soon be resolved into: "what will it do with him?" was evident as we saw the line swing towards the head of the rapid below, and the vain effort of the fisherman to overcome with his light tackle the weight of fish and swirling water. The fish was swept with a rush into the pool below, and the man, quickly following along the bank, soon had him drawn into a quiet corner, where he checked him till the net was brought and a hasty consultation held as to the best way of landing him. Obviously, the owner of the rod should have assumed his right and the guide his duty; but both the Medicos declined to assume responsibility in such an unaccustomed operation and passed it over to the Cook as more in his butchering line. He, nothing loath, rose to the situation on top of the rock where the guide was perched and took the rod, leaving the other free to handle the net which, with true professional ease and skill, was swiftly slipped under the now subdued fish and he was lifted out on the bank. The triumph was not spoiled by the diminutive size of the captive—which proved to be a small salmon of

about five pounds weight—but the Cook yearned for the thrill of a capture wholly his own, and returned to his stand by the pool where, from certain signs he had observed, he hoped this might yet be effected. A few casts evoked a reponse that his experience of trout-fishing entirely failed to account for; but the whispered comment of the guide who came running up with: "saumon, m's'sieu! rest t'ree minute!" fully explained it. The suggestion being acted on, the guide further remarked: "if you 'av 'Jock Scott' you ketch um sure;" but, so far as appeared, "Jock" not being of the present company, we concluded we must perforce submit to the implied alternative, when the guide's eyes fell on the fly-book, and he pounced with a cry of delight on a solitary fly hidden away in a corner. In a jiffy he had the tail fly of the cast off and the exchange made, and with a satisfied smile he bade me "try 'Jock Scott,' you see!" I did try what I now gathered was "Jock Scott," and we did see, in less time than it takes to tell it, a flash of silver darting through the pool in "Jock's" direction. The fly disappeared in the unmistakable manner that follows a sure rise; the strike was fortunate and timely made; and the supreme moment, long anticipated and hoped for by the angler, when he should be fast hooked to a salmon risen to a fly cast by himself, was now upon him. He had read and been told of such moments; had just assisted in landing the first he had ever seen caught; but this was a sensation unmistakably new, and it must be enjoyed to the full.

Although it was soon evident that the captive was a small fish, the fact that inexperience and light trout tackle were pitted against one of the kingliest of game

fish—albeit only a princeling—in a little pool at the head of a boiling rapid, gave the odds largely in favor of the fish. The excited spectators kindly refrained even from giving advice, but silently and intently watched the struggle of the angler to keep his fish in the comparatively quiet pool, fearful that the intense strain would prove too much for the tackle, and the fish either break away or be swept down into the frothing cauldron below, where the chance of landing was slight. Steadily but cautiously the tackle was strained to the limit of endurance, and the battle forced away from the brink of the "chute" into the deeper pool above. Now a leap clean out of the water allowed a few feet of line to be quickly reeled in, only to be resigned inch by inch as the fish bored his way to the bottom of the pool, whence the relentless spring of the bent rod would again draw the struggling captive nearer and nearer to doom at the hands of the alert and eager guide, who waited, net in poise—in default of gaff—for the proper moment to strike. The angler was now conscious of having the mastery, but fearful of the strength of his tackle, hastened to end the fight. A final leap—a last dive—and the fish was yielding to the remorseless strain of rod and reel. The line was slowly but surely gathered in, and the fish drawn within sight, then within reach, of the waiting net, which the skilful guide swept under him, and he was lifted out on to the shingle and mercifully despatched with a blow on the head. Amid the united congratulations of the party, the gaffing tribute was cheerfully yielded by the proud angler, whose delight was, however, somewhat chastened by the throbs of the headache—forgotten during the struggle—and the thought of the hot, weary

miles before him ere ease and sleep might be hoped for in the little tent by the sea-shore.

We draw a veil of silence respecting the tedious homeward tramp, and the remarks of the tramps by the way; sufficing to say that the desired haven was reached at last, and the used-up Cook—neglectful of his duty, and taking time only to swallow the dose administered him by the commiserating medicus—flung himself down among the blankets, seeking oblivion in sleep. He woke some two hours later with headache nearly gone, and his professional complacency wholly so, as, peeping under the tent door, he watched the rest of the party engaged in preparing a supper, to which he was soon invited, and compelled to acknowledge as —no, not better—but at least equal to anything his skill had hitherto evolved.

Next morning, we awoke to find Louis scanning the hazy sky and shimmering water with an anxious mien that, under the circumstances of what appeared to us a charming day, seemed inexplicable; but his quiet remark: "'tink we go back," we unquestioningly took as a command, and prepared to pack up and get off, as we had no wish to be either becalmed or storm-stayed. We breakfasted, broke camp, loaded up, and were off by eight o'clock on our long, and, as it proved, miserable return voyage.

How the sun beat on that long, two-hours' drift that scarcely took us a mile from shore, it were well to forget in the cheerful sound of the water falling away from the bows as we cut through the waves that quickly rose under a tidy breeze that suddenly followed the calm! The helping breeze dropped as quickly as it came and left us pounding about in the cross-chops of the "Rond-

du-Mer" in mid-channel, almost out of sight of land on either shore; while old Neptune took toll of the cargo that some of the party were sure they had, this time, stowed away fast and safe. Then an ominous lowering to windward caused Louis to get into his oil-skins and shorten sail, while we prepared ourselves and our mackintoshes to receive what might come. It came—rain in sheets—borne on a squall that drove us ahead into the grey unknown where the compass alone pointed the way, which the melancholy tattoo of the rain-drops, beaten upon the taut canvas, did not serve to enliven. Presently, the wind left us to the pity of the fog and rain; and, when the fog left us to the sole mercy of the rain, we saw through the drizzle the dim outlines of the nearing shore to which we were bound; but our hearts fell when Louis informed us that the particular point of it he had hoped to reach was ten miles away, dead to windward, and that our only hope of making it was to take to the "wooden sails" and get closer in-shore within reach of a favoring evening shore-breeze! Here was exercise we had not bargained for; but, accepting our luck as philosophically as usual, we comforted ourselves, as we took turns at the long sweeps, in the thought that it was at least warming to our chilled, wet skins. After a spell of this galley work—which seemed hours long—the shore breeze caught us from the favorable quarter, and we skimmed along in smooth water, close in, lit our pipes, and congratulated ourselves that we were well on the way for home and dry clothes, only to find the wind again fail us while yet some five miles from our destination! "Get out the oars!" rang out the Commodore's command, in weak and liquid tones. But

instead of the customary, ready "ay, ay, sir!" he was greeted with, "not much, we're going ashore to finish this cruise in a hay-cart!" Rank munity, this, and provocative of dire penalty; but, fortunately, trouble was averted by Louis' cheerful announcement; "good breeze come!" which, sure enough, did, in liberal measure; while the rain ceased and we made the best going of the day in a bee-line for the lighthouse at our harbor mouth. This we won with ease, tied up to our moorings just as dark was closing in, and hurried for shelter and dry clothing. The latter having been donned, a prescription not in his Pharmacopeia insisted upon by the Chief of Staff and taken with a little Havana flavoring, it was thought that the party were in a proper mood to be catechised by sympathetic friends respecting net results to show for time, trouble, and expense. When these were truthfully tabulated and announced as two salmon, twelve trout, ten plover and one duck, contempt broke forth in sarcasm or lurked in the curl of lip where words failed. What argument should prevail against such a point of view, or of what avail to lay bare the hidden things of the Craft, and the chastened joys we treasured as abiding memories of our trip, to the indifferent and uncomprehending Philistine? We, therefore, held our peace respecting these; and, as we viewed the white-capped, storm-tossed face of old St. Lawrence that for days held to the ill-humor we had so fortunately escaped, we reflected, with the serenity of the initiated, that in pursuit of the delights promised all faithful votaries of our Cult there are offsetting trials which, rightly viewed, but serve to enhance the pleasures that far outweigh the pains. Thus reflecting, we could not but believe that, even to the un-

tutored in the deep things of the Mystic Rite, there must come from their experience of Life a knowledge of its hard, uneven way; and we allowed ourselves the hope, that, permitting themselves to come under the sway of the Brotherhood, they, too, might learn from the practice of its ritual to philosophically accept the rough with the smooth on every path, and find, after all, that, once trodden in this spirit, the way is not as rough as it appears at starting, and, the journey done, that the recollection of the smooth and easy travelling it affords alone remains.

HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS.

HOW their memories come crowding as one stops a moment to think amid the whirl of work-a-day affairs! Halcyon Days, truly, clouded though some were, cold and wet others, yet all brimming with delights that cheer and hearten as they come trooping in review!

Shall we mark that as one of the dark days, Don Carlos, Thanksgiving Day, though it was, too, when you beguiled me from my first love, my lissome rod, and won me to a passing notice of your lusty-voiced, compelling gun? You remember, don't you, how the fates lured us to the Siren-haunted Islands of Lake St. Francis that autumn day? How cold it was in the early dawn when we went to meet the guides and boats that failed to keep their engagements? How tantalizing to see the ducks in great flocks at quite a safe distance? Did we not in desperation assail the boathouse-keeper's hold and despoil him of a craft wherein we loaded decoys, guns, and our three shivering selves, and started on our independent, conquering way? Wasn't the water cold as it splashed over us and froze in falling, and weren't you mad enough to blow the whole flock of decoys we had set out so carefully and so painfully into little bits because in their wooden perverseness they wouldn't decoy at all? And then that poor, lone straggler we almost ran down, and each fired two barrels at! It was a very dead duck, of course, and I remember both you and William each insisted you had killed it, while I never once doubted, and still think, mine

was the fatal shot. Let it pass, however, and perish, too, the recollection of his funeral expenses, for the memory of that duck is very dear.

A very different kind of day was that Dominion Day when Mac, having fired my imagination with glowing tales of the wondrous bass-fishing to be had in these same waters, persuaded me to re-visit them under other conditions. One great difference was some 100 degrees of temperature, but in results there was little to choose, though we had an experienced guide, a good boat, lots of "bait," and fine weather. The fish were there, that I know, because Mac caught one —about as big as his hand—and we had a fine day's fishing, though we got no more fish. There's nothing truer to the appreciative mind than that the fish are the least part of the fishing. Did we not have a glorious outing under the bluest of skies upon the fairest of waters within sound of the voice of the great Giant of the North, that became a roar as our boat shot through the swirl and foam of the rapid where he turned and tossed in his narrow, rocky bed? And music, too, of the sweetest and best, from nature's own choristers. I never heard such a storm of sweet sounds as the birds gave us that day as we lay at anchor in the swift current that swept past their island aviary. Even if one were versed in bird lore, which I am not, it were scarcely possible to distinguish the parts of the different singers, but as true artists they poured forth their melodious notes in a burst of rapturous music that was a revelation to me; for it is a curious fact that in the heart of the wild woods, where my way has mostly led me, there is a solemn and oppressive stillness, broken only by the

foot-fall or rattle of wheel on the rough bush road, and a singing bird is a rara avis indeed.

Those were days to be marked with an exclamation point, when, in the long ago, the Seigneur invited me and his other friend, the China man—not so named because he is a Chinaman, or a man of china, but as short for "Man-in-the-China-tea-trade,"—to accompany him on one of his infrequent visits to stir up his distant and procrastinating *censitaires* and incidentally to enjoy some trout fishing in his domain. It is a typical French-Canadian fishing settlement and dates from the days of the French Régime, when it was raided by the British in one of their ascents up the river. Our mode of reaching it was by courtesy of the steamship line stopping their boat to land us in the waiting fishing smack arranged for weeks before. This uncertainty was only surpassed by that of our getting away, when we lay outside the harbor all night in the same open, fish-smelling boat, with the rolling swell and the blowing of the grumpus about us in the fog as a lullaby, and the fear of the steamer passing us as an antidote to keep us awake. We had novel experiences among primitive folk, watched the fleet go and return with the toll of the sea; saw the cod in its various stages of fresh to salted, and smelt the smells compared to which those of famed Cologne would seem as of "Araby the blest." We got trout, too, as the record and memory tell, but, alas, as so often happens to fishermen, the biggest was lost! It may not be charged, however, in this instance, that "one can't lose what one never had," for we certainly had this one, as he seems now, without actual scale register, of a great

many pounds weight! We got him among a number of other fine trout in one of the most exciting three hours' fishing that I can recall—having been fortunate that day in coming upon a large "school" in the shallows of a lake which took our object lessons and whippings in such good part that we became acknowledged masters of the whole academy but lost our best pupil out of the buckboard on the way home!

In this itinerary of flying trips from home or distant headquarters, when the rule was to "travel light" and dispense with all superfluous camp equipage and seek such sleeping shelter as the neighborhood afforded, it may not seem such a far cry from Gaspé's cliffs to the Laurentian fastnesses, where countless crystal lakes nestle amid the forest-wrapped, eternal hills that compose the vertebrae of the world's backbone. It was with anticipation sharpened to a fine point that our small but enthusiastic party took their first steps into this unknown land of promise from the train that had screwed and burrowed its tortuous, upward way to the "height of land," and walked into the open arms—or maw—of our waiting "guide.' There be guides and guides, boatmen, teamsters, and bush-whackers, and it makes all the difference in the pleasure of a fishing trip what kind you may be blessed with—or otherwise. Some guides are born so—all good ones are—and some achieve their opportunity by the force of circumstances, and the necessities of sporting-goods-emporium-made, record-breaking, pot-hunters. We tried to classify ours as we peered into the deeps of a forest of red whiskers that a Highland gillie might be proud of; but the clamor of shrill patois as he loaded our rod-cases, our

grips, and ourselves into his buckboard by the side of the little station and whirled us off into the darkness of a country road in the direction of his home by the lake, some three or four miles away, served only to unmistakably indicate his nationality and not at all to allay our not unreasonable fears of hidden piratical designs. These were fully dispelled, however, when he ushered us into the bosom of his sleeping family, and by the light of a stable lantern dimly burning we saw, amid the seemingly innumerable heads and legs, a great mound of fifteen or twenty double loaves of bread piled on the kitchen table, which he informed us was "madame's" semi-weekly baking for the sustenance of the aforesaid pledges of good-will and pillars of Church and State. If we were to be incarcerated , we should not be starved, at any rate; and we subsequently proved that it was very good bread—better than any I had ever had in any "French-Country" farm-house—and that madame's reputation in the countryside as a baker of the first class was well founded. The sleeping accommodations were good enough, and sufficient to allow of us having exclusive use of them—two in a bed—and in the morning sunlight things looked more promising, if no cleaner. This day we tried the lake, beside which we found ourselves dropped, with indifferent success, coming ashore for dinner, but the next we planned to drive off to another, some few miles away among the hills, and again enjoy the old delight of being alone in the woods, some distance from anywhere, and at the same time test the merits of a small, portable, aluminium camp cooking outfit the writer had taken some pains and much pride in bringing to a state that, in view of the results hoped for, and at-

tained, may be put down as perfection. We made sure of something to eat by taking along the usual supply of bacon, potatoes, bread, tea, and the "etceteras," and hoped for the trout! Our spirits were as high as our hopes as we drove along the road that wound and climbed around lakes and over hills from whose tops other and more distant lakes might be discerned silvering the wondrously beautiful landscape. We came suddenly upon a scene, however, that caused a jar amid the sylvan peace. It was a matter of a dispute between neighbors about some strayed cattle; but, from the numbers—of men and women—actively engaged, and the children holding on to one another among the fence-rails, intently, fearfully, if passively, concerned, and the noise, gesticulation, and threatening demeanor of the disputants, it seemed as if nothing less than an incipient revolution was a-foot, and the presence of troops an immediate necessity. Not a blow was struck, in all the time we cared to stay and look on, and we left satisfied that there would not be! It's a way they have, and the scene was characteristic of the people to a degree. We soon reached the particular lake for which we were bound—Lac La Croix, of ominous name—turned our nag loose, "cached" our provisions, jointed our rods, took to our boats, and—began to fish? Not yet. Some wandering cattle were observed in dangerous proximity to our hidden provender, and we put back to make it more secure; and any doubts we may have had as to the taste of cattle for strange food were set at rest as we reached the spot. Our guide had left his coat ashore, and, by way of appetizer, or grace before meat, a wanton calf had devoured one half of it! This may be as hard for the reader to swal-

low as it must have been for the calf; we did not see him do it, but we did see the coat minus sleeves and tails; and, from a subsequent episode which we did see, have no doubt where the missing parts went to, as will be shown further on. We again took to the boats. We fished. We whipped that lake till it must have smarted under our vigorous lashings as our faces did under the broiling sun, and the too close attentions of the mosquitos, but we got no fish—not even a rise! This was but "fisherman's luck," and we fell back on the philosophy of the Craft, and our more substantial eatables. Here it was our guide shone. He could, at least, make a fire; but if we didn't "do the rest," we showed him how, for what he didn't know about camp cooking would take more space to tell than we can spare here. He ate till he couldn't stand—hardly sit up, in fact—and when we suggested washing the dishes to pack away clean in their box he proposed taking them back as they were for his maid-of-all-work, at the farm, to attend to! This completed the missing link respecting his name and class, and "Joseph de la Boutonnière" we dubbed him on the spot. Our Philanthropist mumbled something about "cruelty to animals" when, after the usual pipe—the "washing up" having been duly insisted upon and done after a fashion—we proposed a final tour of the lake. Notwithstanding his rattling manipulation of the oars—perhaps because of it—we again "got no fish, not even a rise!" We put ashore, gathered our traps, and prepared to leave with this unique record; but we had not proved conclusively the capabilities of the locality for unusual sensations. Our outfit had been placed beside a rail fence, and a large, coarse cloth, used in our culinary ablutions,

thrown over it. Our four-footed, vealy friend had come to the barrier to see us off, spied the dish cloth, and, with the vivid recollections of his unfinished meal off the coat, seized the cloth in his mouth. The writer sprang over the rails to the rescue, but before he could reach it the yard of linen had disappeared with a crash down the throat of that voracious calf! To this spectacular curtain drop, it is but fair to add, by way of prologue, that we were not deterred from again trying our luck in the same district at a later and more propitious season; and fortune so favored us that we are of a mind, Joseph and the calf and the mosquitos to the contrary notwithstanding, to repeat our visit at the most convenient opportunity.

And what shall we say of the pleasant days spent in enjoying the hospitality of the genial New Yorker in his luxurious "Camp Comfort" By-the-Lake? Is not the spot among the bright landmarks of youthful memories long before our friend acquired his fishing rights that he enjoys so thoroughly and shares so freely in his annual Northern outings? Have we not often waded up to our short middle making a tour of the lake, and captured many a well-filled creel, when it was a sort of no-man's-water in the midst of almost impenetrable bush; and do we not know every shoal and bay where a rise may be looked for as well as the Lord of the Manor himself? Was it not here, or on the near by water of mine host of the Sea View, at Macnider, that, with infinite labor, we took, and thought we had secured, such fine kodak views of "Landing a fish," "Shooting a duck," camp and boat

scenes in which our friends and ourselves figured prominently in the star parts, only to find on taking them to be developed on our return to the city that we had forgotten to turn the key after snapping the shutter and that all were superimposed one on top of the other!

And that day when our Jehu dropped us from his buckboard below Tartagou Falls and we started in to wade down the river to its mouth, where we were to meet the team and enjoy our well-earned lunch in, as we thought, about three hours! If "it's a long lane that has no turning," it's a longer river that turns and doubles on itself every few yards, and has to be waded every foot of the way that, from the Falls to the sea, as the crow flies, is only a matter of a mile or two. After about six hours of plunging into deep holes, and skipping from one slippery foothold to another along our unknown way, we began to think the end should be near, and dragged our water-logged persons to the top of the high bank to reconnoitre. As we found we had only covered about half the bee-line distance, we concluded we had had enough of the water route, as well as trout, and struck across lots in the direction of more filling entertainment, only to be forced to take shelter under the trees from the deluge of water poured upon us from the thunder-storm that had long been threatening, and which effectually soaked any remaining dry spots about us that the river had spared. The wet and the dry are both encountered in the pursuit of other things beside trout; and it is well if we can learn to take each as it comes, and console ourselves with

the thought that in the working out of the law of compensation it is easily possible to take comfort in simply getting dry after being wet.

A narrow commercial soul might decide that it "wouldn't pay" to hire a team, drive 25 miles, stay over night, drive back in inky blackness, and arrive at our quarters at midnight, half blind with sleep and fatigue, on the chance of getting a dozen of sea trout; but the Doctor and the Philosopher are not of this mould, and, with the Scribe, have done it more than once, and would, no doubt, as gladly do it again as he. Wouldn't the Doctor's fashionable patients have been edified to see him roll up a disreputable pair of nether garments above his knees, wade out among the seaweed after a plover he had shot and finally remove them altogether in his determination to secure it; the writer, meanwhile, being engaged, partly in laughing and partly in persuading the refractory steed scared by the shot not to carry out his evident intention to start for home and leave the shooter and his waving signals stranded on the beach! Their defection would be certain were he to compound for them the prescription he concocted from the materials supplied by our kind-hearted host as an "eye-opener" for our early morning trial of the fishing. We found the eggs and milk laid out on the table in true angler's style, but the Doctor not knowing, or forgetting, that the whisky—which is not part of our stores—is usually supplied from the fisherman's private flask and is essential to the completion of the potion, mixed it without this and drank it off! The effect was instantaneous and complete,

and when we last met he declared the memory and the taste were with him still. We found our compensation in the fishing, for, notwithstanding some little interruption caused by tangled lines, and the removal of hooks switched painfully into inconvenient parts of ourselves and our boatman, we got some nice sea trout. Our boatman, too, afforded and provided both interesting study and entertainment. Though one short of his full complement of legs, his arms and his wit serve well the purposes of his calling, and make him a favorite with the anglers on the river. His father was French, and his mother is as broad Scotch, and he himself is, consequently, not always sure of his English. In that tongue, he would be called Campbell, his mother calls him Cawmell, and his French neighbors call him *Cammelle;* and after he had crammed us with blood-curdling tales of devouring sharks, angry porpoises, blowing grampuses, and swash-buckling whisky-smugglers—not to speak of wondrous salmon and trout caught when we were not there—we were disposed to call him Munchausen, but forebore for the pleasure he gave us.

There is a shrine in the heart of the primeval woods that stretch in pathless solitude from the last concession of Macnider on to the fringe of civilization that reaches out in greeting from the State of Maine, where dwells the fair *Neigette.* True lovers must they be to endure the rough country roads, rougher bush roads, and no roads at all, that for thirty-five miles and ten long hours must echo to the rumble of wheel or tramp of weary feet before the pilgrim may lay down pack

and staff beside the lake where stands her rough-hewn bower.

"Tho' the way be dreary,
Sad the day and long,
Still there comes at evening,
Love's own sweet song."

We heard faint echoes of it as we drove along the banks of the lovely winding river that here flowed pent between high bluffs, or there widened out into smiling meadow, locally known as "La Grande Moue," because in time of freshet completely submerged and left by the falling waters a vast, boggy flat. Its cheery notes sustained us in our long climb up the endless hills where our way led us past hamlet and farm and bleak country church-yard, till, the summit gained, we drew deep breaths of satisfaction and delight in viewing the glorious panorama of valley and hill and forest spread for miles around. It was with us in clearer tones as we turned our backs on the "last house" and plunged into and among the stumps of the rough shanty road that for seven long miles led to our goal. In walking ahead of the noisy calvacade, one might catch a glint through distant vistas of what, to his imagination, seemed the shimmer of the elusive sprite's gossamer robe, and to his leaning ear might faintly come the seductive call of her siren voice, only to find on nearer approach but a beam of sunlight filtering through the whispering leaves and spruce-tops. The song swept about us and wrapped us round in sweet content and care-free peace as the oars slipped into the unruffled surface of the water and we glided out into the lake

from the landing and feasted our eyes on the double picture of tree and sky reflected therein in the gathering twilight. It hummed a cheerful accompaniment to the clattering and sizzling that announced the preparation of hospitable viands in the camp *cuisine*, punctuated the pauses in our guide's recitals of his lonely experiences as a trapper and hunter in these same wilds in long winter days and nights; and lulled us to dreams, blanket-wrapped, in our bunks filled with aromatic, sleep-compelling, balsam boughs. What cared we to hear about the five-pound trout caught by others, or to see the actual measure with which his twenty-three inches were recorded as proof positive? Did we not take more than we could eat, and as many as we cared to carry back—a goodly number of them from one and a half to two pounds weight? Had we not the joy four happy, unclouded days alone with a mistress whose charms never pall; and were we not content to accept the drenching rain that accompanied us every foot of the seven miles back to the roadside farm-house where dry clothing was possible as the weeping farewell of our woodland fay whose song was choked with her tears? To-morrow's joy shall banish to-day's regret, we thought, as the bright afternoon sun stayed with us all the way back till he dropped to rest behind the Laurentian Hills on the North Shore, and we kept on to seek ours beneath the midnight stars that sentinelled our temporary summer home.

Let these reminiscences close with the record of One Day, at Macnider, whereon the Pork-man, the Paper-man, the Pill-man, and the Penman, with the

two Workingmen, Johnny and Isidore, had novel experiences and caught strange fish. It was a fine day, too, as I recall it, and we had arranged for a flying trip to the unfrequented back "concessions" by the station. After an early breakfast, our waiting buckboards are headed East, and, turning off at the post-office, we strike straight back and make for the "height of land" which we reach after a laborious pull, then again turn to the West along the narrow "concession" road, brushing off the morning dew from the overhanging foliage, and startling a stray hare that has come out to sun himself. Presently our guide exclaims: "*L'v'la, m'ssieu's, c'est l'place ici!*" and we pull up at the door of his friend's farm-house. Here information as to our farther progress is obtained, and permission given—for a stipulated consideration per rod rigorously exacted by the *habitant's* faithful help-meet who guarded the gateway to this land of uncertain promise and cash payment—to drive over the farm road (?) along which we carefully pick our way, jolting over the corduroy and stones, and dodging the stumps that thickly strew the edge of the path, monuments of departed greatness. We drive as far as we can, or rather walk alongside, chaffing the poor martyrs pilloried on the buckboards who were elected to pilot the crafts. Then unhitching the horses and turning them loose in the pasture, we don our tramping boots, and shouldering the divided load, we begin our tramp of a mile or so to the margin of the lake. The lily-pads and rushes that here and there appear look promising spots to throw a fly at, but the extreme smallness of the sheet of water causes us to be sceptical of the results, seeing which, our mentor hastens to reassure us: "*crain 'pas m'ssieus*—

crain 'pas, i'y a beaucoup d'pêches en dedans," to which we respond by making preparations for the attack. One of the party, who has a penchant for that sort of work, starting to wade, is quickly dissuaded from that mode of warfare by nearly sinking out of sight in the soft, deceptive bottom, and, in the absence of boats, there is nothing for it but to make that friend of shipwrecked mariners—a raft. The remains of one that had been used by the "natives" was discovered and quickly repaired, poles cut, and the Pill-man and the Penman, with Johnny, launched out upon it, leaving the Pork-man and the Paper-man to wait till another could be put together by their man Isidore. The ease with which this was done, with nothing but an axe to cut down the logs, which are fastened together by withes of the slender branches of trees, supplemented by the more prosaic four and six-inch nails we had brought along for the purpose, would have been an object lesson of admiration had we not had other matters to attend to. To one not accustomed to this mode of navigation, the task of making the circuit of a lake on a small raft of logs, in the face of quite a little breeze, with no better propelling power than a long sapling, and having to look after a rod and line of your own, and at the same time have due regard to your neighbor's, lest a careless step should spoil the prospects of a day's peace, would appear well calculated to make one pause. But a few attempts soon found us sailing along as unconcernedly as an Ottawa raftsman, and coming to a likely spot near a shoal, we drop our stone anchor, jam our poles down through the logs to steady her, and begin operations. Intent on the excellent success attending these, we are not aware

of the invader advancing to storm our retreat; but an unusual commotion at the end of the lake near which we then chanced to be caused the trio, on our raft to cast enquiring and anxious glances in the direction of the noise. "Great Isaak Walton, ladies! A pic-nic here, of all places!" we impatiently exclaimed—and went on with our fishing! As we had the only available crafts, gallantry would dictate that we should, at least, make formal tender of these; but our wrath was high against the *guardienne* at the gate permitting so many more to pass where the resources were already fully taxed that, each waiting for the other raft-party to do their duty, and both satisfied that pic-nics could better be held on dry land than aboard wet rafts, no move was made by either of us—and the fishing proceeded! From the sounds of chopping and splashing, however, that soon reached our ears, it dawned upon us that it was trout, not tea and cake, the new-comers had in view, and that the "guide"(?) was actually building a raft! To this proceeding we could take no valid objection; and, as we supposed he knew his business as well as our men did theirs, we gave the matter no further thought beyond observing that in due time the three ladies, with their escort, "guide," and entire paraphernalia of lunch-baskets, shawls, and rods, were launched and coming our way! We were startled from our equanimity, however, as a cry for "Help!" rang across the water, and we saw at once there was trouble, likely to be very serious, if we could not get to their assistance speedily, as their raft was going to pieces! Shouting to "keep cool!" we threw down our rods, tore up anchor and poles embedded in several feet of soft mud, and put to the rescue as rapidly as

our ungainly crafts could be forced through the water by our united efforts. We were none too soon, as the logs of their raft—quite inadequate for the purpose, and merely tacked together with shingle nails by their stupid man—were parting company, and the whole party in imminent danger of being engulfed in the lake and its more treacherous bottom of soft mud. One of the ladies, in fact, was actually in the water and only supported by the floating logs, but all, with their escort, were cool and plucky—the shining example to the contrary being their un-handy man. All were soon transferred to our two rafts and put safely ashore, when the ladies proposed to at once start for home, some eight miles away. To this we demurred, pointing out the risk, and proferring the hospitality of our camp-fire for drying purposes, and the resources of our larder, tea-kettle, and bottle of "pain-killer" as preventives against taking cold. These being accepted, we proceeded to do what we could in the way of entertaining our unexpected guests. A roaring fire was quickly started, the kettle boiled, and a jorum of hot "pain-killer," water and sugar, as the best medicine available, handed to each of the shipwrecked as they stood round the fire drying their wet clothing. Fish were cleaned, bacon sliced, and both turned over to Johnny's experienced hands and frying-pan. Potatoes were boiled, tea made, bread and butter prepared, canned peaches opened, and all were soon engaged in what, to us, was a matter of fact, but which our visitors declared to be a novel and pleasing experience, quite off-setting their first cool reception. It seemed a wise precaution to take, however, before setting out on the long, homeward drive; and we were pleased to learn that no ill

effects followed the accident, or our remedial treatment of it. Dinner over, our guests departed, the "table" cleared away and the dishes washed, we stretched ourselves under the trees for the quiet enjoyment of the usual after-dinner smoke before continuing our interrupted fishing during what remained of the afternoon, until the time should arrive when we, too, must pack up and return home. We come ashore at last, thoroughly satisfied with a splendid catch. The fish are taken from the creels and spread out on the grass under the trees, and, as they lie all mixed up together, hot disputes arise as to who caught the big ones. These settled—or temporarily suspended—the fish are "douched" in the lake, and carefully laid in the baskets, with ferns and grass about them—needless to say, the big ones not at the bottom—then, shouldering our loads, which are heavier than when we started, we begin our homeward journey. We are pretty well tired out, and the lonely drive in the deepening twilight is not conducive to hilarity. But soon the lights of the village loom in sight, and we straighten up, tickle our flagging steeds, and bring up at the hotel door with as much style as our dilapidated appearance will permit. The fish-baskets, of course, are produced, duly inspected, and commented on according to the idiosyncrasies of each. The young ladies: "Poor little things!" The "other fellows": "Lucky dogs!" The papas and mammas: "What a nice breakfast we'll have to-morrow—thank you so much!" Mine host, taking his cue from the latter: "Hope you will go again soon!" To which we reply: "SO SAY WE ALL!"

HOW TO MAKE A FLY-ROD.

ARE you a fisherman? I don't mean by this a grand-master in the gentle art, but are you, even as the writer, in the humblest way a disciple of the Craft? Have you been a learner only long enough to discover the wonderful fascinations it offers to all who once enter its mysteries, proving their devotion by life-long service? Do you feel the stirrings of emotion as you think of the delightful spots you have visited in your search for the scaled and spotted water-sprites; the happy hours spent in camp, canoe, or skiff; in imagination drinking again brimming draughts of Nature's tonic fresh from her fountains deep in the solemn woods? Do your fingers tingle with appreciation as you handle the plumed and gilded lures that hang light as thistle-down on the fairy films that bind them to the polished wand, bright as the lance of knight-errant of old, and does your heart respond to the silvery music the whirring reel sings in your delighted ear?

If you possess any of the spirit that animated the gentle Isaak Walton, and now breathes in a multitude of followers in his foot-steps; if you know a good rod when you see and handle it, and believe, or will take my word for it, that one made by your own hands, that you have seen develop under your own eyes by your own work, is productive of many times more enjoyment than the very finest you can get, simply by doing as others do—buying it; if you have but an ordinary knowledge of tools and how to use them, and are possessed of the

stick-to-it-iveness necessary to carry you through your self-imposed labor of love, then you are in the mood to listen to a few friendly hints from an amateur possibly no better qualified than you to do what he has done, and now proposes to his brother anglers to attempt.

The first essential requisite in a trout lunch is, of course, trout—the better the trout the better the lunch. The first thing required in making a rod is the wood—the better the wood the better the rod; and for this it is advisable to apply to some reliable dealer in fishing stock for good, selected, seasoned material, even if you have to pay a little more for the choice. As to the kind of wood, the many varieties of fancy woods suitable for the purpose may be narrowed down to two—Lancewood and Greenhart. In the opinion of experts, both hold high, if not equal, rank, my own taste leading me to choose Greenhart on account of the handsome graining and rich warm color when polished. The prime essential, however, is, that the pieces selected should, when worked down to the proper size for the joints, stand a severe test of bending by resting one end on the ground and pushing down the other to form a bow, holding in this position for some seconds, and then suddenly releasing the tension. If the recoil is swift and steel-like, and no departure from the straight is apparent, your wood is first-class, provided, of course, it is also free from knots and sudden cross grains.

We will suppose that it is desired to make a rod of the ideal standard—8 to 10 oz. in weight, and 10½ to 11 ft. long. Excessive lightness on the one hand is as undesirable as too great length on the other—'backbone' and elasticity within reasonable limits are the essentials to be aimed at—hence the judgment of most

anglers would fix the standard at about the figures named, though rods weighing only 4½ oz. and 9 ft. in length are in use and highly praised by their admirers.

It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that in rod-making, as in fishing tackle of all kinds, your materials should be of the best, and any striving for cheapness avoided as you would the plague—better buy a rod for two or three dollars and have done with it.

The materials required to make a rod of the standard named above, which may be procured of any reputable dealer at a cost of about four dollars, are as follows :—

1 piece of greenhart, 1⅛ in. square and 3 ft. 9 in. long for butt.
1 " " ⅝ " " " " " middle.
2 " " ⅜ " " " " " tips.
1 nickel-plated, ⅞ " Reel seat (below hand).
1 " 1 1/32 " mated ferrule, *without dowel* (capped, welted and water-proof,) for butt.
1 " 1 3/64 " " " " middle.
1 " " " entering ferrule, for extra tip.
½ doz. No. 3, 1 doz. No. 2, 2 doz. No. 1 Rings and Keepers, (more than required, but useful for repairs).
2 nickel-plated single ring tops.
1 " ½ in. winding check.
2 " solid metal stoppers for ferrules.
1 pot Best liquid glue, or Russian Cement.
1 small bottle best coach body varnish.
1 " varnishing brush.
1 100-yds. spool, No. A, best scarlet machine silk.
1 sheet each, fine and extra fine sand-paper.
10 yds. Good line for winding hand grasp, colour to fancy.
¼ lb. each, powdered pumice stone and rotten stone.

The possession of the necessary tools, work-bench, etc, is, of course, assumed, and expense in purchasing these cannot fairly be charged to the cost of making the rod.

And now to work; commencing with the butt piece, which you will plane down clean and true to a square slightly more than seven-eighths (⅞) of an inch. Mark off 13 inches from one end to form the butt or handle at which point the diameter is to suddenly diminish to that of the small end of the winding check, and continue to evenly diminish on a true taper to the small end where the ferrule is fastened. To guide you in reaching this result, take the ferrule and mark its circle exactly in the centre of the wood, and plane it down square in a diminishing diameter, say from half an inch at the handle to three-eighths at the small end, taking care to plane all sides equally so that the diminished size of the rod will spring true from the centre of the butt and taper equally on all sides down to that of the ferrule end. It may be necessary to use your wood-file in working close to the handle where even a small plane cannot well be used. To avoid the strain of planing in the usual way against a bench plug, bore a hole each way through the butt three-quarters to one inch from the end, drive a pin, made of a strong wire nail with the head filed off, in your bench, drop the wood on to this and plane from this hold-fast. Use this method with all the pieces, and cut off the inch of wood with the holes in it when you set the entering ferrules and the reel-seat. After getting down the wood in the square to the proper size, allowing for the final scraping, plane the corners off and bring it to a true octagon, then file and scrape to a perfect round —the handle to a size that will allow the reel-seat to be slipped on when ready to glue, and the ferrule end to a diameter that will permit the ferrule being set in place flush with the wood. You can make a good

scraper by taking a bit of broken saw or other flat piece of steel, and, with a rat-tail file, filing on its straight edge three half-circles corresponding to the diameters of the rod at the juncture of the handle, the large ends of the middle joint, and the tips, respectively. These three sizes will give you all you want to use on the rod, and if filed true and held at the proper scraping angle, you have a most useful and handy tool. After scraping down to a perfect round (which may be facilitated in the final stages by imparting a rotary motion to the joint held in one hand while scraping with the other), of the proper size to fit the reel-seat, the winding check, and the ferrules, set these in place, cutting off the surplus inch with the holes in the butt, and fittting with glue. Use care and patience in filing the shoulders of the rod equally all round, so that the ferrule will set true and straight, and placing it no further on the wood than will allow the ferrule of the second joint to enter to its full extent without striking the end of the butt piece.

Proceed now to plane down the second joint, from you, by using the pin instead of butting it against any thing, in a true diminishing taper in the square, from the diameter of the entering ferrule at the large end, to that of the receiving ferrule at the other, then bring it to a perfect octagon and scrape to the round. Cut off the surplus inch with the holes, fit and glue the ferrules true and flush with the wood, carefully setting them so that they will lie straight with the line of the joint, the receiving ferrule in proper position to admit the entering ferrule of the tip without striking the wood of the second joint, nor yet leaving a space between. Treat the tips in the same way, tapering them

from the diameter of the entering ferrule down to the insignificant diameter of the top rings, which are not to be set in place yet. The tips being so light will require most delicate handling, using your 3-inch plane adjusted to the finest possible tissue paper shaving. Should the joints in planing take a warp or twist, heat the part over a gas jet or lamp, and work it back to the true, where it will likely remain.

Your rod is now ready to joint and put to the crucial test, from which, if you have done your work carefully, examining every step of the way, planing your joints and setting your ferrules true, you have every reason to believe it will emerge to your entire satisfaction. Jointed together, it should spring from the centre of the handle at a diameter of fifteen thirty-seconds (15-32) of an inch and diminish in a perfect taper to the tip, each ferrule in place in a perfect line with the rod. Held in the hand at the grasp and tested with a swaying motion, the action should be even, free and elastic, and comprise the whole length of the rod down to the handle, and when fastened by a line at the tip and bent its curve should sweep in a graceful, circular bow. If your rod does all this you may complacently shake hands with yourself and proceed to the next stage of sand-papering and varnishing.

Sand-paper each joint in turn with the coarser paper till all unevennesses are removed, and rub to a high finish with the very fine, taking care not to scratch the polished metal of the ferrules, then rub down with a soft cloth and you are ready for varnishing.

This is the point where your patience will be tried in waiting for the slow-drying coach varnish to do its work; you could expedite matters by using the quick-

er-drying hard shellac, but at the expense of permanent excellence and superior finish; don't do it.

Pour out a small quantity of varnish in a saucer, and thin with a few drops of turpentine till it drops freely from the brush, then apply it evenly in as thin a coat as you can, just enough to allow of its "flowing" quality to show itself and obliterate quickly all traces of the passing brush marks.

Note this point in varnishing: thin coats, evenly applied, and plenty of them, allowing one to dry hard before applying another on top. Observe this rule and you will go along swimmingly, if slowly; neglect it and you may have your work to do all over again.

Now tie a string to the metal parts of the joints, fasten this to a hook and hang them up on a line in a room free from dust, out of the way of careless handling, and with plenty of room to allow of free circulation of air about them. Treated in this way, with good varnish, you ought to be able to apply a fresh coat every twenty-four hours, but don't do it till the one is perfectly dry. Apply four or five coats in this way, and then allow the joints to hang for two or three days before proceeding to "rub down," which you will do, first, with pumice stone and water, and then wipe dry and clean; next with rotton stone and water, to be afterwards washed off and dried; next with dry rotten stone, and then polish with a soft linen or silk handkerchief till it reflects your satisfied smiles as you finish this stage of your work.

Allow the pieces to hang for a day or two to thoroughly harden the polish, so as to avoid all danger of "smudging" in the twisting of the joints in the next process of "winding."

Now joint your rod and test its working, twisting the ferrules till you find the proper adjustment that will give the best action and take the truest set, then lay it on the floor with the ring side uppermost, and make a scratch in the varnish where each is to be placed. Put three on the butt piece—one at the junction of the ferrule with the wood, and the others equi-distant between that and the handle; seven on the middle joint—one at each ferrule, and the others equi-distant between; eight on the tips—one at the ferrule, and the others at an evenly diminishing distance apart between that point and the ring top. By placing the rings in this manner on the tip you better distribute the strain on its delicate structure, and by placing a ring close to each ferrule you greatly ease the strain and lessen the chance of breakage at a point where the danger is always greatest.

Having marked the places for your rings in a straight line from the reel-seat to tip, proceed with the winding, beginning with the hand-grasp.

It is assumed that you have learnt that essential to an angler's training—the "wind" with "invisible fastening"—if not, don't delay, but get hold of it at once; it is invaluable in neat repairing of broken rods, splicing and ring winding, and, while readily learnt from practical demonstration, is not so easily explained in the space at command.

Trim down the wood of the handle at the "check," so as to make a shoulder to prevent the cord from slipping. Wax the cord you have procured for the hand-grasp with bee's-wax, and proceed to wind it evenly and closely round the "grasp" from the check to the reel-seat, and finish with the invisible fastening. If

you use a fine quality of drab linen line for this purpose, you can add to the beauty of the "grasp" very greatly by winding some of your scarlet silk between the turns of the heavy cord.

Now come to the first ring. Wax your spool of silk lightly throughout with bee's-wax, and re-wind on to another empty one; then, having with a file beveled the end of the keeper to the thinnest possible edge so as to permit the silk to wind more evenly and readily to place, fasten the keeper temporarily in position by a turn or two of thread round the half of it further away from the end at which you begin to wind. Start the winding a few turns distant from the keeper, and wind the silk evenly and closely around rod and keeper up to where it arches to fit the ring, taking care not to overlap, then undo your temporary fastening, bend up the keeper, and continue the winding round the rod under the arch of the keeper. When you have covered the short distance occupied by the arch of the keeper, insert the ring in place and continue the winding around the other half of keeper and rod, and fasten at a few turns beyond the end of the keeper.

Do not attempt to wind the silk with one hand round and round the rod held in the other, but, having started the winding properly, hold the silk in one hand and twist the joint round with the other, so as to draw the silk through the fingers which guide the coils to their place on the revolving rod.

Continue the winding in the same way with each ring down to the ring top of the tip, which you will now cement in position to receive the line from the contiuous straight row of rings you have so carefully fastened on. Now burnish your windings with some

polishing tool—an old tooth-brush handle is as good as you can use—to remove any unevenness and produce a smooth surface, then give a thin coat of varnish, being careful not to daub the rings, and with a pointed stick insert a drop of varnish under the keeper. Apply several coats to hand-grasp and windings, after giving plenty of time for each to dry, until you have a number of smooth polished bands around the rod, which, when hard and dry, will be as firm and binding as metal circlets.

With the exception of a grooved wood form fitted to the size of the joints (which you can either make yourself from a piece of soft wood the length of the joints, and one and three-quarter inches in diameter, or buy for a small sum, with a cotton case to slip it into), your rod is now finished ! and my word for it, if you are what I take you to be, the enhanced pleasure you will get out of it will more than repay you for all the trouble, and you will esteem it at a greater value than one costing many times as much if bought in a shop.

Annexed

A Tale of.....

Macnider.....
By-the-Sea..

ANNEXED.

A TALE OF MACNIDER BY-THE-SEA.

AS an ultra-fashionable watering-place Macnider cannot as yet be called a pronounced success, though, much to the regret of its original discoverers, it is fast achieving the greatness its later-day admirers would fain thrust upon it. Time was, when the only modes of reaching and enjoying the delights of its hidden charms were a hundred-mile drive in primitive conveyances from the railway terminus at Riviere du Loup, or, by securing passage on board a peripatetic schooner or infrequent steamer from Montreal or Quebec to brave for days the humors of old Father St. Lawrence till its rocky headlands loomed up through the fog, and chance the uncertain landing in successive stages of pilot-boat, "flat," and hay-cart that finally dumped its load of boxes, boys and babies at the not too savory door of one of the patriarchs of the settlement, who might, for a consideration, have been persuaded to "take in" city boarders. But how those boys and babies did thrive in the tonic air that swept in unadulterated sweet saltness among its North-set cliffs, toyed with the tousled hair on the bare heads, and tanned the bare legs and feet that had forsworn allegiance to the hated badges of an effete civilization, and kicked up their heels beneath as short an allowance

of tattered clothing as a due regard for the proprieties of even such remote regions might call for. Then, the face of the Great River had not been furrowed by the countless tracks of the swift coursers of commerce that now pound their tireless way back and forth, and the halibut, the cod, the herring and the porpoise yielded their tribute to the toll-gatherers of the fishing-fleet who now huddle by the fires fed by the worm-eaten ribs of their decayed boats, or have long ago given up their old bones to feed the worms in the old kirkyard by the manse at L'Anse des Morts. Then, the buckboard of the summer-boarder and pot-hunter had not invaded the sylvan fastnesses where the spotted trout hide in the crystal deeps of their native lakes, and their tributary streams were as yet undisturbed by the splashing of the tireless wading-boots of the insatiable fly-fisher, and the all-pervasive whirr of his relentless multiplier had not sung its siren song to the accompaniment of the tumbling waters as they foamed and swirled and eddied among the stones of the maple-shaded, peopled pools. Then, the Boy was heir-at-law in Macnider and enjoyed his grudgingly conceded rights and assumed some wholly disputed privileges with the usual proprietary air of one to the manor born. In season and out of season, the crows, the gulls, and the plover on the beach—and sometimes portions of his chum's anatomy—bore unwilling witness to the feats of marksmanship of which the borrowed muzzle-loader of the farmer-fisherman's ingle-nook was capable. The planks piled on the beach that remained over from the building of Sandy McLaggan's new clipper schooner mysteriously disappeared about the time certain "long, low, rakish craft

appeared in the offing," and, the identity of crew and plunder being fully established, a settling day necessarily arrived in which the Boy took a painfully prominent, if not pecuniary, part.

The hobble-de-hoy days of Boy and hamlet flowed swiftly on; the Boy is a man and the Girl a feature in the landscape that, as yet, had scarcely asserted itself; while the Rip Van Winkles of this drowsy nook slowly woke to the fact that the pockets of tired refugees from inland cities were mines of wealth more easily exploited than the potato patch. Cottage, Boarding House and Hotel swiftly rose and superciliously elbowed the homely cots where their greatness was cradled. If the pocket-books of the visitors grew thin, their cheeks filled out and took on the glow of health, and they were content with what fare their providers thought good enough for them; and if, to all seeming, the cheeks of the latter still retained the same elongated, leathery features as at the first, the cynical vowed that a closer examination disclosed a metallic texture in close affinity with the hoarded coppers in the big banks in Montreal and Quebec upon which their owners could now draw well-filled cheques that would be promptly paid.

The evolution of a summer watering-place was thus accomplished!

Though not, as before said, one of the ultra-fashionable, it is a fair and lovely spot as seen from the deck of the "Sea-Gull" dancing over the blue waters of the bay, and small wonder that those who have once tasted its quiet, cool, northern delights vow a perpetual fealty that the warmer charms of gay southern beauty are powerless to break. The coast line

sweeps from far Sandy Beach church, dotted along its length with white French-Canadian farm-houses, cottages, and hotels, past the Boule, Maiden and Eagle rocks, round Church Bay and Shipwreck Bay, formed by the promontory of Mount Hope and the chain of rocks thrust like a barbed lance deep into the bosom of the writhing sea, the scene of wrecks and the grave of brave men, and until the erection of the lighthouse, a fearful menace in the path of ships. Beyond the Point Light, the eye follows the rocky shore-line past the Kirk and kirkyard by L'Anse des Morts, on to where the lumber mills are loading their product into the vessels anchored off the little river, until all individuality of land and seascape is lost in the haze where the path of the Great Northern Highway fades in the blue distance.

Was it the witchery of a perfect day, bracing air, charming surroundings, pleasurable content with each other's society, or all together, that had, all unconsciously, beguiled these two to prolong their stroll so far from their hotel as this pretty bit of spruce-bordered road that stretches from the bend by the Seigneur's Manor House to the kirk at L'Anse des Morts? Not a house or a person in sight; only the snake-fence creeping along beside them, the firs elbowing close up to their roadside path, and the blue tide lapping the stones almost at their feet, it would seem as if the tennis flannels and rackets with which they were equipped were as far from their customary spheres as their owners now realized they were from home.

"Where are we, any way ?—Oh, isn't it all perfectly lovely ?—How shall we ever get back ?"

"As to the first, about three miles from the hotel.

Secondly; agreed by all means, and if I'm included, thanks! Lastly; I suggest the simple plan of resting on the rocks here and wait till the buckboards pass on their way back from the Falls and get a lift."

"Don't be flippant, Mr. King, and please find me a seat."

"Most seriously, Miss Grahame, here's the easiest I can find."

Seating themselves, after this little passage, they had time to take in their immediate surroundings. Just at the point where their walk ended, the road passed between a high bluff on the land side and a jagged pile of rocks that jutted out into the sea on the other, on which were the remains of an old wind-mill, long since departed from its original use and fast disappearing into the smoke of near-by beach-cabin fires.

The girl seemed absorbed in silent enjoyment of the wondrous beauty of the scene. The young man, respecting her mood, sat idly by, chipping the lichen off the rock with his racket, but ever alert for sounds of the returning picnickers, on whose good offices he depended to find a passage back for his charge. He, too, was under the spell—it may have been of place, air, sky, or sea—but from the way he glanced from time to time at the rapt face of the girl it might be inferred that it was not these alone that held him. Little wonder if it were so, for she certainly made a charming picture in her white tennis serge dress and blouse, her fair, blown hair tumbling beneath the daintiest of white Tam O'Shanters, and her face lit by the light and flush of health bubbling through the laughing blue eyes and glowing on cheek and lip, with the massed grey rocks and evergreens for background.

It might readily have occurred to her, had she been looking his way, that he, too, was well dowered by nature. No dandy of the avenue promenade this well set up, athletic, well groomed figure in flannels and straw hat that now spread itself in lazy ease on the rock; and for the rest—moderately tall, rather dark, his clear-eyed, wholesome, bronzed, frank face showed a youth whom one would be glad to have on one's own side in a football or zareba rush, and as a friend to trust on all occasions.

"Don't you think," he finally broke in, "that it's about time we became acquainted, Miss Grahame?"

"Why, Mr. King!—"

"Oh, yes, of course I don't forget the hop last week when Mrs. What's-her-name pronounced the conventional formula: 'Mr. King, Miss Grahame,' but that tells me nothing."

"You might try the 'Society Reporter'"—

"Now, that's what I call flippant, not to say unjust. Of course I've used my eyes and they've served me well and pleasingly, but you—the ego one does not usually display on one's sleeve for every daw to peck at, has eluded me, and I'm really interested in knowing this."

"Well!" thoughtfully, "suppose I make an exception in your favor as a biped without feathers and try to enlighten your inquiring mind?"—

"Perhaps my allusion was inapt, but it's no magpie curiosity that impels me, I assure you, and if you care to turn your microscope my way, of course—"

"Then, know me as Edythe Grahame—my chums are permitted to call me 'Ed,' and sometimes, when in the humor, in allusion to my supposed ancestry of

grewsome memory, are pleased to refer to me as 'Bonnie Dundee.' A loyal Canadian, born and resident—oh, these many years !—in Canada's fairest city, Montreal. By fate and good fortune a B.A. of McGill, and hoping to find a 'career' worthy of my dear Alma Mater. Alive, and in love with life—with faith in enthusiasms—I love my friends—care not if I have any enemies—hate shams—detest the Americans. There! is that enough ?"

"Oh ! quite, thanks ! but the blow is cruelly heavy."

"You are an American !"—

"With melancholy pride I own to the detested impeachment."

"Oh !—I-I'm so sorry."

"For the fact, me, or yourself?

"Please be kind. But how could you—I mean why did you—oh, dear, no, I mean—with that undemocratic name, how could I know ? I thought you were a good Canadian, or an Englishman, at least."

"Well ! with due apologies, I'm not. Just a Yankee of the Yankees. Born in Boston. A son of Harvard, duly finished and labelled. At present, without a 'sphere.' Drifted up North, 'on pleasure bent,' and a kind fate dropped me here. Not a bad fellow as they go—boys call me 'Rex,' and, when kindly disposed, 'Facile Princeps'—Elson King, self-convicted, condemned, awaiting sentence craves your grace."

"Pardoned and restored to favor ! But," seriously, "I've good cause for my antipathy—national, not personal. My grandfather, when a lad, was, with his family and many of their friends, driven from their homes in 1784 and forced to seek new ones in the Canadian wilds—their only crime loyalty to their king.

He was killed in the defence of his adopted land, which those same countrymen of yours coveted, tried to take, and were driven from in 1812. My uncle—my father's twin brother—was killed in one of the little skirmishes of '37-'38, helping to put down rebels who, if not actually drawing support from your country, found ready asylum and refuge there when forced to flee. In the Fenian troubles of 1866 and 1870 we saw again —at least negatively—the work of your people; and in these my father took active part in command of a portion of our Volunteer force, but, in consequence of the exposure to which his not too robust frame was subjected, he became a confirmed invalid and died a few years ago. Now, do you wonder that I, the child of his old age, in view of all this and in view of the 'Annexation' cry that we hear your people raising in these days, should feel as I do, and believe that, as when in 1812 Dr. Eustis, the Secretary of War of the United States, assured Congress: 'We can take Canada without soldiers; we have only to send officers into the Provinces, and the people, disaffected towards their own Government, will rally round our standard,' so it is to-day, and should stoutly resent it?"

"Well! admitting, for the sake of the present unfortunate argument, all you say, is this a case where the sins of the fathers should be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation? And, besides, this talk of 'Annexation' in certain of our Press is quite indifferently regarded by the country at large; in fact, when thought of at all, is believed to be the supreme wish of the people of Canada themselves."

"Never! Annexation—forced or bartered—never! Independence—Imperial Federation—anything but

that! Why, the very boys and girls would do as they've done before—take up arms in defence of their heritage! Yes, I myself, would rouse the '*Tuques*' of Terrebonne and the 'Bonnets' of Glengarry and the drama of Chateauguay would be enacted over again!"

In her excitement, the girl had risen to her feet and, all unnoticed, her white Tam O'Shanter had fallen to the ground. This King appropriated and, before she could interpose, had placed on the end of his racket and stood before her, merrily singing:

"'Then open your West-port and let me gae free—
For it's up wi' the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee!'"

This relieved the tension somewhat; peace and the cap being restored, seats were resumed and she began again:

"Well! let it all be, and tell me how you've amused yourself here in this out of the way corner."

"Oh! I've been all over the place in the intervals of tennis. Been out after halibut with old Simmons and back to the Lakes with Johnny for trout; and if the results in fish were inconsiderable, I was greatly interested in studying my guides. Then I paid my respects to the Seigneur and his family and called on the worthy incumbent of the Manse. I learned much of the legendary lore of Macnider from all of them, but was most interested in a very mythical tale of the wreck of a 'French Frigate' just about this spot, before any of the present inhabitants had emigrated here. All were lost but a few men who got ashore in one of the ship's boats, bearing a 'chest filled with gold' which they buried on the shore, taking the pre-

caution to murder one of their number and bury his body in the same hole so that his spirit would haunt the spot and warn off intruders till such time as they might return and claim what they called their own. According to the tale, they all died, but others who became possessed of the secret of the hoard but not of the key to its hiding place did, from time to time, come to search—at midnight—and traces of digging were found, but which my clerical friend attributed to some of the lads trying to test his credulity."

"Yes, I've heard the story, too, but am inclined to think there may be more in it than appears. To return to your perfidious country again. You know that at the time you tried to take ours, England was fighting Napoleon, whose schemes none could fathom. What more natural than as a result of the flirtation of Columbia with the Dictator he should secretly send a ship well equipped with men and money in the hope of rousing the French-Canadians to assist you by forswearing their allegiance to England, and thus deal his enemy a vital blow and make friends with the United States at a small cost? What more probable than that such a ship might elude the British cruisers, slip up the river, meet with an awful storm and leave her bones and precious freight on these rocky, unknown shores, and no record be preserved of it save a dim, legendary tale in the mind of the 'oldest inhabitant'?"

"I suggest it as a fit subject for debate at your next club meeting, to be followed by 'Annexation or Independence: National and Personal aspects'!"

No reply was offered to this, and, in watching the eyes of the girl fixed on the rock beside her, the young

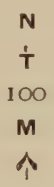
man concluded that he had risked much in his clumsy attempt at good-natured chaff. He was more than startled, however, when the girl dropped to her knees with her face bowed over the great boulder, bent a wide-eyes gaze on its flat surface, and excitedly cried :

"I knew it !—I knew it !—and that I should be the one to prove it !"—

"What is it ?—What have I done ?"

"Look ! Look !" she cried, pointing to some marks roughly cut into the stone.

Hastening to assist her, as with trembling fingers she was endeavoring to brush away the sand and other drift with which time and wind had filled the chiseling, their united efforts soon laid bare the marks, or inscription, which thus disclosed itself :



"There !" she exclaimed, "what do you think of my theory now ? There's the evidence of the buried treasure and the key to its hiding place ! Can't you see it ?"

"I see some marks, certainly, which I don't exactly understand, but suppose they merely indicate someone's boundary line. As to your Napoleonic fancies, buried gold, and mysterious cryptogram, really, you must permit me to be excused—"

"Then, what do you think of that ?"—and she triumphantly held up to his now sobered gaze a gold

coin, well preserved, and bearing date of the early years of the century, which she had just fished up out of a cleft of the rock where it had apparently long lain undisturbed.

This certainly put a new phase on the question, and King's laughing manner gave place at once to one of serious concern as he said :

"It is certainly strange; can you read any meaning in the hieroglyphics ?"

"Why, it's as plain as daylight ! Here you have the Imperial 'N'; the 'Cross,' which Napoleon, at least outwardly, respected, and which superstitious sailors would most naturally use as a talismanic index to point a direction, as you see it does, straight to that little hollow beyond the road. The '100 M' can mean nothing else but '100 *Mètres*,' and the lower figure is evidently that of the old French playing card symbol of the 'Spade' and tells plainly 'dig,' all set out on this big rock which served as an unmistakable landmark. Can anything be plainer ? Now, the only question is : When shall we dig ?"

King was by this time completely carried away by Miss Grahame's enthusiasm, if not her reasoning, and they fell to discussing plans. Of course, they at once agreed that to take anyone into their confidence would spoil the fun and credit of the adventure; and yet not for ten pots of gold should two young people venture to brave Mrs. Grundy and hie them forth at midnight along the beach with pick and spade to look for them. King, however, bethought him of his guide Johnny, the proud father of thirteen fine French Canadian citizens, and, for chaperon and digging purposes requiring some degree of tact, skill and secrecy, unimpeach-

able. They had just settled all this, and also decided upon waiving the point of the traditional midnight hour in favor of the more reasonable one of just at dusk, and agreed that the test should be made that very evening, when the rattle of the buckboards and the merry laughter of the picnic-party coming along the road woke them up to the present. On their hail, the cavalcade stopped, places were found for them and they were soon at the hotel.

Miss Grahame at once retired to her room, where she stayed till the clatter of the great bell, and the children scampering along the corridors in their customary merry race to be "first in," warned her that the important function of "high tea" was being convened. She appeared at table in the quiet attire she usually assumed in place of her tennis dress, but her subdued air was so different from her customary gay demeanor as to draw out the lively raillery of her neighbors. King was late coming down, and his absence from the gay party, with whom he stood in high favor, together with the knowledge of their afternoon's ramble and the girl's changed mood, did not tend to diminish the rattling fire of small shot laughingly launched at her.

He came presently, to Miss Grahame's relief, shortly explaining that he had been looking up Johnny to make arrangements for a drive.

He certainly had not been idle. Johnny is one of those not uncommon persons of his class who dearly love, and will go far, to 'hae a crack,' as his Scotch neighbors say, and, in consequence, are sometimes not easily found when wanted. He was unearthed at last gossiping in the little store with the village oracles,

his nag and buckboard tied to the fence outside. King, having duly impressed him with the necessity of keeping down his propensity to gossip, it was arranged that he should be waiting at the foot of the "big hill" at half past eight with his buckboard, a lantern, his axe, a pick and a shovel. Nothing was said of the object in view or the need of such articles, but King knew that Johnny would be on hand and did not wish to give him cause for uneasiness in knowing too much of the nature of the work now required of him. He had tested Johnny's sterling qualities in driving over rough bush roads, in camp—especially at meal times—and in a boat, and had proved their mettle; but this was so out of the usual line of his demands upon Johnny's fortitude that King deemed it well to have him start, as it were, "under sealed orders." The necessity for a measuring line was very evident also, and King thought of Grant, the Civil Engineer, who was living at the hotel for the summer, engaged in some work for the Railway, and was on the point of borrowing his steel tape-line, when he recollected that Grant was a mighty man of "chaff" and feared his ponderous wit being directed to enquiries as to whether King had picked out the particular little French beauty and intended settling down on the slice the old gentleman might be disposed to clip off the homestead as dowry and wished to help measure it off! He was sure of Grant's tape-line, but not at all sure that if his pleasantries did not take this turn they would not, at least, be directed to "seeing what was up," with a view to having some fun out of it. On the whole, he concluded to keep his own counsel, and fell back on the laborious task of measuring off, foot

by foot, one of his cod lines to the length of the prescribed 100 *Mètres*, which he calculated would be 328 feet. This done, and his flannels exchanged for a strong walking suit, he made his appearance at the tea table as stated and assisted in his entertaining way in making the meal pass pleasantly.

Tea over, and the company dispersed about—the gentlemen with cigars and papers and the ladies with their letters, or chatting quietly, preliminary to the evening amusements of cards and dancing—King and Miss Grahame found themselves comfortably ensconced in two of the big rockers in a quiet corner of the piazza, when he at once began :

"The dark conspiracy is in train ! But seriously, Miss Grahame, I have grave doubts—not as to your theory, which seems reasonable, if not probable—but as to your being equal to the strain. The excitement is telling on you even now; better let me go alone with Johnny, or bring some of the other people along—"

"Not another word, please; I'm nervous and excited if you will, but that's no reason for backing down. We spoke of 'Canadian Independence,' you know, and I mean to prove it."

"Well ! from my point of view, and considering the matter in hand, it seems to me as if 'Annexation' were the proper term; but you must decide, as it's time we were off."

"I have decided !" she said, rising to her feet; and smiling down on him as he sat in the big rocker, she softly trolled a stave of the old song in a laughing voice that was meant to be very brave and steady :

"'Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, come call up my men,
Come open your West-port and let me gae free—
For you've not seen the last of my bonnets and me!'"

"I hope not, indeed!" King replied, with more emphasis than he was conscious of, as they sauntered off in the twilight to the appointed trysting-place at the foot of the "big hill," where Johnny and his buckboard were already waiting.

"Well, John, all ready, I see! Everything aboard?"

"Oui, m'ssieu', h'all correc', jus' wait for you!"

"Very good, then, go ahead, round by the Point!"

The tide was in, and as they swept around the bay the thought of their errand did not prevent their enjoying the prospect spread before them, and the sweet summer air as it softly rippled across the peaceful waters of the bay which glistened white in the gloaming and reflected a light upon the winding road by the shore that made all objects clear. There is little travel over this road in the evening, and they met no teams as they rattled along without speaking till Johnny's curiosity got the better of him, and he tentatively ventured:

"You go for dig clam', M'ssieu' Keeng?"

"No, John, GOLD," King returned, shortly.

"*Seigneur!*" Johnny commented, in open-eyed and open-mouthed wonder and doubt as to whether his passenger was serious, or merely quizzing him as he so often did.

They were nearing their destination by this time and King decided to take his guide into full confidence, so asked him if he had ever heard the tale of the

wreck and the lost treasure. The startled expression on Johnny's face and the flood of broken English and French jargon poured forth in answer soon settled the fact :

"*Grand Dieu ! M'ssieu'*, you nevare try for fin' dat gol'! Ee's *maudit* sure. My frien' look for him since long tam, and one night she come h'on spot look lak good place an' commence for dig, when *le Diable* she fly tro' de bush—mek more noise dan t'ree Caribou—chase my frien' h'all down de road pas' L'Anse des Morts. She ketch dem sure but dey jomp h'on de *Cimitière* an' mek de *Croix* wit' dare finger', den she go h'off back h'on de bush. Don' go no farder, M'ssieu' Keeng, *rétournez chez vous, pour l'amour de Dieu !*"

If Miss Grahame was disturbed at this outburst, she gave no sign, while King only laughed and made Johnny to understand that if he was afraid he might go back but that he should have to walk and, moreover, he need never show his face again except to come and get his team, which he would find tied to the hitching-post at the hotel. The fear of losing "M'ssieu' Keeng's" good-will—and good dollars—was stronger than the fear of "Le Diable" of L'Anse des Morts, and Johnny promptly turned the team off the road into the clump of firs near the big rock indicated by his passenger, where they had now arrived. The reflection from the sea gave light enough for the operations now rapidly set in train so as to bring them within the shelter of the woods on the other side before any stray travellers coming along should intervene with too curious eyes. They mounted the big rock where the clearer light easily permitted them to

find the marks and trace the direction indicated by the perpendicular line of the cross. One end of the cod line was held, and carefully set to this, by King, and Johnny was hurriedly sent across the road into the little hollow beside the bluff and told to mark the spot, which he did as well as his very serious misgivings and agitation would permit—Miss Grahame watching every move in silent expectancy. The tools and the lantern were brought from the buckboard, and the strangely assorted trio now grouped themselves at the spot where hopes and fears lay buried. They were now in the shadow of the bush and it became necessary to light the lantern as a preliminary to clearing away some brush with the axe to permit of digging operations being started. Johnny held the lantern and King had just got it lit when suddenly as if from the ground at their feet rose an awful whirring sound such as Johnny had described. The lantern fell from his trembling hands with a crash to the ground, and with a wild cry: "*Mon Dieu, le Diable!*" John cleared the short space intervening between them and the road, along which he flew, utterly oblivious of team, passengers, or anything but his blind terror and his desire to run as fast and as far as possible. Even King's cool nerve might have been excused a slight lapse when called on so suddenly, but he had no time to scare if he would. The mad folly of the whole proceeding swiftly smote him when he saw the effect on the overtaxed nerves of his companion, and he had just time to catch her in his arms as she was falling to the ground in a dead faint. He did not lose his head under this entirely unforseen climax, but carried her quickly across the road to the open glade by the

water; and his thoughts were busy in the short time he stood guard over her as she reclined against the rock where he had placed her. The old tale of shipwreck and treasure faded from his mind in the new one his fancy was weaving. Was this a rock of Fate—of Shipwreck or Hope? Of treasure, not buried, but in plain sight, he was now fully conscious, and the policy of "Annexation" which he had so warmly disclaimed he now as resolutely adopted. Would she accept it in lieu of her avowed one of "Independence?" He recalled her firm declaration: "I have decided!" and also the fact that a motion to "reconsider" may, by consent, be introduced in debate, and had concluded to press this when, her strong vitality having asserted itself as he expected, she opened her eyes and saw him smiling down at her as she had smiled on him in the big rocker on the piazza, but the jaunty air was wanting as she said:

"Oh, what a fall was there, my country-women! Actually fainted, didn't I, like any ordinary body?"

"Don't speak of it, except to say you are well enough to start back at once. I suppose Johnny is running yet, but the team is here, and I know the road quite well, and if you can still trust me after all this trouble I've got you in—"

"Now! please—I take all blame. You could have done no less than do as I wished, could you?" she said, as he handed her into the buckboard. Then, as they drove slowly along the road, her gaiety returned and she continued:

"The worst of it is, we've settled nothing. My theory is, like my forebears' curious legal dictum, 'not proven.' My trusted 'Independence' has played me

false, and you have had no opportunity of testing the strength of the 'Annexation' sentiment when confronted with an object attractive enough to call it forth."

"Oh, no, you're quite wrong there. I'm a convert to the doctrine in a modified form."

"Having failed in coercion, you would try cajolery, perhaps."

"Well, that's not exactly the word I should use. The fact is—you must know—don't you see—I want a word :—ah ! Johnny supplied it, *l'amour*—"

"Oh, dear, no, that's not his name at all; it's Jean Baptiste Belaire, and there he is in the warm flesh, looking thoroughly ashamed of himself, aren't you, Johnny ?" she nervously enquired as the buckboard stopped and King told him to get aboard and that he could go back for the tools and the lantern early in the morning. Nothing more was said regarding the night's adventure, and, the reins resigned to Johnny's accustomed hand, each for a time pursued in silence the theme now uppermost in both their minds. King at last broke the silence by saying :

"We understand each other, I think, Miss Grahame, which shall it be, 'Independence' or 'Annexation'?"

"Oh!—you startled me. I was just wondering when I should be able to prove my theory of the cryptogram."

"Won't you decide the more important point first and let the other wait ?"

"Not yet—I'm—I—ah, here we are at the hotel !"

Fortunately, all the guests were deeply immersed in their cards and dancing, and they were able to slip quietly across the now deserted piazza and into the

entrance hall. They were just passing on to the parlors when some one in the office caught sight of the couple, and a bluff, hearty voice familiarly hailed them:

"Hi! where have you two been all evening? We were looking for you all over to make up a hand at whist, but they said you'd gone for a walk. By-the-way, King," continued Grant, the owner of the voice, "did you ever notice in your rambles over in the direction of L'Anse des Morts a peculiarly shaped mass of rocks jutting into the sea with the remains of an old mill on it?"

King shot a covert glance at his companion as he answered: "Yes! what of it?"

"Well, some twenty odd years ago, I was on the survey for the Railway which, as you know, runs back from here some three miles, where they finally decided to put the station, but which was then a question of being placed nearer the sea, and we were running an alternate line along the shore. Our camp was close by, and I found that this rock was just exactly 100 miles from our division point on the West, so I concluded to note the fact on the rock, with the addition of the cardinal points of the compass showing the true North. As it was a Government work, one of the lads suggested that the 'broad arrow' should be added as well, and before I could explain that this was a British, not Canadian, 'totem,' or interfere to prevent, he had cut it in with my carvings, which I suppose may still be traced there, though I fancy no one hereabouts knows of them, as I never mentioned the matter before to-night. I have good reason to remember the place, however, because I lost there a 'spade

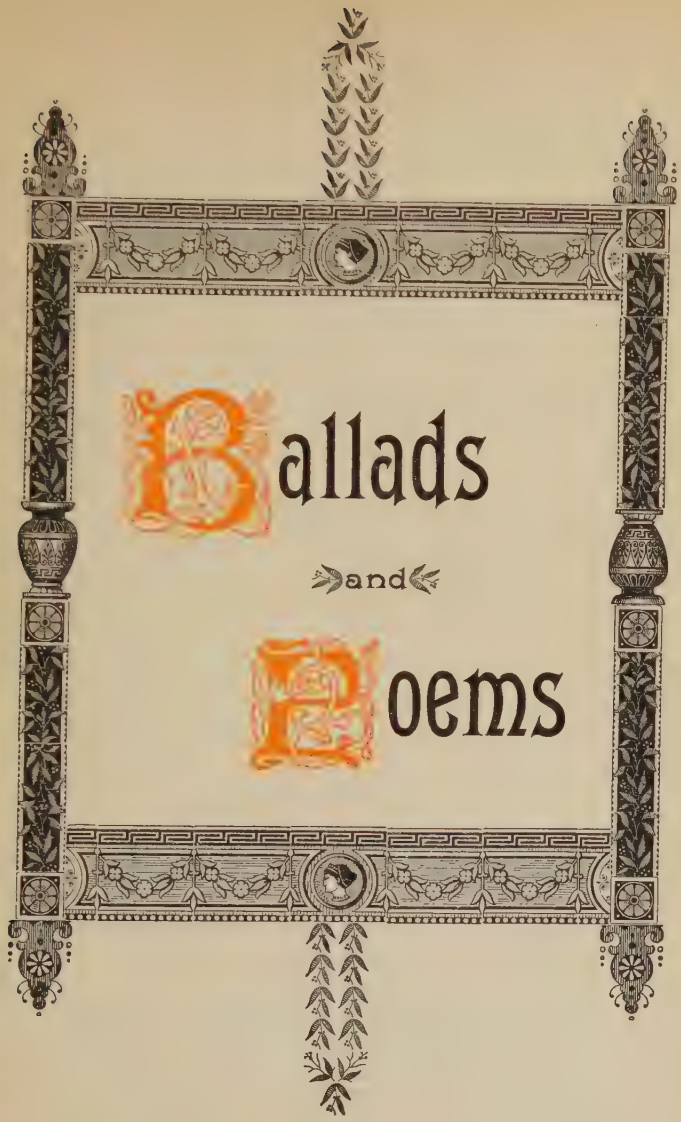
guinea' that I had carried for years as a pocket piece and would give a good deal to see again."

"Then, we are pleased to be able to return it without fee or reward," said King, as he, in a few words, explained how Miss Grahame had found it hidden away in a cleft of the same big rock where it had lain so long undiscovered.

Thanks and congratulations were exchanged in the most natural way, and Miss Grahame demurely passed out to retire upstairs. King followed, caught and detained her at the foot of the stairway, begging again for his answer in the light of the new developments. Judging from his pleased expression as he held her hand somewhat longer than was necessary in saying good-night, it might be inferred that this was satisfactory. Miss Grahame, too, seemed not averse to having her hand thus "annexed"—nobody being in sight—but a puzzled expression flitted across her otherwise smiling face as she asked :

"But what was the noise we heard that frightened us all so much ?"

"Not all of us, please; I thought at the time that we had disturbed a covey of partridges lying hidden in the ferns, and now I'm sure of it. Good-night, dear, and pleasant dreams !"


Ballads
and
Poems

BALLADS AND POEMS.

HOW WE WON THE TROPHY.

NO stirring deeds of arms I tell, by flood or trampled field,
Nor clash of sword on pluméd helm, nor spear 'gainst ringing shield.
The Isthmian and Olympic games were sung of old in Greece,
And in the bright Laurentian land we too love wars of peace.
Let gladsome paeans songful rise, on high your garlands toss,
With chaplets crown our hero-game, the Indian's gift, Lacrosse!
Then let it down our history ring with Deeds and Arts and Laws,
And children's children welcome it in thunders of applause!

The Captain's Story.

Tell how we won the Championship and swept the field that day?
And you, the old-time veteran, the great game missed, you say!

Your fighting spirit sure has flown, your blood no
longer stirs
As in the days of long ago when first you won your
spurs !

In swelling crowds, full hours before the time play
should begin,
The people came in car and cab, still ever flowing in,
Filled the grand stand from end to end, packed all its
ample space
In towering tiers of manly strength, beauty and win-
some grace.

I vow 'twas sight to fire the blood;—enthroned, that
serried mass
Of life, with color pulsing; underfoot, the velvet grass;
Above, the blue Canadian sky; beyond, the river's
sheen
Shot back the burnished rays that kissed the moun-
tain's crested green.

And almost hidden 'mid the flock, with brilliant plum-
age gay,
That fluttering and twittering await the coming fray,
Was one white dove whose heart I knew beat 'neath
its downy vest,
In visions of her love's return, crowned, from that
stirring quest.

All paused. I watched the players stand, or toss the
rubber high;
Admiring scanned each stalwart form, dear to an
athlete's eye,
As o'er the field with easy grace, the lissom figures
glide;

Or, playful, chase the darting ball with lithe and wingéd stride.

The signal whistle shrilly piped, sharp on the stroke of three
The teams lined up in centre field; out stepped the Referee.
Kindly he warned us of the rules; "Now boys, let people say,
In after years, who see this game, 'twas pure Lacrosse that day!'"

Nervous! you're right; although our men were in the finest trim,
And jauntily toyed with their sticks, their smiles were rather grim.
Ten thousand pairs of eager eyes, the Championship at stake!—
Man, each green blade sprang 'neath our shoes with bristling nerves awake!

I won the toss and chose to play down, with the sun behind;
And, as the team strung out to place, urged them to keep in mind
The precepts I, all practice eves, unceasing trained them in—
"Cover; check close; get on the ball; keep cool and sure we'll win!"

The Centre-fields knelt for the face. "Ball's off!" the ladies cry.
Quick as a flash our Outside Home caught at it on the fly,

And, heedless of the raining blows, dodged each man as he came,
Passed it to Home. A shot, dead on; the Umpire's signal. Game!

'Tis ours! 'tis ours! Surprise, delight, dear brimming eyes confess,
And sweet with hope their speech to me, and joy at first success;—
Then, as bent bow in archer's hand twangs from the loosened string,
The pent voice of the people's heart breathed in one mighty ring!

The old heads, when they got their breath after the first glad shout
None could restrain, looked very wise and muttered: "Boys! look out!
That's but the first—too quickly won,—the pace is rather fast!"
And swift the ready challenge came: "Yes, much too good to last!"

Next game both sides had settled down and showed some pretty play,
As up and back the ball was tossed along its bounding way.
Our Home poured in their red-hot shots; theirs rattled round the poles;
Till, swift and true, in arrow flight, the ball whizzed through our goals!

The second game against us scored, our doughty rivals heard

The cheer that heartens combatants,—and then they took the third!
Somehow that's always been our luck—it takes a crack or two
To knock the dust out of our eyes and let the grit shine through.

And so it proved, for, when the teams answered the whistle's call,
My men were first upon the field; I saw in each and all
The look betokening grit would tell, 'spite the stone-wall Defence
That held the goal impregnable—a living barrier dense.

Again the ball was quickly faced. Our Cover-point leapt in
'Mid whirling sticks and bore it off, amid ear-splitting din
Of proffered counsel, ringing cheer, applause that never lags
Till luckily he heard me roar: "High drop, right on the flags!"

One instant balanced on the net, then urged by powerful swing
The soaring ball rose to the sky as if on buoyant wing.
The players stood and watched its flight; the stand gazed, breathless, too,
And strained their eyes upon the speck cleaving the distant blue.

As darting hawk in downward swoop, the rubber, curving, dipped;
The Home rushed in. "Check sticks!" I cried. Each man his crosse tight gripped.

Crash went the sticks! Home's furious swipe the flag-pole barely shaved.
"Missed by an inch!" the Umpire said. The hard pressed goal was saved!

Back to our end the rubber whirled. Their Home sprang to attack
In fierce assault our citadel, by our Defence hurled back.
In vain they tried to force a breach, each well-aimed shot was stopped,
Till Point a soaring over-hand clean through their fortress dropped!

"Magnificent!" "'Twas only chance!" But all could plainly see
How narrow was the line between defeat and victory.
Each side two games; ten minutes' rest; but three in which to win
Or lose, or draw!—the odds were then a crosse-stick to a pin.

Three minutes for the Championship! How the swift seconds flew;
"Play!" cried the Referee at last, and sharp and quick 'twas too;
The face—a draw—a catch—a shot! "Game!" rings across the field;
Our hero-team had nobly won the honor and the shield!

And if our sticks were tossed in joy, you should have seen the crowd
Dance, laugh, and slap each other's backs and shout in glee aloud;

While sparkling eyes their plaudits beamed, and kerchiefs waved on high,
And polished tiles went rocketing up towards the evening sky.

But sweeter far than glad applause, dearer than glittering prize,
The whispered praise from those dear lips, the welcome in her eyes.
Stilled the unquiet heart that beat in fond anxiety
When Victory's wings brushed by Defeat—now triumphing with me.

The gallant stand our rivals made we shall not soon forget,
The cheer we gave them on the field rings in my memory yet.
Right loyally they sent it back, and in its hearty ring
Was highest tribute to success—defeat had left no sting!

LOVE'S UNDOING.

I.

CAME Youth, one day, to cool his fevered blood
In Ocean's deeps that, foam-starred, lave the shore.
In pearly scallop dancing on the flood
Nereis floats, and stays her trident oar.
Blind passion burns; untamed desires implore
Love's largess, that in coy and wanton mood
Love still withholds, till, flushed and panting sore,
Hot Youth her bark invades with ardor rude
And, masterful, compels Love's loveless servitude.

II.

Youth's hey-day past, strong Manhood's bearded prime—
Cloyed with the surfeit of spent passion's fire—
Fond Love upbraids, unmindful of the crime
That filched Love's bloom to feed his fell desire.
Sweet pleadings move him not, with malisons dire
Twines he her filmy locks with ruthles hand
And, heedless of Love's tears, through ooze and mire
The Goddess-born bedrags to Ocean's rand
That, gulfing, bears her from the tear-sprent, moaning strand.

III.

Wild shriek the wintry winds across the sea
As down those sands, pain-racked, and crouching low,
Mis-shapen Age creeps, wailing pleadingly—
Unceasing as the ocean's ebb and flow :—
"O Love, come back!"—Afar the hoarse winds blow
The cry; and angry waves the answer fling
Prone at his feet. Still fair as driven snow
Love lies, and kind her mantling tresses cling :—
Dead, Love yet lives, avenged in deathless memory's sting!

THE HERO OF MONTREAL.

1642.

(Parkman's "Jesuits in North America.")

IN the heart of the Royal City, that rises grand and fair
On the banks of the blue St. Lawrence, is throned a stately square:
"Place d'Armes" is the name they gave it. Ay! fitter than ye wot,
Was the chivalric title given that scene of combat hot.

Sound ye bells from yon tower his praises! Extol, O Ville Marie,
The renoun of thy valiant Founder, who dared so much for thee!
Bid your trumpet-tounged heralds cease not to fling their paeans wide
O'er the field where thy doughty Champion brought low the Redman's pride.

* * * * * * * * *

'Mid the gloom of the wild-wood's silence see yon devoted band
Reverent kneel at their leafy altar, and consecrate the land.

See them wrest from the trackless forest a space to call their home,
Where they sleep 'neath the twinkling tapers hung high in Heaven's dome.

By the faith of a brave endeavor, and self-forgetful toil,
The germ of a future city takes root in kindly soil.
And the birds, and the trees, and flowers breathe forth a song of peace,
That descends as a benediction to bid complainings cease.

Now their out-branching roots strike deeper; old friends lend powerful aid;
And the zeal of devoted woman inspires the soldier's blade.
For the souls of the dusky heathen they claimed as their reward;
A New Land for their earthly sovereign, its People for the Lord.

Soon their faith shall be put to trial. The river from its bed,
With the roar of a host advancing, in solid phalanx led,
To the sack of some leaguered fortress, rose up one awful night,
And the hearts of the watchers failed them, before the direful sight.

Lo! the hand of the Lord, in mercy, the rushing waters stayed,
As of old the engulfing billows on Gallilee He laid.

And the Cross, in devout thanksgiving, one joyous, happy morn,
To the summit of far Mount Royal in stalwart arms was borne.

* * * * * * * * *

But the lust of the wolfish prowler is thirsting for his prey;
And the blight of the skulking savage lurks darkly night and day.
In the soldier's enforced inaction, the foe he could not see
Dulled the edge of his fiery mettle, and chafed his spirit free.

Sullen murmurs and loud complainings soon reached the leader's ear,
And the taunt, undeserved, "Thou coward!" was flung with mocking jeer.
"Do we never draw sword, Commandant? do naught but watch and wait,
While the arrogant Redskins flout us, before the fortress gate?"

* * * * * * * * *

In the dawn of a bright March morning, the crisp snow lying white
Round the fort still enwrapped in slumber, what sounds the ear affright?
'Tis the bay of the watchful Pilot, as, with her yelping brood,
She gives tongue to the dreaded tidings: "The foe is in the wood!"

All was bustle and hurried arming. "Now shall ye
have your will!
And take care that ye fight as boast ye—I promise ye
your fill.
I shall lead ye myself to thrash them—yon curs must
feel the whip:
See that ye be not slow to follow, nor fail their claws
to clip!"

* * * * * * * * *

Bind the thongs of the snowshoe tightly, and test the
flintlock's prime;
Fill your measure of ball and powder, waste not the
precious time,
Lest the wolves in the thicket hiding should sneak in
fear away,
And the hunter return disheartened, balked of his long-
sought prey!

* * * * * * * * *

At the head of the little column the leader takes his
place.
Now they make for the snowy clearing, and cross
the open space;
Till the hush of the woods enfolds them, still as the
silent grave,
Where the plumes of the tossing pine trees their spiny
tassels wave.

On they push through the whirling snow-drifts, 'mid
countless pitfalls deep,
To the depths of the sunless forest, still wrapt in win-
ter's sleep:

When a yell from the ambushed demons through all
the arches rang,
And the whiz of the biting arrow answered the bow-
string's twang.

For a moment the bravest falter—the odds are five to
one—
But they fought till their powder failed them, for
thought of flight had none,
Till the Captain, to save the remnant, commanded the
retreat,
And the rush of the fleeing soldiers proclaimed the rout
complete.

The intrepid Commander, scorning on foes to turn his
back,
All alone, in the open clearing, defied the howling
pack.
Till the last of the wounded stragglers the longed-for
shelter gained
He confronted the shower of arrows the Indian bow-
men rained.

Then, their chief from the van advancing, 'mid yells
and vengeful cries,
With the spring of a panther bounded to seize so rare
a prize.
But the heart of the Soldier quailed not, full at the
tufted head
From the grim, black lips of his pistol the last, swift
challenge sped.

The war-whoops of the shrieking rabble now turned to
cries of woe

As they gazed at their fallen comrade, dead on the crimsoned snow.
"Though the scalp of the hated Frenchman ne'er grace the council tent,
We shall rescue our chieftain's body, and wail his Tribe's Lament."

Unmolested, the brave Deliverer the fortress wall regains.
Now the women press round him, weeping, to kiss his bloody stains;
And the men, in glad praise of their hero, break forth in loud acclaim,
As the sound of retreating footsteps across the snow-drifts came.

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'Mong the names that enrich the pages of Canada's bead-roll,
Shines there one in a halo lustrous, the man of noble soul,
Who endured with a faith unswerving, nor recked the toil and loss:
Maisonneuve, the Heroic, the Fearless, "First Soldier of the Cross."

IN MATABELE LAND.

"SADDLE and mount and away!"—loud the bugles in Durban are pealing :
Carbine and cartridge and girth-buckle, look to it, troopers, and ride !
Ride for your lives and for England ! Ride in your hot saddles reeling !
Red in the blaze of their homesteads, the trail in your kin's blood is dyed.
Up ! who be men, and no other—rank, title, or no name, what matter ?
Brood of the lion-cub litter, your birthmark's your passport to-day.
Hard is the ride, and the fight ere they break for their coverts and scatter:
Spring to the bugle's quick challenge, then, saddle and mount, and away !

"Find them and fight them and stand !" down the line ran the captain's curt orders—
Hot as the mission's red embers, they burned to the hearts of the men.
Swift o'er the track's desolation, tho' peril each foot of it borders,
On thro' the assegais' hurtling and make for the jungle-king's den !
There, where the waggons are creaking, with ill-gotten booty encumbered,

Rush the zareba! It weakens—it breaks!—but to close as the sand
Follows the swirl of the tide-beat—a handful by thousands outnumbered!—
England shall hear that we failed not to find them and fight them and stand.

Stand for the Queen! Ay, God save her! and save us, for sure there's no other;
Trapped, with no chance for our lives, let the black devils see we can die.
Scrawl them a line or a letter—sweetheart, wife, sister or mother—
Quick, for their bullets fly faster; a hand clasp—"old fellow—good bye!"
Round up the horses and shoot them—close up the dead comrades' places—
Pray if you can, but shoot steady—the last cartridge gone!—all is still,
Save for the yells of the victors, that hush as they see the white faces
Kindle when comes the last order: "Men! hats off, God save!"—Ay, He will.

THE BELL OF JUSTICE.

COMES o'er the sea from Italy
A story quaintly sweet:
Nor minstrel's tale of lovers frail
Nor jousts where brawlers meet.
No lute-swept air to beauty faire,
That bard or harper sings,
Doth sweeter chime; to scented thyme
No richer fragrance clings.

To guide the State, a kindly fate
A noble prince had crowned
Italy's king, while liegemen sing
His praise the champaign round.
In all things just, in sooth, needs must
That vassals homage pay.
Where Love doth reign, no galling chain
Constrains his gentle sway.

Through Italy the King's decree
By heralds blazoned wide:
"'Twixt man and man," the mandate ran,
"Let justice alway bide,
Nor fear that I, when any cry
For succour at my hand,
Shall close mine ear, nor deign to hear
The humblest in my land."

"Here in yon tower, my kingly power
Decrees a bell shall swing;
The meanest one may hither run
And loud for Justice ring,
When grasping might shall claim as right
What Justice ne'er allows,
Nor fear that he shall spurnéd be,
Nor we his cause espouse!"

Such rule benign, like mellow wine,
All hearts warmed through the land,
And, man to man, each warring clan
As banded brothers stand.
The Justice-bell ne'er pealed its knell;
The frayed rope useless hung:
A creeping vine doth, braiding, twine
The rotting strands among.

When, lo! one morn, a sound was borne
Across the busy mart,
And, as the knell of passing-bell,
It pierced the city's heart.
The long-hushed clang like clarion rang
Amid the echoing walls;
The elbowing crowd demand full loud
Who thus for Justice calls!

The King and Court, with hurried port,
Assemble in the square.
"Who thus doth ring? The plaintiff bring!
Deny his claim who dare!"
No answering sound, while far around
The bell's loud clangour tolls:
And awe-struck, dumb, the rabble come
As breaking tide-wave rolls.

"I'faith, perdy, a mystery!
Ho! varlets search the place
And hither bring whoe'er doth ring
And crave our royal grace!"
The minions sped, with hasty tread,
And, hurrying through the crowd,
Urged on his course a worn, lean horse,
'Mid laughter long and loud.

The poor, starved beast, that fain would feast
Upon the tender vine
That tempting hung, the bell had rung!
And Justice owned the sign.
"Now by my crown!" with haughty frown,
The King cried lustily,
"The brute doth pray for help to-day,
Nor pleads in vain to me!"

"Let no one stir: bring forth the cur
That left yon beast to die!—
Now sirrah! see with my decree
You hasten to comply!
Thy faithful friend thou'lt kindly tend,
Serve him as he served thee;
Shalt house and feed thy toil-worn steed
Till death shall set him free!"

With cheeks aflame, and tears of shame,
The caitiff meekly swore
To keep the trust, and owned it just.
Then with a lusty roar
The crowds divide on either side,
For horse and man make way;
Loud plaudits ring: "Long live the King
Who justly rules this day!"

THE FUR KING.

MY kingdom by the frozen sea
My love the Snow Queen shares with me;
Unchallenged I in simple fee
Hold fast my royal fief.
My runners scour each forest glade;
Stout hearts guard well my fort stockade;
I laugh at seige or escalade
And rule a North-land chief.

Then pledge me my lieges and lustily sing,
While flare the back-logs and the pine-rafters ring—
No laggard shall serve the bold Fur-trader King!

A downy robe bedecks my Queen,
Thick-set with gems whose fulgent sheen
Outshines the flash of rapier keen
And pales the Winter moon.
No ermine mantle soft I wear:
For me the robe of royal bear—
My shaggy subjects yield with care
A poll-tax paid eft-soon.

When Winter's icy grip is freed,
And, with the rush of frantic steed,
The river roars with headlong speed
Tossing its foam-flecked mane;
'Mid breaking ice-floes' thunderous crash

Plunging its way with reckless dash—
Tearing its sides with many a gash
And moaning in its pain:

When, resting from its heaving throes,
Drunk with its draught of melting snows,
Sullen and calm the river flows,
I launch my royal barge.
Its bellied birch with peltry stored—
A prince's ransom is on board—
Sweeps on its way, majestic, toward
The river's far *dècharge*.

With chansons gay my dark-skinned crew
Their paddles swing with lusty thew,
Till bursts within our eager view
The loved flag fluttering
Its lettered folds above the Fort,
Whence pours from gate and sally-port
A motley crowd of every sort
Joyously welcoming!

We gather round the roaring fire,
Forgetful of the perils dire
Safe passed, while laugh and jest mount higher
In friendly rivalry.
And hands are clasped, and glasses clink,
And toasts are pledged with nod and wink—
The dancing lights in chorus blink
And join the revelry.

Then pledge me my lieges and lustily sing,
While flare the back-logs and the pine-rafters ring—
No laggard shall serve the bold Fur-trader King!

THE SIREN OF THE WOODS AND WATERS.

THERE'S a dainty nymph within the forest dwelling,
That I worship with the ardor of a boy;
Though I woo her with a fond love all-compelling,
She's inconstant, oft-repellent, shy and coy.

Our trysts we keep not 'neath the moon's cold glances,
Or the starlight—twinkling beams from Cupid's eyes;
But she calls me where the sunlight brightly dances,
And her joyous laughter mocks at lover's sighs.

Do you ask me to describe this fairy creature,
And, Portia-like, dissect each matchless grace?
Though in my heart is treasured each loved feature,
Alas! I have not yet looked on her face.

I seek her in her haunts 'mid ferns and grasses,
Ask news of her from every living thing;
Anon I hear a rustling where she passes—
'Tis but the whirr of partridge on the wing.

I watch her light canoe skim o'er the river,
I hear and see the paddle's dip and flash—
'Tis but the sheen of water's rippling quiver,
Where rising fish leaps up with sounding splash!

When dreaming on my bed of fragrant cedar,
Of happy hours on lake or dewy mead,
I hear a sound as if some gentle pleader
Whispered "Woo me, come and follow where I lead."

I rush into the night in wild endeavor
To seize the prize the night-wind bears to me—
See but the scudding white mist driving ever,
Hear but the hooting owl upon a tree.

Though phantom-like my grasp she has eluded,
I see her foot-steps printed everywhere,
By river-side or wooded dell secluded,
And I'm satisfied to know that she is there.

Shall I tell the little maid whose troth I plighted,
Of her mystic rival lurking in the wood,
Whose siren-voice sings in my ear delighted?
Destroy the charm I would not if I could!

Will she yield her place to this unwelcome stranger,
Or admit a rival claimant to the throne?
Must I choose between these loves, and Love endanger,
Or can I hope to make them both my own?

THE VIKING.

AS a bird from the North, my winged prow swoops forth
Swift on its venturous quest.
Brave deeds shall be done and rich guerdon won,
'Neath the skies of the golden West.

In the fathomless deep my forefathers sleep—
And the shrouding Sea guards her dead—
To a brave death hurled, with their flag unfurled,
'Mid the storm or the battle's red.

Shall the Sea-King's son fear his pathway to steer
Thro' the rage of the storm's black night
Ever following fast and his dirge at last ?—
In Valhalla's Halls there is light !

Ho! little I reck, tho' the leaning deck
Gleam white in the foamy sea,
And the hiss of the gale fill the bellied sail,
And the comb of the wash swirl a-lee !

Ha ! the wild, mad race, as the winds in chase
Thro' the cordage whistle and sing;
And the good ship leaps o'er the crested steeps
With the joy of a living thing !

My defiance I laugh! Full-measured deep quaff
New life in that breath divine.
Sweet ne'er love-cup as this, nor a bride's first kiss,
Nor the sparkle of gold-red wine.

At the glad call, "The Foe!" from their dice-play below,
Sword in hand swarm my bearded crew.
As the prey draws a-near, full-throated their cheer
Rings out o'er the heaving blue.

Hark! the stout timbers crash, and the grapling's teeth lash
My keen prow to her gaping side;
And the red torrent flows as the steel's cruel blows,
Stalwart-armed, mow a swath deep and wide.

Vain helm, corslet or shield: die who do not yield:
Streams my conquering flag to the breeze!
On its unstayed emprise it, heralding, flies,—
Reign I, master of men and the seas!

THE APOTHEOSIS OF PASSION.

AS in a dream I saw the garish pageant
A-down Time's highway roll its dust-sprent way.
On bannered car triumphal, Love's vice-regent,
Dove-drawn, rose-bowered, queens undisputed sway.

Libations, laughter, song, in fit espousal:
Velvet patched motley rubs; King, courtier, clown
Vie with the herd, swelling the mad carousal
The trumpet's blare and cymbals' crashing drown.

And high above the din and horrid clamor
Bell-notes pipe clear, soaring the train along,
Hymning to Love !—struck as with ringing hammer
On brazen lute-strings by some King of Song.

Whereat each mimic songster chimes in chorus,
Tinkling his faltering rhymes, aping the King.
Yet, one theme all; or faint, or swells sonorous
Ballade or Roundelay from twanging string.

Bard, Minstrel, Troubadour, in song and story—
Their Leman's kisses hot upon each cheek—
Unblushing, chant their stanzas amatory,
Lewd, wanton tales 'twere very shame to speak.

As the Day's Lord, vestured in regal splendor,
Hides his flushed face in Ocean's foam-white breast,
Wooing soft ease in her embraces tender,
By brooding Night en-curtained to sweet rest,

Appeared that Form Divine, proudly reclining
In cushioned sloth amid the gold and red
Of silken trappings, unpriced jewels shining
In aureoled diadem about her head.

Surging about her car, with eager thronging,
Maid, lover, sandal'd friar and wrinkled crone
Beg of her largess—in one plaint prolonging—
Charm, philtre, aught that Love's dread power shall own.

And close I pressed, amid the loud acclaiming,
To look upon the Vision, Goddess-born.
Love! Fools and blind that sacred name defaming;
A soulless clod, fire-scarred and passion-torn,

Lit only by the sad and fitful sparkling
Of eyes that mock the jewel's starry blaze
In their white fire, now wearily endarkling,
'Neath kindly eyelids fending the crowd's rude gaze.

As flies a dream, the dazzling vision faded:
When came the Fair One, in my weak hands thrust
A scroll. "Go write!" me gently she upbraided:
"Know ye her name ye serve, not Love but Lust!"

"This be your god, ye dowered of the ages!
Wield ye your pens inspired in cause like this?
Shall Mammon's Mistress stain your unsoiled pages?
Sell ye your birthright for a wanton's kiss?"

THE LAMENT OF NEW FRANCE.

Ville Marie, Sept. 8, 1760.

NOUVELLE FRANCE is wounded, dying, oh! that
we should see the day,
Hear the death-knell sadly tolling for a Nation passed
away!
Gone are all the dreams of glory, wasted all the toil of
years,
For the alien's yoke is on us, vain a People's bitter
tears!

Valiant men and sainted women freely poured their
blood and gold;
Reared a home 'mid untracked forests, braving dan-
gers, foes untold:
Savage foes and unmasked traitors; enemies in camp
and court;
Grasping greed of haughty placemen—caitiff horde of
evil sort.

Loyally we served our master, blindly loved a recreant
King;
Won him empire wide as ocean, grand as sweep of
eagle's wing.
See! the sceptre weakly falling, dropping from a nerve-
less hand:
Holy Mother! aid thy children, rescue thou thy chosen
land!

One by one the gems are dropping from the diadem of
France,
Louisburg in fair Acadia, on to Erie's wide expanse,
Ruthless hands despoil and ravage; humbled, crushed,
lies proud Quebec,
And our hopes with heroes' life-blood mingle in the
awful wreck.

Now the fairest, brightest jewel, Ville Marie, our hope,
our pride,
Last and dearest of our treasures, sinking 'neath the
swelling tide!
See! the hordes of robber-vultures hovering round with
fetid breath,
Gloating o'er thy dying struggles, grimly waiting for
thy death!

East and west and south they gather, as in seed-time
swarm the crows;
Thick as whirling leaves in Autumn, fierce as Winter's
drifting snows.
Yesternight we watched their camp-fires gleaming
bright like myriad stars;
Saw their blood-red banners flaunting, torn and stained
with battle's scars.

Scarp and bastion, tower and steeple shone amid the
blaze of light:
Grim and silent glowered their cannon, gaping for the
morrow's fight.
Haviland's and Murray's veterans, Amherst's conquer-
ing troops we see
Steadily their lines converging round the walls of Ville
Marie.

Rouse ye, sleepers, day is breaking; sound the stirring reveillé:
Sons of France! the hour awaits ye; heroes ye may be this day!
Strike! as valiant sires have taught ye, though the odds be ten to one:
Man the ramparts, guard the trenches, stand till death or victory's won!

Why this solemn Sabbath stillness? Where the noise of battle's roar?
Not a shot from friend or foeman and ye tell us all is o'er!
Why yon hated ensign flying where our lilies proudly waved?
God! it means Capitulation! Empire lost, a Land enslaved!

England! thou art strong, be generous, fate of war has made us thine:
Spurn not thou our vows of fealty sworn before our broken shrine!
Though we cherish shattered memories, precious dreams of glories past,
We are ONE, for bane or blessing, linked to shape a Future vast!

THE COUREUR-DE-BOIS.

IN the glimmering light of the Old Régime
A figure appears like the flushing gleam
Of sunlight reflected from sparkling stream,
Or jewel without a flaw.
Flashing and fading but leaving a trace
In story and song of a hardy race,
Finely fashioned in form and face—
The Old Coureur-de-Bois.

No loiterer he 'neath the sheltering wing
Of ladies' bowers where gallants sing.
Thro' his woodland realm he roved a King!
His untamed will his law.
From the wily savage he learned his trade
Of hunting and wood-craft; of nothing afraid:
Bravely battling, bearing his blade
As a free Coureur-de-Bois.

A brush with the foe, a carouse with a friend,
Were equally welcome, and made some amend
For the gloom and silence and hardships that tend
"To shorten one's life, *ma foi!*"
A wife in the hamlet, another he'd take—
Some dusky maid—to his camp by the lake;
A rattling, roving, rollicking rake
This gay Coureur-de-Bois.

Then peace to his ashes! He bore his part
For his country's weal with a brave stout heart.
A child of nature, untutored in art,
In his narrow world he saw
But the dawning light of the rising sun
O'er an Empire vast his toil had won.
For doughty deeds and duty done
Salût! Coureur-de-Bois.

THE BIRTH OF THE SNOW-SHOE.

TIME the Red-man had dominion
  And the World and Love were young,
Lonely sat a Chieftain's daughter
  Strangely crooning Love's new tongue.
Soft her cheek as downy nestling,
  Black her hair as raven's plume,
In her eyes the deeps of pine-woods,
  Ripe her lips as wild-plum's bloom.

"Oh, my love! why doth he tarry?
  Doth the Snow-Sprite stay his feet,
Strewing deep his path with pitfalls,
  Traps to snare my runner fleet?
Hath the Frost-King chilled his singing
  That his love-call is not heard
Ringing through the forest's stillness
  With the joy of mating bird?"

"Lend your aid, O forest children,
  Ye who 'mid its mazes dwell;
Teach your song ye tossing branches,
  Fleet of foot your secret tell!
Through the snow-foam's drifting whiteness
  Winged shall fly my love to me,
And the rhythm of his footfall,
  Passing, voice Love's melody!"

Came the Caribou and Cougar,—
Who so fleet and strong of limb?
Swift, the Eagle and the Wild-goose,
Answering, swept the tree-tops' rim,
"We can shame thy laggard lover,
Teach his faltering feet to fly,
Lead him safe past Snow-Sprite pitfalls,
Far from Wood-Nymph's siren cry!"

Sprang the stately, fleet Wapitti,
Leaping as with wingéd stride;
None so fleet and none so kingly,
Antler-crowned, the forest's pride.
"Take my life, O royal maiden—
Yield I this for Love's dear sake—
Of my heart a charm thou'lt fashion,
Fleet as I who wears shall make!"

"Take thee withes of singing branches
That the murmuring winds have kissed;
Rive the threads from out my mantle,
Skilfully, enweaving, twist,
Frame thee wings to deck thy loved one;
On his feet with braided thong
Of thy dark and shining tresses,
Bind with Love-knot, firm and strong!"

"Naught shall then his coming tarry—
Snow-cloud's blight or Frost-death's chill—
And the music of his passing
Shall with joy the wood's gloom fill!"
Laid he down his robe of velvet,
Kindly tribute at her side,
All its richness dark enpurpled
With his life-blood's ebbing tide.

Took she, then, the singing branches,
And the Monarch's riven vest;
Deftly weaved the magic net-work;
Shaped it fair, with dove-plumes drest.
Thongs she wove of two soft tresses,
Bound them with the mystic tie,
That no mortal may unloosen—
Strong as Love or Destiny.

To his lodge, by fleetest runner,
Sent her gift;—nor tarried she.
Swifter than the North-wind's rushing
Came he, speeding mightily.
Yet, no man might see the passing
Of the wingéd hunter's feet,
But the music of his snow-wings
On her listening ear floats sweet.

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Oft, the silent, lonely trapper,
As he tramps the whitened waste
On his swiftly-gliding snowshoes,
Distant camp to reach in haste,
Hears the spirit-hunter's passing
'Mid the forest's slumber deep,
And the music of his snow-wings,
As he hies his tryst to keep.

ASPIRATIONS.

"ON EARTH Peace among men of good pleasure!"—
What cry is this that down the ages ringing,
As gladsome marriage-bells, or angels' singing,
Swelling again in tones whose solemn measure
Wakes in the tired strife-worn soul long weary
Of buffets in life's battle, marches dreary,
An eager longing to possess the treasure
Of a quiet spot to rest him in a world at peace.
Anon amid the stillness of the bivouac's dreaming
The piercing reveillé peals forth its strident screaming,
The camp awakes, the hosts advance with banners streaming;
'Mid shouts and cries and hoarse command,
And mingled din on every hand,
With wild appeal like men to stand,
The marshalled force in solid band
Exultant greet the mandate of their King :—
"Dream not of peace but wield the sword I bring!"
Yet still above the roar and crash of battle,
And howls of war-dogs straining at their chain,
The clash of steel, the death-hail's ceaseless rattle,
And groans of mangled men in mortal pain
Is heard a murmur like a summer breeze

Among the swaying pines, which, sweeping on,
Swells now into a gale, until anon
The storm-clouds burst above the bending trees;—
And once again some stricken soul breathes out
Its prayer for peace, whose welcome, glad refrain
Is chanted by a host, until again
It breaks into an agonizing shout:
"How long, Oh! Lord, shall blood thine image stain?"
How long shall nations lift their sword in hate,
Invade, with lustful greed, each other's soil,
Distrust, deceive, their quarrels arbitrate
By force of arms and bloody war's turmoil?
How long shall man his brother's birthright spoil;
By right of might, or right of law, oppress
The weak, and of their goods himself possess—
Enrich himself with fruits of other's toil?
Among the men by whom a nation's led—
Who fill the legislator's honored seat—
Are Honor, Truth and Duty, obsolete,
And right and wrong perverted terms, or dead?
Do Place, and Power, and Party stand for these,
And statecraft mean but faction's wrangling fight,
Is Policy a synonym for Right,
And Loyalty a cloak to change at ease?
While musing thus I seemed to hear

A whispered murmur in mine ear,
As if some visitant were near—
Some Seraph from a brighter sphere—
A message singing sweet and clear :
"When nations love not war, soon wars shall cease,
Then dawns the universal reign of peace.
When man shall own his brotherhood as one,
Then Love shall rule, and tyrants be undone.
When peoples choose the Right, Love's law fulfil,
Needs must that rulers bend to do their will !"
And do we wait, while hearts beat high with hope,
For succour from the woes that darkling lower,
And look for One to save, who, by his power,
Shall wrong redress and with injustice cope ?
Methinks I see him now, in radiance bright,
His comely form and features but the shell
That wraps a soul, a pure and limpid well,
Whose hidden springs sustain, refresh, delight.
I crave a speech with one so passing fair,
Commune and question, praying him to tell
The secret of his power, and by what spell
He shall achieve, his high emprise declare.
"And would'st thou then, poor weakling, with thy dreams of peace and rest,
Rise up and gird thee for a fight, a bloodless new Crusade,
Waged not with forgéd arms of steel, which, none the less, shall test
The mettle that is in thee?—pause if so thou art afraid;
For cruel blows may wound thee should they fail of mortal stroke,

And heart and brain may weary in their groping for the light,
When kindly deed and earnest word but scoff and sneer provoke,
And cold indifference numb thy soul as chill of winter's night.
In scorn of these cans't thou press on, thy colors floating wide,
Strong in the faith that shall prevail, and conquer at the last;
Persuade, convince, and others call to battle by thy side
'Gainst vested Wrong enthroned as Right through errors of the past?
May in thy free, fair northern-land foul war's grim front ne'er lower;
From Wisdom learn the precepts that impel to ways of peace;
In nation-building act thy part and prove worthy thy dower,
Thy rest shall come some time, somewhere thy toil shall have surcease."

And speaking thus his gracious presence seemed
To vanish from my sight, but as it passed
A train of spectral shades in numbers vast
Came trooping by, whose radiant faces beamed
With light ethereal, and their shadowy forms
Resembled that which late mine eyes had seen;
In mould heroic and benignant mien
As men they seemed unscarred by passion's storms.
Their serried, marshalled ranks advanced along
In panoplied array, with banners spread

To catch the inspiring breeze that overhead
Flung wide their folds, and bore afar a song
That seemed an echo of an old refrain :—
"'Peace on the earth, to men naught but good-will,'
For God, and Man, and Country, we, until
Our toil and work shall end and Peace shall reign !"
No deadly arms they bore to force their way,
But in their helms an oriflamme they wore,
In glittering brightness shining on before
To light the path and ambushed foes betray.
Of various legends these and seen afar—
Here flashes Duty's star serene and stern,
There High Resolve with dazzling light doth burn,
And Honor's blazing crest no cloud doth mar.
Ideals, Earnest Thought, and Noble Deed
Have each a place, and with inspiring cry
They rush, and Fraud and Error, cowering, fly,
And Captive Conscience from its bond is freed.
Then, gathering strength from every well-won fray,
They forward press to reach the nearing goal
That speaks of rest to many a weary soul—
Of freer life, a bright, a better day.

CANADA, MY LAND, MY LOVE.

L'étranger voit avec un œil d'envie
Du Saint-Laurent le majestueux cours ;
A son aspect le Canadien s'écrie :—
O Canada, mon pays, mes amours.

—Sir Geo. Cartier.

I.

GREAT LONE LAND by foot untrodden save where
wandering hunter passes,
Where the caribou and beaver hide in stream and
leafy glade;
Treeless prairie, trackless forest, beetling crags and
dank morasses,
Lakes majestic, rushing rivers, seething rapids, wild
cascade!
Kannata,† in silence sleeping;
The solemn pines a vigil keeping,
Where the forest children nestle 'neath their shade.

II.

"Aca nada!‡—nothing find we—this the Eldorado
vaunted,
Where the stones are precious jewels and the sands
with gold are bright!—

False Colombo, base impostor: home of ghouls and demon-haunted,
Cheerless land of rock and jungle, buried in a wintry night !"
Aca nada—barren, fruitless:
Cursed the Don his errand bootless,—
Furled the flag of proud Castile in recreant flight.

III.

See we now a Royal blazon—azure field and lilies golden—
Spread its folds where Gaspé's breezes kiss the bosom of the sea !
"Good Saint Lawrence, patron, hail ! for dangers passed to thee beholden;
In Heaven's name we raise our standard, the sword and cross our charter free.
Canada, O new-born nation;
Join in praise and invocation;
Te Deum shall its benediction be !"

IV.

Nouvelle France,§ anon we hail thee, fearless hearts, though few in number;
Soldiers, statesmen, churchmen, laymen, serve thy thy cause with burning zeal,
Proving faith by life's devotion; rouse ye now from dreamy slumber !
Hear the roar of faction's clamour—see the gleam of foeman's steel !
Wolfe and Montcalm—heroes dying;
The Fleur-de-lys 'mid carnage lying,
While loud the British guns victorious peal. ||

V.

Ours to guard this peerless birthright, speak we tongue
of France or Britain;
Ours the thrilling inspiration born of noble deeds
well done!
Onward then, thy manhood proving: see in flaming
letters written;
"The weak is now a mighty Nation!"* enduring
firm while Time shall run.
Canada! the crowning glory:
Theme for poets' sweetest story,
Our native land! for us through travail won.

"SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI."

I CHANCED, one day, by a woodland stream
That threaded its silvered way, a-gleam
With dancing sunlight's mirrored beam,
Among its rocks and sedges;
And canopied under a Maple's shade,
That sentinelled the forest glade,
I dreamily watched the ripples that played
Along the river's edges.

Idly dreaming and drinking in
The breath of the woods—sweet Nectar's kin—
Antidote for the fret and din
That age the city craftsman,
When out on the river I heard the thrash
Of falling oars, with their rythmic plash,
And the chanson's gay and joyous dash
Trolled by some passing raftsman.

At least I thought 'twas this heard,—
But I give you my purest rhyming word,
Although you may doubt and cry, "Absurd!"
On a pine-log there, a-straddle,
A Beaver sat with his household goods,
Like a chopper returning from the woods
When work is done on the high spring floods,
Swinging his tail for a paddle!

Beating the time with his paddle's sweep,
He chanted in tones both full and deep
A pitiful lay, 'twould make you weep
To hear its doleful measure.
Seeing me beckoning on the bank,
He steered his raft through the sedges dank,
And beaching her there with a sounding clank,
Demanded to know my pleasure.

"Oh whither away, my friend?" I said;
"Can you not earn your daily bread,
Here in your home, that your sails are spread
In this truly emigrant fashion?"
He shook the wet from his jerkin buff,
And wiped away with his furry cuff
The tears that sprinkled his whiskers rough,
And thus claimed my compassion:

"I am leaving," he said, "my native land,
Though her name be proud and her record grand,
But ingratitude I never will stand—
Come death before dishonor!
My country has taken the fullest toll,
And levied her taxes on each round poll
Of the Beaver clan, till every soul
Hurls maledictions on her.

"To die for one's country is no disgrace:—
'Mong the names that honor's bead-roll grace
A grateful country awards a place
To the soldier who dies in action.
Do you wonder I shake my native damp
From my dripping coat and quick decamp,

When I'm known to fame by a postage-stamp,
A hat, and a party-faction?

"When the Heralds quartered a coat-of-arms,
Of beasts and birds and fishes in swarms,
And I saw my hairy-coated charms
Its blazoning crest adorning,
Contented I was to die; my name,
I said, shall have undying fame!
But when the news to my castle came
My joy was turned to mourning."

As he ceased, a patter of drops came down
And showered us over from toe to crown;
It seemed as if her sorrow would drown,
In tears the Maple was weeping.
In a flood that drenched her shapely limbs,
The grief-sapped tears that beauty dims,
Welled from her bird-eye's round red rims,
From out her wreathed locks peeping.

"'Tis sad, my brother, past all belief,"
She said, when sorrow had found relief:
"My life fed yours, we're one in grief
For treatment unprecedented.
I had burned my way to my country's heart
I thought, I had taxed the painter's art
To limn my charms, and for my part
With this would fain be contented.

"I bore it when my tinted leaves
Were bound and pressed in treasured sheaves
To which the fond collector cleaves
As to some dear possession,

And Fame seemed very near to me
When thou and I were called to be
Twin emblems in some jubilee
Or St. Jean Baptiste procession.

"My wreathéd chaplet Fame had bound
A grateful country's Arms around,—
I deemed my name would far resound
By Herald's trumpet bruited.
Alas for fondest dreams of fame!—
I'd voyage with you and hide our shame—
To native land renounce all claim—
Were my ties less deeply rooted.

"But take, my brother, a pledge with thee;
This token of love wear thou for me
In thy lonely travels by land or sea,
Nor deem me thus soft-hearted
In wishing to be remembered still;
Though age may wither, and grief me kill,
May kindly fate keep thee from ill
When thou and I are parted!"

The Beaver kissed the leaflet that fell
In his outstretched paws, while the forest dell
Seemed wrapped about with a mystic spell
That breathed its sad insistence.
I helped the Beaver his craft to launch;
And, straddled aboard its timber staunch—
In his mouth tight-gripped the Maple-branch—
He paddled away in the distance.

A Coward

A Tale

of the Town

A COWARD.

A TALE OF THE TOWN.

THE City Club has at times been stirred to the inner circles of its select membership by the agitation of the "up-town movement," but the proposed change of quarters has always been voted down by the more conservative element who cling to the associations that have gathered with the years about their old home. Tempting offers for the present site, and most attractive proffers of new ones, have been put aside more than once, and the Club still stands, square-shouldered, imposing, and dignified, as becomes a city magnate, on one corner of the intersection of two main thoroughfares, where it was placed, many years ago, by its substantial founders. It was a residential neighborhood then, but store and warehouse and great office building have swallowed house and church, and their places know them no more. The arc light and the trolley-car have thrust themselves in, but the Club's old-fashioned, unabashed front is immovable, and declines to be improved away. The internal economy is in keeping with its traditions—substantial, not to say luxurious, but before all, comfortable. Cooking, cigars, and wines the best in the city; rich carpets and hangings of a period when these were bought to last; chairs of ample proportions that invite to restful ease,

The cozy smoking-room, with its wide, low windows, is on the corner of the building and commands a view of both the intersecting streets. In two of its easiest chairs drawn up beside the bow window open to the cool evening breeze—for the day has been hot and the room is close—two of the Club's members are filling as much of them as possible. They are languidly chatting and watching the bustle in the street, while a third is reading the papers near by. All three have the look of men versed in the art of dining and fresh from the practice of its rites, and are now engaged in offering the propitiatory incense to the dyspeptic imp who hovers near.

"Hallo! There goes little Strathmore, the new Rector of St. Cuthbert's," said Reginald Varcoe, from the depths of one chair, to his neighbor, Gerald Rossiter, in the other, "know him?"

"Rather! Don't you remember little 'Cissy' Strathmore? Seems almost like yesterday when he came among us at school with his baby face and demure ways," replied Rossiter.

"Of course! I recall him now, and I'll never forget his first appearance and the boys' demand for his name. 'Cyril Ivan Strathmore,' he said it was, and looked as if he was afraid of the sound of it." laughed Varcoe.

"Yes!" returned Rossiter, "and I think it was yourself who objected to the length of it and shortened it to 'Cis' on the spot."

"It stuck as closely as it seemed to fit," laughed Varcoe again, "for 'Cissy' it was to the end of our school days, when he entered College to study for the Church, and I a broker's office, after which I lost trace of him, or 'her,' for a time."

"I entered the University at the same time to qualify for the Law," continued Rossiter, "and his utter lack of all qualities that impress the average assertive undergraduate was so powerfully evident as to draw forth their resentment, and, finally, undisguised contempt, which took form in the epithet 'Coward,' with which they dismissed him from their thoughts and occupations."

The man in the third chair seemed disturbed at this conversation, which he could not help overhearing, and his reading of the papers made unsatisfactory progress as Rossiter proceeded :

"He married soon after leaving College—a high-spirited girl, much too good for him—and they buried themselves in the wilds of a little country parish. His wife was ambitious and urged him to use his influence in high quarters to obtain a city appointment, but he seemed to lack all desire to bestir himself. This, naturally, brought about dissensions, she urging, till he, finally yielding, applied for the vacancy in one of the smaller city churches and got it—how, Heaven only knows !"

"Yes, I remember," said Varcoe, "and further, how, almost in spite of himself, his wife spurred him on to aim high, and almost forced him to accept his present post at St. Cuthbert's, where she at last found a sphere congenial to her tastes. Then came the scandal—"

"In which the woman came off worst, as usual," interjected Rossiter. "Never heard particulars. Don't relish these gossipings much, anyway. All I know is, she is gone, and he is there enjoying the position she helped him to."

"Ugh ! The brute !" exclaimed Varcoe. "Bit of

a tiff—high words—and the 'Coward' struck her, turned her out of doors and—"

"IT'S A LIE! A vile, black LIE, straight from the father of lies!" was hissed in their startled faces, and Pemberton, their neighbor, his chair overturned, his paper crushed in his trembling hand, his face pale, his eyes flashing, confronted them as they now stood facing him in dumb amazement. Each expecting the other about to forcibly resent the insult, time was given for flushed passion to cool and better counsels prevail, when Rossiter said, in as easy a manner as he could assume off-hand:

"Oh! come, Pemberton, that's going too far!" to which Varcoe added:

"Don't make a scene here, old boy, we'll forgive you if you'll explain."

The provocation must be great that would move the dignified merchant, Henry Pemberton, of the Board of Trade, to express his feelings in such language towards fellow-members in the precincts of the staid City Club. Recognizing the lapse, as his passion cooled, his apology was prompt:

"I forgot myself, I know," he said, "but when I heard you two fellows, who should have known better, gossiping like peddlars and vilifying one of the noblest men in the city, I was not moved to pick and choose words."

"Isn't it true?" said both at once.

"True!—the foulest slander ever concocted!"

"Common rumor has it so," Varcoe ventured.

"And we had it on seemingly good authority," apologized Rossiter.

"Then contradict it on mine, if not in my words," said Pemberton, decidedly.

"Certainly, with pleasure," they both assented, "give us the facts."

"Here they are then—I have them first hand, as Strathmore has been my lifelong friend. But let us sit down":—

"We were chums as boys in our little country town where our families were neighbors. Cyril was of a high-strung, nervous temperament, that had little sympathy from the sturdy boys of our set, and, as it was thought that the associations of a boarding school might tend to counteract this, he was sent to Bishop's Court School, where you first made his acquaintance, while I remained at home attending our High School, till I left to enter business in the city. Our friendship was resumed when he entered the University here and continued till his unfortunate marriage, to which his family and friends were utterly opposed. The girl was a coquette and heartless flirt, and, once engaged, refused to release him, fancying she saw in his influential connections stepping stones to a higher social circle than her own. His high sense of honor held him back from breaking his plighted word, and they were married, as you know, but the utter incongruity of their natures was a bar to all harmony. There were, fortunately or unfortunately, no children born to them, and she had little taste and less desire for home's quiet joys and cares. Her flirting propensities asserted themselves and resulted, first in gossip, then in open scandal, so much so that he broke up his little home and accepted the charge of his present parish, with its arduous labors, in the hope that new associations and

work might bring peace, or at least distraction. To his congregation, and in the public eye, he seemed to be filling his place with honor and respect, while, on the contrary, though kept concealed from all but a few of his intimates, things at home rapidly grew worse. She took to tippling in a quiet way, getting her supplies smuggled in with the household groceries. Then the devil came in the fine clothes of a good-looking society man and the ruin was complete. She left her home, one night, without a word and disappeared as completely as if the river had engulfed her, and all efforts of the discreet detectives employed by her husband have so far failed to discover any trace. He has a notion that she is still in the city, however, and, knowing well the end of such a course, he searches day and night among the haunts of the pavement waifs for some word of her, living or dead, and it is probably on such sad errand he was bent when you saw him pass along just now."

A strained silence held the trio as the narrator ceased, and after a pause, Rossiter said, holding out his hand :

"Forgive me, Pemberton, I didn't know. Your words, now, are quite understandable and fit the case exactly."

"And me, too," assented Varcoe, "if you'd called us 'cads' we'd have forgiven you. But it seems to me," he continued, "that he'd better look elsewhere than the slums—it takes time to get there, and the disappearance is recent."

The three sat silently smoking, each busied with his own thoughts. They had dined early, this evening, and, few members having yet arrived from their vari-

ous places of business, they had the smoking-room to themselves. It was a different scene outside, however. Their bow-window overlooked the busiest corner of the city, and at this hour, when office and factory and shop gave up their crowds of tired workers, who hurried homewards, on foot, in car, cab, or well-appointed private equipage, it was vibrant with the pulsating of the great arteries centering here at the heart of the city. They watched in silence the ever-changing panorama passing before them till a sudden rush of the crowd, and, above their horrified cries and hoarse shouts, a woman's agonized scream brought them to their feet. An accident, evidently, and serious. Hurrying into the street to learn the nature of it, and aid if necessary, their eager enquiries, as they elbowed their way to the scene, elicited from a policeman only the meagre information :—"Thim dom trolley ke-ars agin !"

Following in the wake of his burly form dividing the crowds, they reached the spot and soon gathered some particulars from the spectators. A reckless cabman driving two ladies home in a cab, misjudging his distance, had attempted to cross the tracks in advance of a car, with the inevitable result : horse, fatally injured and awaiting only the kindly bullet; cab, a wreck; driver, cut and bleeding but not seriously hurt; one passenger much shaken but unharmed, and the other reported badly, if not fatally, injured. Her companion was bending over her in anxious ministry as the friends pushed forward to aid, but one glance and they stood transfixed ! The eyes snapping defiantly in her still handsome face—the elegant and modish attire—the half-averted look, or bold stare, with which

the crowd regarded her, or the covert glance exchanged among themselves, told the unspeakable story, and not a man, woman, or stray gamin in all the crowd but instinctively knew her for what she was!

With clang of gong, the ambulance rattled up, and the attendant doctor jumped from his seat by the driver and reached the injured woman just as a little clergyman had succeeded in forcing his way through the crowd with proffers of aid. The big policeman recognized the Rector of St. Cuthbert's, and strove to dissuade him:

"Shure, yer 'anner, 'tis not fer th' loikes av ye t' tooch her. Lave her t' me an' th' docther, ware uzed t' sooch wurruk!"

"Bobby's right, Mr. Strathmore. With due respect, I think my services are needed rather more than yours. Besides, don't you see?" he added, significantly.

'Yes! yes! I know, I know; but the poor child seems seriously hurt, if not dying, and shall I hold back from my duty?" he urged as they stooped over the prostrate form and the doctor proceeded to make a hasty examination of the injured woman—her companion looking on in agitated concern, and the crowd, as is its custom, interfering to a degree only determined by the reach of the policeman's club.

The doctor took the limp hand of the woman whom the Rector had gently raised and was supporting against his knee. His serious look as he felt the pulse and then bent down to place his hand over the heart changed to one of alarm as his eye fell on the white, drawn face of the clergyman fixed in steady gaze upon the pallid features; and when he saw the Rector's head fall over the bruised form he was supporting, the doc-

tor prepared to administer to him the stimulant he had at hand for the other, remarking to the burly policeman :

"Fainted !—no wonder—all nerves—no business here at all. Bring the stretcher and we'll take her to the Hospital, and do you call a cab for Mr. Strathmore and get him home at once when he comes to !"

These words acted with swifter effect than the doctor's draught could have done. The clergyman, fully sensible, straightened up and, with a commanding gesture of his outstretched, free hand, said :

"No, doctor ! not to the Hospital, to my house, please !"

"What !—" ejaculated the amazed physician with scant politeness.

"Shure yer 'anner's clane daft !—Cum alang wid th' stritcher, now ! Kape back, all av yez, an' give th' min a show, will yez ?" cried the policeman, in the important way of his kind in such a crisis.

"Stop !" interrupted the voice and appealing hand of the Rector. "Good friends, I have every right; this—this, lady, is my—my wife !"

"Howly Mother !—God forgive her !"

"Good Heavens ! Mr. Strathmore, you can't mean it ! The man's mad," the doctor added in a vigorous aside.

"No, doctor, not mad, only broken hearted, and I count on your professional sympathy and kind help."

There was no mistaking the solemn tones in which these words were spoken, and the broken body was at once tenderly lifted into the ambulance. The crowd had not had such a sensation offered to them in the memory of the oldest among them, and,

as the doctor and the Rector took their places and slowly drove off through the passage forced by the police who had gathered as the news of the accident spread, they broke into a cheer that shook the windows of the Club on the corner, and then swiftly dispersed with appetites whetted for the particulars of the case they knew would be dished up with appropriate scareheads in the morning papers.

The three friends slowly sought the retreat of their Club and in silence dropped into chairs in the first quiet corner they could find.

"Well!" said Rossiter at last, "won't somebody kick me, or at least fit me with a name?"

"Skulking cowards, are we not" assented Varcoe, "ashamed to show ourselves or offer aid to a friend in distress!"

"We have seen something of the Divine in poor humanity," said Pemberton, "and we may well feel small and mean and shamed beside it. The doctor told me that the woman was dead—must have been killed instantly—and, moreover, he was sure Strathmore knew it when he acknowledged her as his wife!"

SONNETS
VILLANELLES
RONDEAUX

SONNETS.

SHE LOOKETH FORTH AS THE MORNING.

MORN-MAID, "fair as the Moon, clear as the Sun,"
She all her empire fronts, wide-eyed, serene;
Yet terrible as banner'd army's sheen
She shall be in her wrath when, rolling dun,
Cloud-wraiths of night, all shapes unclean that shun
The day, ignoble wrong, and all things mean
Shall flee her god-like rage, nor intervene
Their ghoulish hate to stay the Onward-One.
All realms are hers, to full possess. Rich dower
Of gifts she bears to cheer; and ills that rise
Imperious in stricken ones shall flee
Her sovereign touch. Unsoiled as dew-gemmed flower
Greeting Morn's kiss, smiles through her Truth-lit eyes
The rare in-dwelling Soul of Purity.

ALONE.

NOT he, wrapt in some ample solitude,
Whose towering peaks buttress the arching blue:
Or, where the dim, scant gleam sifts faintly through
The gloom and tapers the cathedral'd wood.
Nor when, his cell's door shut, he, calm, would brood
On deep things hid, haply entreat anew
The olden boon, in strain of lusty thew,
The spent wrestler compelled from the All-Good.
Acclaimed in that great throng of living dead,
He sweeps vast, peopled shades, the peer of kings,
Who sit, effulgent, on Mind's ivory throne,
Hold speech, and sweet delights before him spread
To cheer and stay as the crowd's laughter rings
And through their streets a stranger glides alone!

VENGEANCE IS MINE.

FROM Eden's joys Earth's erring parents flee
The driving sword, flaming in Cherub hand;
In tears of sweat to win from God-curst land
The bread of sorrow, so the stern decree.
Travail'd in Sorrow, Sin's dark progeny
Of Envy, Hate, and Murder, lecherous band,
Work their fell deeds, and lo, the thirsty sand
Drips red with brother's blood spilled treacherously.
Banned vagabond, by God and man abhorred,
The murderer slinks, pleading with bitter wail
'Gainst punishment too great e'en for his crime.
Vengeance who takes on Cain shall feel the sword
Of Vengeance seven-fold keen him swift assail,
Lest he atonement bar e'er Cain's set time!

QUEBEC.

IMPERIOUS, throned above the blue expanse
Of flowing tide that laps the cliff, and slips
Past prisoned logs and chains of anchored ships,
Straining in leash for swift deliverance!
The Old ill brooks the New; old world romance
Invades the mart, breathes from the muzzled lips
Of war-dogs couchant on their curb, and drips
From blood-stained battlement. Anon, perchance,
From cloister-bell quaint summons tinkling flows,
Waking pale ghosts that flit in cowl and hood,
Or stately glide, or clank in grim array—
Dream-shades of vanished night. Morn, breaking, glows,
Flushing roof, spire, and frowning gun in flood
Of sunlight, presage of a new-born day!

AS CYNOSURE UNDIMMED.

FLOATING defiant over subject seas
That whelming rise and hiss their rage in vain;
Where envious foemen's blows unceasing rain,
Yon oriflamb its challenge to the breeze
Flings wide. Heat, storm, nor traitor, these
Dim not the lustre of its crimson stain
Our fathers' red life dyed, who for our gain
Wooed death and fame in blood-bought victories.
Emblem of Empire vast, of old undreamed,
Meeting the rising and the setting sun,
Thee loyal homage gratefully we pay,
Hail thee our choice! For us thou hast redeemed
A Country, dowered a Home, and won
A share in Greater Britain's onward sway.

OUR BIRTHRIGHT.

GO ! read the patent of thine heritage,
Inscribed in glowing words that flash and burn
With pregnant import. Con it well and learn
The thrilling tale that lights the storied page.
See Faith and Valor hand-to-hand engage
Opposing powers, and by their prowess turn
The Wild into a puissant Realm, and earn
A deathless fame, bright to the latest age !
'Tis thine and mine! Shall we then hold it light--
Despise our birthright, as some base-born churl,
And recreant yield it with a nerveless hand,
Or stain our scutcheon with a Judas blight ?
When traitors hiss do thou, indignant, hurl
Thy challenge back: 'It is my native land !"

THE GIANT.

GREAT River of the North, majestic stream,
Titan, begot of god-wed mother, Earth!
What awful, world-racked throes ushered thy birth?
No weakling's cradle rocked thy infant dream;
But, couched on Nature's breast, the Eagle's scream
Thy lullaby, thou stretch'd'st thy brawny girth,
While his peaks, trembling, echoed to thy mirth
As thou did'st wake to know thy strength supreme!
Now, to thy lair, where beasts and wilder men
Do rage and bite, whilst thou dost, sodden, sleep,
Thy Master comes, and thou'rt no longer free;
In fretting chains, by crag and mist-wraithed fen,
Forth leads, and bids thee cleave, full wide and deep,
For Him, a portal to the rock-barred Sea!

MONTREAL.

HAIL to thee, Royal City! Like a Queen
Thou sittest on thy throne in regal state,
Ruling thy servitors, that on thee wait,
With courtly dignity and noble mien.
Under thy canopy of maples green
Thou takest tribute at thy castle's gate,
Borne in by white-winged messengers, and great
Their golden store; but richer far, I ween,
Thou art in loyal hearts that beat for thee;
That turn to thee as pilgrim to a shrine,
Or wanderer in foreign lands toward home.
Wealthy in memories; thou hast the key
To treasures of a storied past, a mine
Of riches for thy sons in time to come.

INSPIRATION.

WHERE softly steal fantastic shadows grim
O'er bannered wall, limned saint, prone effigies,
And time-etched brass, sleeps, dust-choked, mute as these,
The Voice that stirred the Minster's arches dim.
With master-touch, obedient fingers skim
In eager joyance o'er the yielding keys,
And the groined vault is filled with harmonies
That soar and swell in grand, triumphant hymn.
Thus some great soul, cloistered amid the gloom
And shades of prisoning shell, in silence waits
The word inbreathed that shall to the dumb clod
Give speech. As wingéd spirit from its tomb,
His message flies—nathless the erst-barred gates—
And, hushed, men whisper: "Hark! the voice of God!"

THROUGH CANVAS DOORS.

WHAT witchery is this that o'er me steals
With magic spell, as dreamily I lie
On couch of fragrant boughs? No comrade nigh.
The woods are hushed, their curtained gloom conceals
A silent choir. The shimmering lake reveals
A mirrored picturing of cloud-flecked sky
And tree-crowned hill. The weird and mocking cry
Of wandering loon 'mid answering echoes peals.
And save for this, or where the wanton trout
With eager splash disturb the limpid blue,
All Nature sleeps, and bids the tired heart
Rest in her arms that, sheltering, round about
Enfold, and, as a child, drink in anew
A balm to soothe life's fret and fevered smart.

'MID LOFTY PEAKS.

DREAM on! prophetic soul, thy vision clear
Sweeps far beyond the ken of groundling eyes
Dimmed with the glitter of the tinselled prize
Luring the sordid soul to blindness drear.
By soaring pinions high up-borne, O Seer,
On flights of winging thought, we see thee rise
To dizzy heights of dream-land's distant skies,
Waiting, expectant, hidden truths to hear,
When thou in prescient spirit shalt translate,
In song, the mysteries shown thee in the mount
To Neophites who would their meaning con.
The jostling crowd may mock thy mean estate
And deem thee poor, unknowing of the fount
Of wealth thou hast in fee; heed not, dream on!

ON CONQUEST BENT.

BEAR me! my bark, where hides the water-sprite
In shadowed deeps, whose crystal ripples lave
The pebbled shore, and fringing rushes wave
Their arrowy stems above the gold and white
Of lilies floating on their cushions light.
Her crested herald starts—gay, thieving knave—
From some o'er-hanging branch, that vantage gave.
With harsh, discordant note, and errant flight,
He seeks her favored haunt, where yon cool rill
Its sweetness merges in the shady pool;
Here sports the blythesome nymph in wanton glee.
My witching lure I cast with artful skill;
Fling, too, my heart, nor doubt the olden rule
Shall win my love that, yielding, hies to me.

THE AWAKENING.

BESIDE a rill that cleaves the jewelled mead
In twain, dreaming of love, Youth, sleeping, lay;
Unheeding the fierce Sun's devouring ray
That, withering, smites. Sweet pity comes to plead
With Love and succor follows hard the need.
Shadowing with arching wings that gently sway,
And fan his pillowed locks, Love broods alway,
In ministry divine from passion freed.
Upsprings the sleeper from soft, fitful dreams,
In amorous clasp that radiant form to seize,
And pure, chaste lips with kiss unholy stain:
Untempered pour the hot, relentless beams
O'er brow and dumb, parched lip. On trembling knees
He falls, alone with fretful passion's pain.

TO THE END.

WHAT ills it if, with unseen, deadly stroke,
Swift falls the bolt from out the summer blue—
Or, won the heights, the shot, fell-aimed and true,
Stills the acclaims that split the battle's smoke?
Would'st thou the fevers and the wounds that yoke
The warrior soul to useless clay—bestrew
With pitying tears a weary couch; or, view
In guerdoned sleep him wrapped in victor's cloak?
Who choose the hard and siren-tempted way
Where points the God-like, stern, unbending One—
Loud-heralded, or wanting e'en one friend
To hearten, cry "Press on!" or, falling, stay—
Halt ye nor reck! Or quick, or dead, "Well done!"
And valor's crownèd cross the glorious end.

VILLANELLES.

THE VILLANELLE.

AS floats the silvery tinkle of a fairy bell
Calling the revellers to moonlit elfin-ring,
The rhythmic tripping of the dainty Villanelle

Ripples its sparkling flow, as purling brooks that well
Limpid and pure from moss-hid source, in woodland spring,
As floats the silvery tinkle of a fairy bell.

Titania's wand, perchance, 'tis weaves the subtle spell
Its witching measure breathes, her laughing fays who sing
The rhythmic tripping of the dainty Villanelle

In liquid notes wafted from grove and flower-starred dell
Adown the evening breeze, melodious whispering,
As floats the silvery tinkle of a fairy bell.

What mortal ear may catch, what tongue essay to swell
The fairies' evensong, and sweet-voiced, lilting, fling
The rhythmic tripping of the dainty Villanelle ?

As the Sea's slumber-song breathes in the sounding shell;
As the bird's matin hymn fluted on joyous wing;
As floats the silvery tinkle of a fairy bell,
The rhythmic tripping of the dainty Villanelle.

BY LEAFY WAYS.

THE joyous music of the reel's glad singing,
The mirrored bark, the gleam of paddle-blade,
The crack of rifle through the forest ringing.

The camp-fire's curling smoke its shadow flinging
On canvas walls: as Wood-Nymph's serenade
The joyous music of the reel's glad singing.

Skims the reed-beds the wood-duck nestward winging;
The browsing deer flees, startled and afraid,
The crack of rifle through the forest ringing.

The chattering Fisher, on his frail perch swinging,
Protests, as interrupts his busy trade,
The joyous music of the reel's glad singing.

Flicking the drops to plume and crest light clinging,
The Diver laughs to hear loud peal and fade
The crack of rifle through the forest ringing.

E'en as I sit and muse comes memory bringing
The tented scene, neath odorous balsam shade;
The joyous music of the reel's glad singing,
The crack of rifle through the forest ringing.

I. M. B.

LITTLE blue-eyed Marguerite,
Mischief-loving, merry maid,—
Lips just made for kisses sweet.

These to take 'tis surely meet;
Wouldst thou! Oh, I'm not afraid,
Little blue-eyed Marguerite!

Fly me not with eager feet,
Pouted lips and frown-arrayed!—
Lips just made for kisses sweet!

Cry a truce, for peace we'll treat;
A kiss exchange. Why so dismayed
Little blue-eyed Marguerite?

Others there may be, *petite*,
Eyes as blue, and not so staid;—
Lips just made for kisses sweet!

Jealous! Tears! Why all this heat?
Summer storms are soon allayed,
Little blue-eyed Marguerite—
Lips just made for kisses sweet.

WITH ROD AND LINE.

A year ago, or thereabout,
I crossed the hay-field by the brook,
With rod and line, to catch a trout.

Black-eyed Justine, with muscles stout,
And forkéd prong, the sweet hay shook,—
A year ago, or thereabout.

The Curé's pride, demure, devout;
Monsieur may pass—nor will she look—
With rod and line, to catch a trout.

Fence-rails between, a merry shout;
"Sure catch your fish before you cook!"
A year ago, or thereabout!

The streamlet's windings, in and out,
I followed far, if in some nook
With rod and line, to catch a trout.

Nor fish, nor maid with smile or pout!—
Ah! me, that I the way mistook—
A year ago, or thereabout,
With rod and line, to catch a trout!

RONDEAUX.

THE ENCHANTRESS.

HER beauty spot, ruff, powdered hair,
In fashion of a time forgot,
When, captive to that witching snare—
Her beauty spot—

Thro' minuet and gay gavotte
The gallants bend, with roguish air
Smile down on me, who love her not.

Elusive nymph, my mistress fair,
Who flees me to her crystal grot
Coyly to hide the dimples rare
Her beauty spot.

NICOTINA.

NOR count it sin, or woful plight,
The gipsy's wiles have snared me in!
I willing wear her yoke so light,
Nor count in sin.

Such plump, brown waist and satin skin
Would tempt resolve of anchorite;—
Runs hotter blood my veins within!

Ope, toying fingers! seize the sprite,
And nectar-breathing kisses win
For lips that wait their sweet delight,
Nor count it sin!

BITTER-SWEET.

I would forget! and Memory sings
Her siren song, with its sweet fret,
And soft, tumultuous whisperings,
I would forget.

As foes some guarded keep beset
With beam, and bolt from strenuous slings,
And storm the breachèd parapet

Thoughts, trooping, come; their challenge rings;
An my heart's steelèd amulet
Prove traitor, and the portal swings!—
I would forget.

Rebel or Patriot

A Story

of.....

'37....

REBEL OR PATRIOT.

A STORY OF '37.

"I have read, somewhere or other, that History is Philosophy teaching by example."—Bolingbroke.

"HAS it then come to this? Are a people's aspirations to be laughed at as the vaporings of a morbid imagination, their just demands spurned with contempt, and their dearest rights trampled under the heavy heel of a brutal alien, who, by the fate of conquest, now rules in this land of our love, and seems to think that the Treaty of Cession gave him the souls of a people to despoil as he did their lands and goods! The veriest cur that scuttles along the alleys of the city will turn to bay in desperation if cornered by his pursuer, and shall not we, in whose veins flows the best blood of France, rise in the strength of a righteous cause and avenge the studied insults heaped upon us. We would live in peace, forget the mistaken past, and, hand-in-hand with him, strive together to work out the new destiny that God has in store for our beloved Country. He will none of us or our ideas, his haughty notion of going hand-in-hand with the 'besotted *habitants*,' as he contemptuously call us, is thus"—and the speaker, with a quick, fierce motion, grasped

his left wrist with his right hand, the intensity of his emotion being shown in the marks of his fingers thereon as he flung his hands apart in an expressive gesture of protest and despair.

"What does it then mean," he continued, "when the voice of a people through their elected representatives is stifled, and their complaints ignored?"

> 'War, war, my noble father!
> Thus I fling it;
> And fair-eyed peace, farewell!'

"But they tell us we are not prepared for this, point to the garrisons of British soldiers ready at a moment's notice to sally forth and crush the first attempt at sedition in the blood of our deluded dupes, who shall be shot down in the field, or reserved for the traitor's death on the gibbet. What of it? 'It is the cause and not the death that makes the martyr,' and were the dangers a thousand times as great,

> 'My voice is still for war.
> Gods! can a free-born people long debate
> Which of the two to choose—slavery or death?'"

Strange words these, surely treasonable, and, one would think, hardly suited to the time of the first year of Her Gracious Majesty's reign, or proper to the speech of a loyal subject in her growing Canadian colony. However we may judge of them, there was no mistaking the meaning of them to the speaker, or interpreting the fiery ejaculations and impassioned gestures as other than the outward signs of a noble spirit stirred to its profoundest depths.

The time was towards the evening of the 24th of November, 1837. A dull, leaden sky threatening snow; the hard frozen ground and fast forming ice; the ungainly limbs and branches of the trees rising gaunt and bare, save for the few shrivelled leaves that still clung to their stems in spite of the whistling winds that had dispersed their scattered companions, all betokened a typical day of early Canadian winter. The scene was the valley of the Richelieu River, truthfully described as the "Garden of Canada." In the verdant beauty of its summer dress, or the golden richness of its ripening fields of grain, it would seem as if the appellation were fitly bestowed, but in its preparation for a long winter sleep, the blue waters of the Richelieu hiding beneath a fast-forming icy covering, and the signs of tumult and disturbance in the very air, desolation seemed to claim it for its own.

Here it was at a spot about midway between the little village of Chambly, at the head of navigation, and Sorel, at the mouth of the river where it opens into the St. Lawrence, that the leaders of the "Patriotes," as they were called, had gathered what number they could muster of the habitants of the district and persuaded them—ill-equipped as they were—to make a stand and offer armed resistance to the authorities. It is not our purpose here to discuss the political questions that disturbed the country at the time, suffice it to say that the French party did suffer under substantial grievances, which, however, the more thoughtful of their leaders did not despair of overcoming by constitutional means, and strongly discountenanced the more hot-headed in their wild appeals to the last resort of the oppressed. A skirmish had

already taken place at St. Denis, a few miles below, the day before our story opens, and the forces under Col. Gore were compelled to retire temporarily on their base at Sorel. Encouraged by what appeared to be the victory of their cause, the people of the neighboring village of St. Charles were being aroused to a more determined attitude, and now awaited what might follow such an—probably on both sides—unexpected opening of the campaign. Such in brief was the situation; now let us take a look at him of the fiery and eloquent tongue discovered in the opening sentences recorded above.

Raoul de Bienville, the son of the seigneur of the district, was now in his twenty-first year. He had been sent, as was, and still is, the custom with the wealthier country folk, while very young, to the classical College of Montreal, and having completed the eight years' course, was entered to study law in the office of one of the best known French practitioners. Quickly falling in with the customs of his young compatriots, he joined a political club, and, being specially gifted among men all born orators, was soon in demand on occasions of elections and meetings, where his eloquent speech was noticed by the leaders of his party, and he was marked as a rising young man. The ardent, emotional, and passionate characteristics of his race being intensified in his nature, he was soon drawn into the advanced rank of the *Patriote* cause, and on the first mutterings of revolt he, disregarding the wiser counsels of his friends in the city, hurried off to his native county to wait developments.

See him now as he paces excitedly up and down the

stretch of road before his father's house in the gathering twilight!

The house stands a little back from the road and overlooking the river; a prominent object; a veritable *enfant-du-sol;* the creation of a past century; a long, low building with a frontage of perhaps eighty feet, its massive four square stone walls, three feet thick, pierced by four many-paned French windows on each side of a wide centre door with its columned portico. Rising above the single storey on the ground floor, stretched the high-pointed, shingled roof, with its double row of little dormer windows, flanked by the solid chimney which forms the apex of each gable end wall. A row of tall Normandy poplars is planted just inside the low paling fence. In one corner of the house lot stands the familiar well frame, with its long, overhanging sweep, and solid iron-bound well bucket attached. In the other, surrounded by a low railing, rises a tall wooden cross with its little glass-front shrine inserted at the junction of the arms, and, radiating from this centre in the form of a star, are seen the spear, the reed, and other emblems of the Crucifixion; above these a wooden tablet bearing the inscription INRI; the whole surmounted by the Cock, and, in more peaceful times, an object of devotion to the passing *habitant.*

Who would know the natty law student from the city in his strange dress—half uniform, half that of the ordinary farmer of the district—adopted by the insurgents as a patriotic badge? On his head was the well-known faded blue *tuque* of the farmer which, though now pulled down over his ears to protect them from the cold, did not conceal his handsome, clear-cut fea-

tures and the glossy black hair worn long and flowing. His dark eyes flashed out in his excitement from their setting in the rich olive of his face, which was devoid of hair, save for the long, dark, and gracefully curving eyebrows. His coat, cut after the fashion of the time, was made of the grey *étoffe-du-pays*, short in the waist, long in the skirts, wide in the cuffs, and finished off with a low cut, deep collar and wide rolling lapels. Around his waist was bound the folds of a sash, of the kind known to this day as *ceinture fléché*, and probably handed down to him as a precious heir-loom through several generations. His breeches, of the same material as his coat, were thrust into the legs of a pair of the ordinary red leather beef moccasins of the country, which are still the usual foot wear of the French Canadian farmer, and whose easy fit is now appreciated by the city sportsman in his excursions.

Again those fiercely muttered exclamations; the upturned frozen earth in the wheel ruts crunching beneath his mocassins as he rapidly paces his beat, with head bent, and hands tightly clasped behind his back :

"It must be! we must fight it out and see it to the bitter end if need be ! But she, my fair English lily, what will she say when I tell her of my hopes, both as regards herself and my unhappy country ? Will she listen to me, or laugh at me, or, worst of all, treat me with the cold indifference her people ever show to us? Is it a wild fancy, this dream of mine, that two young hearts should join together and strive in bonds of love to symbolize the peaceful union of two divergent interests ? Or is this new born love but another burden laid upon my soul to try it as by a heavenly fire ? I

cannot, I will not give her up, for I love her! I love her! God help me if I am wrong in doing so, but to-night decides my fate. She promised to meet me here and —"

"Ah! Mademoiselle Evelyn—Miss Gordon I should say," this with a courtly bow of easy, natural gracefulness, "you startled me!"

"You said you had something important to tell me, Monsieur de Bienville, and I came to hear it, though why you couldn't say it in the library by a comfortable fire, instead of bringing me out here at the risk to my bodily self of a cold in the head, and to my sensitive spirit of a lecture from your stately mother on the proper behaviour of a young lady, I can't for the life of me see. But forgive me, you seem worried and anxious about something—and this dress—what does it mean? Believe me, if I can be of any service to you—any advice—"

"Advice! No, mademoiselle, unfortunately my friends have lately been giving me an overdose of that and I want no more from you—fool! is this the way to win a lady's favor—pardon my boorish speech, Miss Gordon, but I am troubled and spoke hastily, I want a kind word even more than I do advice, even of the best. Listen: You cannot but have seen that important events have been impending and that our down-trodden people have at last aroused themselves to a final appeal to arms. You have heard the glorious news from St. Denis how Providence has guided our efforts and given us a great victory. Here in my old home the people are burning to join the holy cause, and rightly look to their *Seigneur* to show them an example. I do so! this dress is my pledge! I am one of

the *Patriotes*, sworn to do, and, if need be, die, in the sacred name of Freedom!"

"Oh, Monsieur Raoul!" she burst out, and, at the more friendly form of address he started in surprise, "think, I implore you, of what you are doing; even if your cause were ever so just, what chance have you of making any stand against the might of England's power, which will surely be brought in full force to crush any puny attempts your ill-disciplined *habitants* can make to overcome the government? Don't take my poor, and, as you may possibly say, biased judgment, but listen to the advice of your wiser leaders; or your beloved curé, Father Phillipe, he will tell you—"

But with an impatient gesture he interrupted her excitedly :—

"Oh! talk me no curés, false shepherds who sell the sheep they should carefully tend! as for our leaders, the noblest of them believe as I do, for the rest, time-servers and place-hunters—Bah!"

Without heeding his interruption she continued:

"As for the temporary check offered to Col. Gore's expedition yesterday, think you it means anything, or will have any greater effect than to further exasperate the soldiers, already maddened by the foul murder of poor Lieut. Weir by some of your 'brave patriots,' into whose hands he had been thrown by fate a defenceless prisoner?"

"Oh! Mademoiselle, no one regrets that sad event more than I and others in command, who, if we had been there would certainly have prevented it. Would you have a cause responsible for the blunders of each of its ignorant adherents?"

Ignoring his question she continued: "Do you not know that Col. Wetherall is marching from Chambly, and that it is the purpose of the commander-in-chief to effect a junction of the two columns which will probably be done at about this very spot, and by to-morrow morning at the latest? What can you do? Where will your poor 'army,' with its scythes and wooden cannon, be then?—Crushed like that" -and, suiting the action to the word, she grasped a handful of the dried leaves by the roadside and ground them to powder in her hand.

"Miss Gordon! you belong to a race whose devotion to duty is their proudest boast. Death has no terrors to them when duty calls. I too, no less, can claim descent from those to whom honor was as the breath of life. Honor and Duty both point in one direction. I am pledged. I go. And then, Mademoiselle, there is another matter; we may, as you say, 'be crushed' to-morrow, and I have something to tell you—"

"Go on," she said quietly, as he seemed to hesitate.

And then as if determined to risk all on one desperate chance, he plunged blindly into the matter affecting him so nearly:

"Mademoiselle! Evelyn! what I have to say may seem strange and ill-timed, and, on such short acquaintance, almost impertinent, but I have fondly dreamed that your heart would anticipate my faltering tongue and plead for me." Then dropping to one knee he seized her hand exclaiming: "See! as the vassal to his queen I salute thee and proffer my devotion! say that you love me! that should I live through the fight to-morrow, and when peace returns to my

unhappy country, you will some day be my wife! Say this and give me another motive to nerve my arm!" and kissing her hand he waited breathlessly for her answer.

Withdrawing her hand she stammered:

"Oh! Monsieur de Bienville, this is very sudden—you do me honor—but my people in Montreal, my presence here as your mother's guest:—You forget, too, that my father holds Her Majesty's commission, and I am one of Her loyal subjects, while you are—a rebel. See! here is some one coming, and do not look very dignified kneeling there in the mud."

"What! you laugh at me, you spurn my honest love! Fool that I was to think the poor *Canadien* should aspire to the hand of a daughter of the proud English officer, or to dream that love could leap over the barrier of race, and that in affairs of the heart mere opinions had no weight! Hearts! why do I talk of such things to you? You English cannot know the passion that burns in our breasts. You are cold, haughty, indifferent; you have no heart."

She staggered at this outburst as if he had struck her, then, looking straight at him, she said quietly:

"Yes, Raoul, you are right, I have no heart, I lost it some time ago, have you found it?"

At this, a revulsion of feeling seemed to sweep him away, and he flung out his arms as if to clasp her to his breast, but she waved him off.

"Oh! my darling," he cried, "forgive my cruel words, forget all I have said except that I love you! I love you! Only love me in return, say you will be mine, and this night we will fly across the lines to the Land of Freedom, and together begin a new life, away

from these scenes of trouble and heartbreak that keep us asunder."

"Raoul de Bienville, would you have me marry a coward? I would that you could choose the path your friends point out to you, but you refuse. You say your duty calls you in the other direction. Is it for me to remind you of it? if so, I say: do your duty, come what may, and I shall do mine, though hearts break in the doing of it."

Nothing was said for a moment till de Bienville, raising his pale face, said huskily:

"I thank you, Miss Gordon, for teaching me that word. Pray forget all except my deep regard and respect for you. We may meet again in happier times, if not, farewell!" and touching his *tuque* in military style, he bowed, turned in the direction of the insurgent camp, and was soon out of sight.

Evelyn stood staring after him in a dazed sort of way, her eyes following his figure as it vanished in the gathering night, but her mind vainly trying to realize the situation, until suddenly the despair of it all flashed before her in its bitter intensity, and relief came to her in a flood of fast falling tears.

"Oh, what have I done! Gone to his death and I sent him! And yet it could end no other way. Mine is the bitterest lot, as I must live on with the zest of life gone out of it."

The footsteps she had heard echoing on the hard-frozen road came nearer, and presently a mellow voice rang out cheerily:

"What, my child, crying! Ah! that rascal François, I must give him a talking to. What has he been

saying to cause you such trouble, as if we had not enough on our hands already ?"

She turned to look at the speaker and confronted the well-known form of the village curé, Father Philipe Lebeau. With a start the good curé saw his mistake and hastened to apologize :

"Ah ! Mademoiselle, a thousand pardons ! I presume I have the honor of addressing the young English lady, the guest of Madame the Seigneuress ? Yes ! I regret the inconvenience caused to Mademoiselle by her involuntary detention here in the midst of all this excitement. Foolish children! they will not be advised, and I trust it may not cost them too dear. But these tears! is it that you fear for your safety ? Not so, my child, you are safe with us, and whatever fate may be in store for our poor people at the hands of your compatriots, you will be cared for by both parties. If your trouble is in yourself, and, in the absence of your friends you can confide in an old man to whom the troubled often come, be assured, my child, of his best wishes to assist and advise you."

"Oh, *monsieur le curé* I thank you with a grateful heart for your kind words, but I fear you cannot help me. Raou—Monsieur de Bienville—has just informed me of his decision to share the fate of your poor misguided people, and I—his mother, his sisters—what will become of them if harm should come to him ?"

"Ah ! is it so ! Headstrong boy, impulsive, but mistaken, he would not be guided, and now he seeks to drown the poor lamb with him in the impending flood of misfortune ! My child, you have my sympathy, and you may command me as one of my own

flock, and may the good Lord comfort you as I cannot."

These kind words deeply touched the sorely tried girl, and for a moment she was undecided whether she would not tell the good man everything, and accept the proffered assistance to try and bring back the wanderer. Her native reserve, however, stood her in good stead, and she merely said :

"Thank you, *monieur le curé*, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I shall not forget your kindness and may some time remind you of your promise. In the meantime, I must be going in as Madame will wonder where I am, and, with your permission, I will wish you good evening." With a grateful look, a pleasant smile, and a bow, she turned, pushed open the little gate, passed on up the walk, and disappeared into the house.

The curé watched her go with a puzzled expression on his benevolent face, now unusually clouded by the weight of care the times had brought to his quiet life, and muttering: "Ah ! these boys and girls, what troubles they will bring upon themselves, as if they did not have enough brought to them unsought," he shook his perplexed head and walked slowly off in the direction of the *presbyteré* to seek the consolation of the little supper he knew his careful housekeeper had ready for him.

CHAPTER II.

"The next dreadful thing to a battle lost is a battle won."—Wellington.

Evelyn Gordon was the daughter of an officer in one of the British regiments at that time stationed in Montreal. As was the custom among a section of the English and Protestant population, she had been sent to study in a convent conducted by one of the orders of nuns devoted to teaching. While there she met and formed a friendship with the sisters of Raoul de Bienville, who were being educated with a view to themselves taking the vows of the sisterhood. Their friendship resulted in an invitation being accepted by Evelyn to spend the summer holidays with the de Bienville family at their seignorial manor on the banks of the Richelieu. While there, the political excitement, long slumbering, finally broke out, and, in the disturbed state of the country parts, it was thought unwise to subject young girls to the possible discomforts of a long journey by carriage to reach the city. The hospitality of the manor being further extended and pressed upon Evelyn, her father was induced to allow her to remain in the expectation of quiet being speedily restored. Instead of which, open hostilities breaking out in the very district where they were, all hope of getting back to town was given up, and, believing that his daughter was in good hands, though in the care of those known to be in sympathy with the

Patriot cause, her father was content to allow Evelyn to remain with her friends. Had he known of the complications likely to arise through associating with one of the temperament of young de Bienville, uncompromising Tory as he was, Captain Gordon would have moved Heaven and Earth and the Government to rescue his daughter from the contaminating influences of "those d——d rebels," as he was pleased to style them.

Thus it was that the turn of events brought Evelyn to the position in which we find her on the morning of the 25th of November.

She rose with a heavy heart, dressed, and sat down by her window, which commanded a view of the road leading to Chambly. She had not been there long when her attention was drawn to a heavy column of black smoke rising in the distance, and, while trying to discover what this might mean, another broke out, and so much nearer that she could distinguish the flames glowing amid its blackness. Straining her eyes over the expanse of road, dun-colored fields, and rail fences, she caught the glint of light reflected from polished metal, and there was borne to her ears a sound of music, which, gradually drawing nearer, proclaimed in shrill and rattling tones the presence of a British regiment on the march.

"The troops! They are coming and burning the barns of the poor country folk!" she cried, and hurried off to warn the seigneur's family.

The alarm, however, had already spread. The noise of the fifes and drums, and the ruse of the burning buildings, had the desired effect, and the people of the village became wildly demoralized. The women and

children, and some of the faint-hearted among the men, hastily snatched up what household goods came first to hand and rushed pell-mell for the belt of woods back of the village, the ladies of the manor-house alone remaining in their home, but prepared to retreat to the cellar in the event of the conflict coming near them. Intense excitement was apparent on the faces of the men who were hurrying off in the direction in which "*les soldats*" were coming—excitement not lessened on learning of the disappearance of some of their leaders who had got them into difficulty, and basely left them to their fate.

De Bienville had assumed command, and was rushing here and there, inspiring, persuading, threatening.

"Follow me!" he cried, "be not afraid, our cause is just and must prevail! Remember we fight for home and country! Down with the tyrants! To the barricade!"

His high courage and fearless bearing put new heart into his band of undisciplined enthusiasts, who now—ill-equipped as they were—joined in a wild straggling rush to where a rough defense of logs, trees, and fence rails had been thrown across the road, at a little distance from the village, in the vain hope of checking the advance of the veteran troops.

In obedience to de Bienville's orders the defenders remained quiet behind the barrier and made no opening.

"Reserve your fire," he commanded, "till the enemy begins his attack; give our foes no excuse to say we precipitated a conflict; when he does come, take aim and shoot true!"

Meanwhile the colonel had halted his force under

cover, and in a matter-of-fact way was examining the position through his glass. His practised eye quickly took in the situation, and the mode of attack was easily settled. The barrier stretched across the road to the river on one side, but on the other ended at a short distance in the meadow beyond the road. A field piece was trained to bear directly on it at short range; a portion of the small force being reserved to support it, and the remainder detailed for a flank movement through the fields, both detachments to advance on the charge simultaneously and carry the position with a rush. The colonel naturally thought of his own men first: how many of them might probably never cross that short bit of road and meadow? But his heart ached more for the poor wretches caught in the trap of their own setting. Those of them who escaped the bullets of the soldiers' first volley would only save themselves from the crueller death by the bayonets' thrust by instant and unconditional surrender as prisoners of war, trusting for the future to the summary and scant justice of the impending court martial.

The gunners were ordered to fire, and a solid round shot crashed through the flimsy defences, hurling the splintered timbers among the defenders, and badly wounding many. Others followed in quick succession, replied to by discharges from the muskets of the beseiged, fired through the openings between the logs. The charge was sounded, and, with that wild exultant cheer that has inspired the gallant wearers of England's uniform in many an historic fight on land and sea, the soldiers swarmed over and around the barrier. The contest—if such it might be called with the odds

all on one side—was short, sharp, and decisive; bayonet and clubbed musket were plied with powerful stroke, and all who did not instantly yield felt their deadly force. Caught as they were in a pocket formed by the angle of the barrier and the river, retreat was almost hopeless. Many did attempt it, however, some escaping, others being shot down as they ran.

Raoul, brave to the last, refused to surrender, but stood his ground defying the soldiers to take him, and calling on them to shoot if they would. One man levelled his piece to take him at his word; another prepared to thrust him with his bayonet; but a burly sergeant of grenadiers, taking in at a glance the dauntless bearing of the youth as he stood with bared head, his face and hands and once dapper dress begrimed with powder-smoke and dirt, swinging his clubbed musket and shouting defiance to the whole British army, could not but recognize a brave spirit; and wishing to spare one so young and fearless, he dashed aside the two assailants, rushed on the youth, wrenched his gun from him, and, with the quick, combined movement of leg and fist known to boxers, he hurled him—stunned but unharmed—into a corner among the logs out of the way of further danger.

The affair—little more than a skirmish—was no sooner over than the sad duties of counting up the cost began. The casualties among the attacking British force were light, but of the insurgents some thirty-five or forty lay dead on the field, besides many wounded. A large proportion of the wounds were from bayonet thrusts, showing that a lofty, if mistaken, courage had led the poor fellows to resist to the death. Those who had not escaped were made prisoners,

among whom was the unfortunate Raoul, now recovered from the effects of the blow of the sergeant's fist.

The regimental surgeons were soon in attendance on the wounded, treating friend and foe with equal kindness and military promptness. Fatigue parties were detailed to gather the dead and guard the wounded. The kind offices of Father Phillipe—who was speedily on hand to offer consolation and assistance to those of his flock who stood badly in need of both—were enlisted to persuade the fugitives to return from the woods, and to assure them that the soldiers were not going to kill them all as they firmly believed. The sorrow was heavy enough, however, in the little village when the sad truth became known of the fathers, husbands, and brothers, dead, wounded, and in captivity, and bitter were the tears shed as Father Phillipe read the service of the church over the common grave in which all the fallen were buried together.

Preparations were in time completed for conveying the prisoners to Montreal, and the grief of the poor people broke out afresh as they saw their loved ones dragged off to what, in their simplicity, they imagined to be unknown tortures, the parting between Madame de Bienville and her son being affecting in the extreme. The commander and his officers—some of whom had made the acquaintance of the lady and her daughters in the city—did all in their power to console them, and assured them of their desire to treat the prisoners with every consideration consistent with their duty as military guard, offering at the same time to escort Miss Gordon and place her safely in the hands of her friends. This, however, Evelyn respect-

fully declined, preferring to go in charge of Father Phillipe, who purposed leaving next day to report in person to his bishop the unhappy ending to the ill-judged attempt of the disaffected portion of his people.

Evelyn approached Raoul to say farewell, her pale face, and haggard look, being the only evidence of the feelings she tried to conceal under an otherwise firm bearing. To the onlookers these seemed but the consequent effects of the sad scenes through which she had been compelled to pass, and caused no surprise.

She took his proffered hand in silence, afraid to trust herself to speak. He bowed over it respectfully and said simply :

"Farewell ! Miss Gordon. I regret that you have been made the unwilling witness of these troubles, and ask your pardon for any share I may have had in causing you pain. If your influence with the authorities can mitigate the punishment my poor people are likely to suffer, please exercise it on their behalf. For myself, I ask nothing, not even pity. I have no regret for any action of mine as it may affect me personally. My course was deliberately chosen, and I must now suffer the consequences, whatever these may be. Be assured of my sincerest wishes for your future happiness. Farewell !" and with a firm step he turned to take his place in the ranks of the prisoners. The command was given; the escort formed up in position on either side of the forlorn squad, and the march to the city, and captivity, and—to some—death, began.

CHAPTER III.

"I have set my life upon a cast and I will stand the hazard of the die."—Richard III.

The next day Evelyn bade good-bye to her kind friends with feelings of peculiar sorrow, concealing her own grief in the endeavor to console them in the heavy trials they were called upon to bear. Travelling with the curé in his little gig by easy stages—this was before the days of railways—and stopping for a night on the way, on the morning of the second day they reached the south shore of the St. Lawrence, were ferried over to the city, and the curé's charge was safely delivered to her grateful father at his quarters near the barracks, the curé himself hurrying off to pay his respects to the Bishop at his official residence.

Next morning Evelyn left her home by the river front for a stroll up to the city proper. Her way led her past the old Bonsecours church, and the market with its strange sights and sounds of quaintly dressed habitant farmers and their shrewder helpmeets bargaining in shrill tones with some obstinate customer, who claimed the usual concessions from the first price asked—without which any trade would be but poorly and unscientifically completed; then on through the Rue Notre Dame, where the founders of the modern princely fortunes lived in frugal simplicity with their apprentices over their stores; passing Place d'Armes, she turned into St. James street, where she almost ran

over her old friend Father Lebeau hurrying in the opposite direction.

It is hard to imagine the changes time has wrought in the comparatively short space of sixty years. Standing to-day on this spot, the spectator views the magnificent expanse of asphalted roadway overshadowed by the imposing yellow and red sandstone or granite fronts of the buildings belonging to the various mercantile, insurance, and banking corporations, or the government, rising in massive grandeur, or in the classic beauty of Corinthian column and carved entablature. His ears are dinned with the hum of busy city life; the rattle of car and carriage, dray and cart, and the clatter of hurrying feet on the flag-stone pavements. For relief to eyes and ears he may turn into the railed enclosure, with its patches of turf and flowers, and listen to the plash of the water falling from the Founder's bronze fountain; or, passing through the gates, cross the road and seek the quiet of the great church of Notre Dame, whose open doors ever invite the tired and weary way-farer to enter and find rest. Perchance the melodious chimes may wake from their slumber in one of the twin towers, to be answered by the boom of the "Grand Bourdon" in the other. With iron tongue it seems to proclaim in tones that reach beyond the heart of the city lying at its feet, across the tree-covered crown on the one side, or the blue St. Lawrence sweeping majestically past and guarding the other, far out and over the orchards and farm lands around, the power that raised such a monument and endowed it with a voice so commanding.

Nothing of this magnificence do our friends see or

dream of, only a straggling row of indifferent dwellings—solidly built like the fortunes of their owners—and shops, with a church and a bank building to break the monotony. A light covering of snow had fallen, and the city sparks and their military rivals, enveloped in furs, were showing off the paces of their nags and the style of their equipages to admiring promenaders, as if eager to catch and bind King Winter to their service, who shall so soon settle his chill presence unbidden among them.

An unusual crowd seems gathering; a jargon of mingled English and French fills the air; excited heads are thrust out of window and door; scowls and bitter words from one party, jeers and exultation from the other.

"What is it all about?" the curé asks a passer by.

"The prisoners being brought in," was the short answer.

The curé would have drawn Evelyn down a side street, but they were hemmed in and could scarcely move. Again that shrill scream and rattle of fife and drum; a flash of sunlight thrown off from the polished bayonets that so lately were stained and dim; a dejected band of young, middle-aged and old men tied together in couples, and haggard and worn with strife, long marches, and anxiety. Our friend Raoul walked near the rear, but, unlike the rest, with head erect and eyes looking straight before him; more soldiers; the mounted officers and staff; then the small boy and the usual rag-tag that has closed every procession from time immemorial.

On they go through the battery of eyes of triumphant foes, wincing under the jeers, or taking comfort

from the low spoken words some compatriot whispers as they pass. Farther yet by the Rue Notre Dame, past the column on which stands the Hero of Trafalgar, his empty right sleeve pinned to his coat, his head turned aside, and his left arm extended as if in commiseration of the sad fate of the unhappy men. Still many weary steps yet till the jail wall is reached; the heavy gates swing open, and the military guard's unpleasant duty is ended by handing over his charge to the representatives of the civil authorities.

Father Lebeau turned to Evelyn to reassure her with words of comfort, but she had disappeared. The curé shook his head slowly: "Ah well!" he said to himself, "grief sometimes forgets its manners. Poor children, how will it end for them!" and drawing his cloak closer to him to keep out the cold, he moved briskly off on his interrupted errand.

CHAPTER IV.

"I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano; a stage, where every man must play a part, and mine a sad one."—Merchant of Venice.

The rising at St. Eustache in December following having been quenched in blood and fire, and the contingent of the captured already in jail having been further augmented by those taken prisoners at that affair with arms in their hands, and by many others arrested on civil warrants, the government set about restoring quiet in the disturbed districts, and preparing for the trials of those indicted for treason. After months of weary waiting these took place before a court-martial, resulting in a number being sentenced to transportation, eleven to execution, the remainder being acquitted.

The deepest sympathy was aroused on behalf of poor Raoul de Bienville, on account of his youth and high connections. The best legal talent was retained for his defence, and every effort made to secure his release, but without effect. The evidence was direct and overwhelming as to his active participation in the revolt; justice demanded her meed of satisfaction; the bravest and best are needed for the sacrifice, and Raoul was numbered among those unfortunates whom fate had snatched from death on the field, and, denying even the soldier's consolation, reserved for them to drink the bitter cup on the scaffold of the common criminal.

Father Lebeau put forth strenuous efforts to secure a commutation of the sentence. Petitions for the exercise of the governor's clemency poured in from all quarters. The legal counsel engaged on the case, when all else failed, registered by petition a solemn protest against the judicial murder about to be committed. Evelyn presented herself in person before the Major General who presided at the court, begging him to use his influence in support of the petitions. Surprised at such a request coming from such a quarter, the bewildered officer deemed it his duty to lay the matter before his subordinate and associate in the court martial, Evelyn's father. A stormy interview followed. The stern parent, as the bitter truth dawned upon him, threatened to disown her as his daughter if the "traitor's" name was mentioned again.

"So be it, father," was her answer, "you cannot kill my love as you do its object, and, if my father forsake me, then I must fall back on the Lord's promise to take me up."

"Zounds! girl," he shouted, "what do you mean by such canting talk? Is this my reward for leaving you so long in the hands of Popish women and meddling priests? Leave me before I forget myself and whip such school-girl nonsense out of you!"

Disheartened and in despair, the poor girl resolved to try one last appeal, and, sitting down to her little desk that had many a time borne the burden thrown from her heart to the paper that should tell it to some one else, she indited a pathetic appeal to the wife of the Governor, begging her motherly heart to open to the sorrow of the poor misguided youth whose life was so

soon to be cut short, and asking at her hands the gift of that life that might mean so much to the writer.

All appeals, however, were of no effect, the stereotyped answer being returned in every case: "It was deeply regretted that the demands of justice could not, without danger to the public weal, be sacrificed to the claims of mistaken clemency."

Preparations were made for the final tragedy which, as if in bitter irony, was fixed for the 21st of December —that season commemorative of the birth of Him who came with messages of "peace and good-will to men." Father Lebeau, who had been in constant attendance on the young man, had persuaded him to grant an interview with Evelyn. He was at first loth to meet her.

"Why disturb me, father?" he said; "I have done with the world and its affairs; to see her would do me no good, and but uselessly agitate her."

The curé explained that as Miss Gordon wished it, and had been unremitting in her efforts to secure his release, her desire to say farewell might reasonably be granted.

With heavy heart, the following day, Father Lebeau led the trembling girl along the stone corridor of the jail, and, when the door of the condemned cell was flung open by the turnkey, he silently motioned her in, closed the door, and began pacing up and down the corridor until she should reappear.

Who shall attempt to pry into the scene being enacted behind that oaken door? If the solemnity of such a moment, when two souls, refined by such fiery trials, are parting on the verge of eternity, did not deter us, the bolts and bars and solid masonry shall

stand as a barrier against an unhallowed curiosity that would commit such sacrilege.

The curé was weary with his lonely pacing of the echoing corridor, when, turning again in his walk, he was brought face to face with the girl standing motionless on the cold stones.

Was this the same Evelyn he had ushered into that cell such a short while ago? surely it was as to form and clothing, but that firm and exalted bearing, the face pale as a marble statue but illumined with a light that seemed an inspiration of some holy spirit breathing over it.

In awe-struck tones the curé whispered, solemnly:

"My child, you wear the look of one inspired by some high resolve, or as some sister who had just pronounced her vows in the holy sanctuary!"

"I have taken my vows, dear father. Here, in this strange cloister, I ask you to redeem your promise and help me to keep them. We will speak of this again, Come! let us go."

CHAPTER V.

"Last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history."—As You Like It.

Raoul spent the greater part of the night writing last words to relatives, and composing what might be called a political testament as his dying legacy to his country, reserving a few impressive words to be spoken at the last moment. Snatching a brief sleep, he was early awakened by the commotion betokening the arrival of the fateful day. Dressing himself with scrupulous care in the costume of the gentleman of the period, he awaited the coming of Father Lebeau, whose devotion never faltered. A few solemn words, a prayer, and he was ready to answer the call of the sheriff. The procession formed; the surpliced priest, bearing in his hands the holy symbol of the crucifixion and chanting in solemn tones the service of the church, leading the way.

This, be it remembered, was in the days when such sad scenes were not enacted with the privacy with which Justice now tempers her stern decrees, and, when the procession mounted the scaffold, a strange sight met the eye.

A strong cordon of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, was formed in close order round the foot of the scaffold. Pressing up to and around these in a dense mass, was a motley crowd of men, women and children, drawn to the spot as a show attracts the crowd.

The sea of up-turned faces presented in their varied expressions of brutal exultation, suppressed passion, sorrowful pity, or careless indifference, a field for the student of human nature. Permission to speak being granted, Raoul stepped forward, swept his glance over the sea of heads, and in clear tones began :

"Friends and fellow-countrymen ! In this solemn hour, at peace with God, it would ill-become me to die with words of wrath upon my lips. For those who have brought me here to this ignominious death I pray forgiveness, and trust the future will not avenge my death upon them in such pain and sorrow as have come to me, and mine, and you. The martyr may not choose his mode of exit from this world; if his cause be just, he need fear no stain on his memory by reason of it; therefore, waste no idle tears on me, who am but the one chosen by fate to die that you might go free. To you I commit my dear ones, and charge you by all you hold sacred, should misfortune befall them, that you will make their future your special care, and, as you do to them, may God so reward you. I die for my country, and look to my countrymen to vindicate my memory in the struggle I have made for her liberty. The present hour is dark with defeat, and sorrow, and death. The future is bright with hope, in that I see the principles for which we fought embodied in a constitution which shall be no less a blessing to you and your children than to those who now despise our aspirations, and quench them in our blood. I see you, my beloved compatriots, swelling from a handful of down-trodden vassals into a great and powerful nationality, guarding as your life your language, your religion, and your laws. A glorious destiny awaits you,

and demands but your ability to grasp it and compel the now triumphant Star of England's Empire to do your sovereign will when you choose to make it known in the unmistakable voice of a free, united, and determined people. Vive la Liberté ! Farewell !"

He saluted the crowd of now thoroughly excited men, who were only kept under control by the overwhelming show of military strength, turned to embrace Father Lebeau, and say farewell to the few personal friends standing near by. The further harrowing details were rapidly carried out, and the lofty soul of Raoul de Bienville was released from its perishable dwelling-place to find its affinity among the myriads of like noble and exalted spirits who have lived, suffered, and died, in the form of men in this world; of whom the world may not have been worthy, but whose presence for a time therein served to enrich it and inspire others to revere, if not to emulate, their aims and aspirations.

Ideas are strangely powerful. Men have died for them and will yet bravely die, but woe to those at whose door the responsibility of their death shall lie. The seed of the Church, watered by the martyr's blood, has grown into a mighty forest. The world's judicial murders for opinion's sake have but more deeply rooted the ideas for which they were committed in the minds of men. Ideas live ! That for which Raoul died has become a passion with his countrymen, burning into and transforming their very being. Will it ennoble and inspire them with lofty ideals and wide views of their future in the land of their birth, which those of another faith and tongue are no less proud to claim as their native land ? Or will nursing and

brooding over it but develop it into a morbid growth that shall strive to eat out the heart of the body politic, and devour whatever is not of its own tainted life? The surgeon's knife is the last remedy for a diseased limb; were it not the wiser part to prevent disease than apply such radical cure? The lessons to be learned from the past forcibly apply to the events of to-day. The clamors of party and schism, creed and tongue, are ringing in weary ears. Hands that should be clasped in brotherly love need but little provocation to strike in anger. Opinions are sacred; respect for such as cannot be assented to, when honestly held, shall command respect; and only thus shall it be possible for the widely differing components of a land so favored to join hand-in-hand and together work out the "glorious destiny" in store for their common country.

What that destiny shall be, and what the future has in store for us belong to the unknown, and the now unwritten history is the task that we of to-day have set for us. Do we seek inspiration for it? Then read that written in the sweat and tears and blood of those who made it on the soil they won and left to us as our inheritance; and back of that, turn to the scroll of Europe, and read the by-gone deeds of our fathers —of English and French, Scotch, Irish and German blood—as they toiled and fought and died in moulding the individual and national characteristics that are now being woven into the fibre of our national life. Drink inspiration from what well you deem sweetest. Widen and broaden your view to include the vistas on which your neighbor loves to gaze. Open your heart and hands to receive from him that of which he may have to spare, and you may lack of those qualities

that go to build up an ideal character—a Man, a Canadian.

Do you complain of aggression on the part of a section of the community? Meet it calmly, reasonably, firmly, not with bluster and brag and counter-threatenings—he may have some reason on his side, and misunderstanding and jealousy are the cause of more than lovers' quarrels.

Do you fear his ascendency from overwhelming growth? This is but the result of a natural law, the effect of which he may have perceived with greater force than you, to your disadvantage; the remedy is obvious.

Do you object to his use of his own language? Learn it, and you are not only equipped to meet him on more than equal terms, but you may discover and appreciate riches hitherto undreamed of.

Does his creed jar on your senses trained in a different way of thinking? Study it, and you may be surprised to find refreshing resting-places and guide-posts on the road to heaven, the chart to which you may have fondly imagined yourself to be the sole depository.

The machinery of the body politic when fed by the fires of party rancour and passion jars, is quickly thrown out of gear unless lubricated with the oil of cool, common sense; store up the oil, study the parts and how to apply it most effectually, and he who most surely and swiftly arrives at the full knowledge is he to whose hand is committed the great responsibility of guiding the vast machine of State. The "mistakes of Moses" have been held up as responsible for much of the misfortune of the race; the mistakes of yester-

day more nearly concern us of to-day, and are pregnant with warning, but it is the mistakes of to-morow for which we shall be held responsible.

* * * * * * * * *

Father Lebeau is long since dead and gone to his reward, but his type survives in hundreds of villages scattered through the country; simple and pious souls, untaught in the ways of the intriguing cleric, who strive to bring up their flocks in the paths of virtue and religion as it is given them to expound. Denied the joys of home and family, their lives are passed in helping others to solve in a measure the problems of life, never to be fully revealed, perhaps, till death shall open the eyes now blinded by the glare and bewilderment of earthly things.

And Evelyn! What of her?

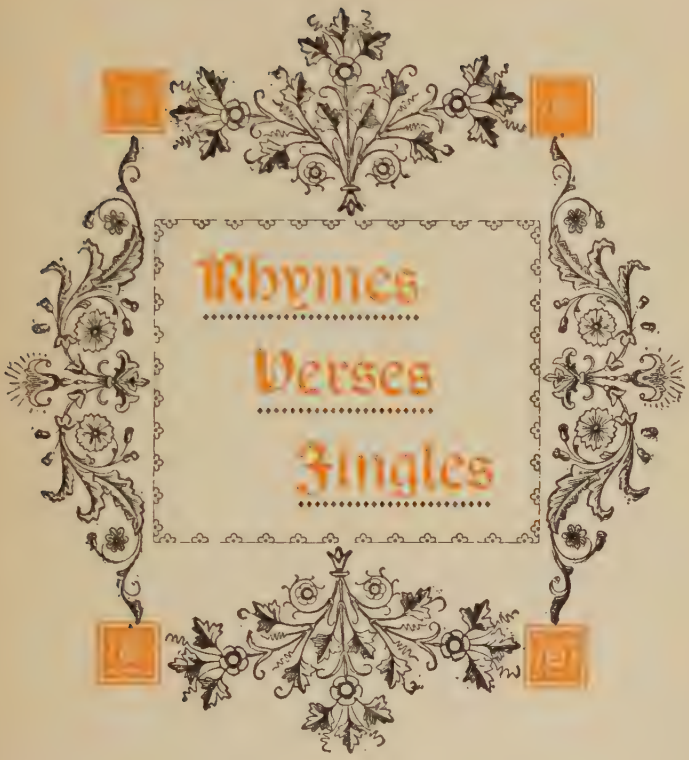
In one of the farthest missionary stations of the Roman Catholic Church, in the almost unknown district of the Mackenzie Basin, in the burying-place attached to the little chapel, may be seen a newly-made grave, and at its head a simple little wooden cross, painted white, on which kind hands have roughly scrawled in black letters :—

SISTER
ST. AGNES,
BORN
1820,
DIED
1889.
R. I. P.

On enquiring the meaning of these words and the history of one who closed a life so full of years in such a lonely spot, the stray visitor might be told of "a young lamb who came into the fold seeking peace, and rest, and relief from many sorrows; whose long life had been spent in going about doing good. In the older settlements, seeking ever to be sent where trouble and sorrow called for succor, and again begging that she might be given the hardships and trials incident to the march of the missions as they gradually reached out into the wild and unknown regions North and West. Many a poor Indian, lumberman, or frontier settler, blessed with his dying breath the hand of the Sister who seemed to come to him as a ministering angel in his time of need. She had finally been sent to this station which, when first established, was in the midst of an unexplored wilderness of forest. Settlements and civilization gradually approaching, she desired to go yet further to prepare a light in the dark places, when she died, just before her jubilee, and was buried as Monsieur sees. Her history is, in brief, as Monsieur has heard. Her past? Oh! that was buried when she pronounced her vows fifty years ago. Her name? Ah! Monsieur may know some of her friends, and it may be well for them to know—her name was

EVELYN GORDON.

"When our souls shall leave this dwelling, the glory of one fair and virtuous action is above all the scutcheons on our tomb, or silken banners over us."
—Shirley.


Rhymes
Verses
Jingles

RHYMES, VERSES AND JINGLES.

"THE MUSIC OF THE REEL."

COME! all ye jolly fishermen who love a cheerful song
Around the blazing camp-fire, whose hearts are true and leal
To the gentle art whose mysteries ye have studied well and long,
And join with me in praises of the "music of the reel!"

They may prate to us of Wagner, of Beethoven, or Mozart,
Of harmony and melody, ecstatically kneel
In soul-entrancing rapture at the shrine of Classic Art—
But we love the simple rhythm of the "music of the reel."

By the swiftly rushing river, or the calm and peaceful lake,
Where Nature's choir makes music that the dullest soul must feel;
When the sun peeps through the tree-tops, calling slumberers to wake,
Then the heart beats time responsive to the "music of the reel."

There's gladness in the bird's wild flight, or rush of captured fish;
Contentment in a hard-earned bag, or in a well-filled creel;
But the sportsman's pulse-beats quicken as he hears the well-known "swish,"
And the line runs whistling merrily the "music of the reel."

Then a health to all true fishermen—a bumper let it be!
Shake up the blazing pine-knots ere the shades upon us steal!
And when the darksome night sinks down, and we but dimly see,
May whispering memories sing to us the "music of the reel!"

UNATTAINED.

DREAM-BORNE floated my lay:
Gladsome as lilt of fluting bird—
Ne'er sweeter song ear ever heard ;—
E'er yet my pen had spelled a word
It flew away !

My moving speech should sway
Vast, waiting crowds that, breathless, hung
To catch it glowing from my tongue !—
Dumb, I alone, thousands among :—
It came next day !

With Love I fain would stray
'Mid bosky aisles and fern-hid bowers,
In dalliance all the golden hours !—
She ever vowed grew fairer flowers
The other way !

I'd win, and naught should stay,
Fame, Riches, Book-companioned Ease;
Roam strange, new lands and travelled seas:
Now, as I must, not as I please;
Ah ! Well-a-day !

A PLEA.

FRET NOT the Poet's soul with rankling sting
Of critic tongue,
As, Fancy-led, he roams, and fain would sing,
Her fields among.

Dost fright yon chorister, in surplice grey,
With cruel gun,
What time he throats his matin roundelay
To greet the Sun

Kissing the drops, tear-gemmed, on burdened trees
And silken corn?—
In drowsy antiphon the choir of bees
Hymns the new morn!

These but her Minstrels glad interpreting
All Nature's song:
Nor grander swells the chorale echoing
Dim aisles along.

The dreamer, scorned, straying in devious ways,
By thee untrod,
Rare treasure finds, untold its wealth o'erlays
The jewelled sod.

To ear attuned the winds whisper their tale,
Unheard by thee:
All scents and blooms his ravished sense assail,
His wide eyes see.

Th' eternal hills that, awful-fronted, rise,
Betray their speech;
And circling worlds, thick-starred in Night's arched skies,
Their message preach.

Hushed voices of the woods and air and seas,
Or chaffering mart
Where men do strive and faint, all deaf to these,
Speak to his heart.

What wonder if, as waits a sleeping Earth
The voice of Spring,
His soul, prophetic, wakes, a Song has birth
He needs must sing?

O stay thy hand, nor once again, in wrath,
Thy prophets stone,
Who, all uncrowned, mayhap yet climb the path
To Song's high throne!

TRILOGY.

I.

OUT from the infinite Vast;
Wonder-eyed, questioning why:
Waked from Night's dream-sleep and passed
Life's portals through—yet a cry,—
Dawn-kissed, yet naught but a sigh
Breathed on the Threshold, aghast.

II.

INTO the roar and the strife:
Parched 'mid the hot sand's dank red;
Sprent with the toll of the knife;
Battling the lions for bread!
Flung to the kites with the dead!
Hushed the Arena of life.

III.

BACK to the vasty Unknown
Doming the pendulous stars:
Winging the topaz-gemmed zone,
Haloed in heroing scars.
Loosed the Soul's shackles and bars:
Fetterless Life shall atone!

SPOILERS ALL.

WOODLAND and stream and mead and tarn, a broad
and fair Domain,
Deep in the Northland fastnesses, and I as King do
reign :
Nor rival brook, nor trespasser, in realm where I do
toll;
A murrain on marauders all, nor stint them of their
dole !

Feather and Fur and Fin ;—
Lord of the Woodland Clan :
Keep I that I do win :
Challenge, uncrown who can !

" Thief ! Thief ! Catch him !—Catch!—Catch!—Catch!
—Catch !—
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!—Who-oo-hoo-hoo-hoo ?
First catch, then latch :
The thief !—'tis you !"

Wilt flout me to my kingly beard, doubt my prerogative
To tithe and tax and arbitrate who die and who may
live ?
On the knave's back yon curling rod shall prove my
sceptred sway,
And contumacious subjects teach, I rule, theirs to
obey !

Feather and Fur and Fin ;—
Lord of the Woodland Clan :
Keep I that I do win :
Challenge, uncrown who can !

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!
The rogue! Switch him!—Switch!—Switch!—Switch!
—Switch!—
Swing high, swing low:
King's sport and rich!"

Yet yield I not my sovran right to levy on each poll,
On pain of stress, a goodly mulct, full tale of my rent-roll.
Pavilioned 'neath the whispering pines that sentinel my shores,
And lull to dreams, I watch and ban an robbers filch my stores.

Feather and Fur and Fin:—
Lord of the Woodland Clan:
Keep I that I do win:
Challenge, uncrown who can!

"Beware! Watch him! Watch!—Watch!—Watch!—
Watch!——
Who-o-o-oo-oo-oo? Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Ne'er thief to match
With thee, Sirrah!"

AS SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

IN his bridal suit of elephant grey,
The Lord of the Jungle hied
To her father's castle, leagues away,
To claim his promised bride.

In his coat's brave girth nor crease nor fold,
And the merry sunlight played
O'er his ivory spear-point's burnished gold
As his trumpet-challenge brayed

Full loud and long, till the drawbridge swings
Where the moat yawned wide and dank:
And the warder's bugle welcoming rings,
As befits the visitor's rank.

But the bridge was old and the strain was great :—
Down into the slimy moat
With a clatter of trumpet and spears, sad fate,
Crashed the groom in his wedding coat!

Was ever a sight like that, I ween?
With coat all dripping and torn,
And a spirit as dead as the ivory's sheen,
They fished out the groom, forlorn.

"'Tis my chance!" laughed his rival, "he'll die a monk;
E'er wed that, she'll with me elope!"—
But the wedding took place for—he'd saved his trunk
And a cake of our peerless soap!

LAURENTIA:

A North-land Idyl.

CRADLED within a Royal mother's arms
From Nature's font she draws rich nourishment;
Soothed by her lullaby, in sweet content
She peaceful dreams, secure from rude alarms.

She shares her dark-skinned foster-brother's play,
And roams with him through all the wide domain,
Whose fastnesses re-echo back again
The joyous laugh of childhood's halcyon-day.

She learns the secrets of the streams and woods,
Those furred and finny dwellers own her sway:
She fears no living thing, by love alway
She bends her vassals to her changing moods.

The blustering Ice-King from the frozen north
In wanton sport imprints his icy kiss
On cheek and lip. What fairy magic this!
He sees but blushing roses springing forth;

And meekly bows his head beneath the yoke
That binds him to her sled, whereon she rides
In queenly state propelled by giant strides
O'er snowy vasts, where airy sprites convoke.

Her childhood's happy, guileless days have flown,
Till now a maiden grown, and wondrous fair,
She needs an arm whose all-protecting care
Shall stoutly guard, till strong she rules alone.

Her Noble Kinsman from across the sea
With pious zeal the dubious task essays,
To guide her feet in wisdom's holy ways
And save her soul—her dowry take for fee!

A Royal Brother, from his seagirt tower,
With envy views his rival's dark intent.
No pious scruples stir his calm content:
"He takes who will and keeps who has the power!"

Then, arming his retainers, sails away
To dispossess the spoiler of the weak!
Of that great fight Quebec's red stones yet speak;—
Spite doughty foe his strong arm wins the day.

His trembling ward he soothes with honeyed word,
Bids her take heart and rest her now in peace;
From sea to sea her bounds shall yet increase,
Her fame, with his, shall through the world be heard!

She learns to love this grim old foster-sire;
His rough-cast plans of state her thoughts engage;
But, growing weary of strict tutelage,
Her freedom craves, and gains her heart's desire

For fuller, broader life, and wider field
Wherein her will shall have free scope to act;
In great affairs she moves with skilful tact—
Bright augury of power she yet shall wield.

By lieges borne, she takes her rightful place
Among the rulers and great ones of earth,
Acclaimed a queen, by right of blood and birth,
A nation's hope, to bless the coming race.

As bride adorned she stands beyond compare—
  A wreath of opalescent maple leaves
  About her shining hair she deftly weaves,—
Arrayed in royal robes, and jewels rare.

Where mate for one with gifts so high endowed ?
  Where find a consort who shall share her fame ?
  To unborn sons transmit the glorious name
Of Canada, revered, illustrious, proud ?

Behold ! yon high-souled, brave, true-hearted knight,
  Whose pulses beat with passion's ardent fire—
  His country's love his holy, sole desire;—
The Patriot kneels ! her love she yields of right.

Mayhap from nations yet unborn shall rise
  A benison on such a union meet,
  And poets sing in flowing stanzas sweet
What time she enters on her high emprise—
  'Mong federated nations takes her seat
In peaceful bonds, that all the world comprise.

GATHER ROUND ALL YE GOOD MEN AND TRUE.

(Air—"Soldier's Life."—"Erminie.")

PARCHED 'mid the dust of the hot summer's blue,
Forgotten and lone sleeps the swift-gliding shoe.
When fair Winter, deftly, a white covering weaves,
And tenderly mantles the dank, fallen leaves—
When the winds whistle keen through the maples and firs,
And the throbbing pulse leaps and the sluggish blood stirs:
Then the blanketed lads their phalanxes form,
And laugh in the teeth of the fierce-driving storm.

Chorus: Gather round all ye good men and true,
Join with us in gladsome jubilee:
Unsullied still our tasselled blue,—
Untarnished may its brightness be!

Many long years since we entered the race,—
Unchallenged the record and strong yet the pace;
Old comrades may drop from the ranks in the snow,
Still onward, majestic, the old colors go.
They are twined 'mid the folds of our loved Union-Jack
That over us waves; and should dastard attack,—
Confusion attend on the pestilent horde,
When the Blanket and Tuque tramp with rifle and sword!

Chorus: Gather round, etc.

TALLY-HO.

I SING you a song to-night, my lads,
A song of the frost and snow;
Of the sport so rare and the bracing air
That quicken the pulse's flow.
Others may sing of the budding spring,
Or the autumn's mellow glow,
But the winter for me with its life so free,
And the tramps through the drifting snow.

Cho :—Let us away where the breezes play,
Over the glittering snow :
Merrily sing, till the echoes ring
To the snowshoers' "Tally-ho."

Then weave me a garland gay, my lads,
Bright holly and fair mistletoe;
To Winter we'll sing, and crown him King,
Ermine-wrapped in a mantle of snow.
With the rod and the gun we now have done,
The crosse and the oar may go;
But the snowshoe to me a friend shall be,
As we tramp o'er the sparkling snow.
Cho.:—

I give you a toast to-night, my lads,
To pledge you wherever you go:
"Our Canada fair and the lads who wear
The snowshoe."—Hurrah—Tally-ho.
May her Knights of the Shoe to their country be true,
At her call ever ready to go,
And her honor defend,—Ay! e'en though the end
Be a grave 'neath the shrouding snow.
Cho.:—

HIGH SCHOOL SONG.

Air—"Boys of the Old Brigade."

WHERE are the Boys of the Old High Brigade,
The stout-hearted lads and true?
Who of doughtiest rival were never afraid,
For the old grit and pluck bore them through
The exams. or the match, or may-be the fight—
"In and win" was the word, "till you drop"—
And ever it ended, the records recite,
With the Boys of the Old High on top!

Chorus:

Steadily, shoulder to shoulder,
Fronting all the world undismayed;
Ready and strong, ring the cheer along,
For the Boys of the Old High Brigade!

Seek ye the Boys of the Old High Brigade?
Then look high and search wide and seek far.
For, where honors are won, in Arts, Arms, Letters, Trade,
Preacher's desk, on the Bench, at the Bar,
You will find the Old Boys taking rank with the best;
And, perhaps, if of some but a name
Is all you may find, for the Boy sleeps at rest,
'Tis an honored one, guarded by Fame.

Cho.:

Here's to the Boys of the Old High Brigade :— ,
To our Country, our City, our School !
Should ever they call us we're ready to aid—
While we live never treason shall rule !
May the coward, the bully, the snob and the sneak
Ne'er be found in our ranks on parade:
For the right against wrong, 'gainst the strong for the weak
Stand the Boys of the Old High Brigade !

Cho. :

A SONG OF LIFE'S SEASONS.

CHILDHOOD :

"SING me a song of the budding spring-time,
Sing Robin, thou chorister free!
Echoes woodland and meadow the silvery chime;
Lo! a World opes to Life and to me.
Childhood's glad Spring
Joyously sing,
With its presage of what shall be!"

YOUTH :

"Sing I my song all the long summer days;
As the amorous Sun kisses my cheek
And the breeze, lover-like, with my tresses plays—
For my love's hopes must utterance seek.
Youth's summer wanes;
Pleasure still reigns;
My glad heart its rapture would speak!"

MANHOOD :

"Sing me no song that shall daintily float,
No Troubadour lay to me sing.
Rings the Trumpet of Fame its far-sounding note;
Wealth and Honors, O Years, to me bring!
Autumn doth pour
Its garnered store—
Enjoy! lest thy riches take wing."

OLD AGE:

"Sing me no song; soon thou shalt be as I,
Thy withered heart lifeless as stone.
Sing ne'er so sweetly, ye wake but a sigh
For the dead past and years that have flown.
Death's Wintry night
Chills with affright;
The cold blasts their requiem moan!"

ENVOY:

Sing while ye may, let bubbling laughter well
As springs the purling brook from icy fetters freed!
Keep young thine heart, its lightsome gladness tell
To others who, mayhap, shall cheer thee in *thy* need!

1813.

This date was carved on the cornice of the old stone house on Mountain Street, pulled down to make way for the Canadian Pacific Railway track.

NOT in the quiet of the country side,
But midst the rattle of a busy street
And ceaseless hurrying of eager feet,
The daily ebb and flow of city tide,

It stood like some grim sentinel in grey,
Square-shouldered, and emboldened to withstand
Old Time's advances, or the impious hand
That fain would drag it from its place away.

What stories it could tell, what mystery
Might darkling hide beneath its shingled roof?
What loves and hates and griefs—the warp and woof
Of lives that long ago have ceased to be?

Its youth, like other dwellers in the town,
Was spent 'mid fairer scenes that long ago
Have faded from the sight—years come and go,
Bringing their cares that press the strongest down.

It saw a city rise, engulf the lea,
Where once the tasselled corn and bearded wheat
Waved in the balmy air, perfumed and sweet
With scent of flowers and fruit-laden tree.

It saw a generation pass away
Of men who helped to make the city's fame,
Of whom but now a memory and a name
Remain to those who fill their place to-day.

Now, like some garment old and out of date,
Or toil-worn man whose usefulness is past,
Discarded as a worthless thing at last
And trampled under foot by ruthless fate.

AT DUTY'S POST.

A sombre herald knocks, enters unbidden
Uttawa's guarded halls;
From his high place the Warder becks, unchidden,
Submissive when He calls.

Within the silence of the presence chamber,
Where sits enthroned the King,
At the dread bar, alone, the summoned member
Waiteth the issuing.

Hush thee! Can'st trace with thy uncertain vision
The eagle's lofty flights?
The storm that ruffles not thy vales Elysian
Roars fierce amid the heights.

Fought the last Foe, borne down, the van still holding,
Sleeps he, his guerdon won.
In fallen heroes' pall, reverent enfolding,
Wrap Canada's Great Son.

Embalmed within a nation's storied pages,
On blazoned scroll of fame,
Inscribe, 'mong honored patriots and sages,
One more undying name!

A PASTORAL.

Shepherd, piping :

"Alas! and Alack-a-day! the world's but a weary waste;
My flocks my melodies scorn, and roam o'er the hills away!
My friends at my fate make jest and, mocking, leave me in haste;
I've none left save thee, my pipe, alas! and alack-a-day!"

Passing Stranger, musing :

"Now, I wonder what aileth that boy, mooning out there all alone;
I'll pause for a moment and learn, for he seems in a very bad way."

Proceeds, muttering :

Well! if half that he's singing is true, I fear me his reason has flown,
What more does he want than a pipe, a lass, and a lac a day?"

LAKE ST. LOUIS, JULY 8th, 1893.

TOLL for the dead!
By the Storm-king's wrath undone.
While the wanton winds 'mid the folds of the lowered ensign play,
Kissed by the slanting sun,
And sigh 'mong the tasselled plumes
That wave o'er the valley blooms,
Lay him away.

CHEERS for the brave!
Tho' the storm-wolves' jaws, foam-wet,
In their mad rage gnash, shall the brood of the lion skulk in fear?
Bravely they dared the fret
And stress of the gallant fight:
Hail! and hand-clasps of right,
Over his bier.

HOMOEOPATHIC.

A little man—a little ill—
A little nurse, a little pill;
A little smile, a little kiss,
A little vow, no little bliss:
A little chief, a little row,
A little void, a little bow.
A little glass, wherein to show
The little sprites that work such woe.
A little poet—little wise—
In little fear of laughing eyes,
A little lesson thus would draw
From little flouts against the Law
That little nurses well may scan—
The simple rule of HA' NA' MAN.

OWING TO THE MOON BEING FULL.

(A Winter Idyl.)

"DO'ST SEE, my own, fair Luna's dancing beams,
As elfin Frost-sprites tripping o'er the snow?
E'en thus my heart, all day and in my dreams,
Ticks its sweet plaint, I love, I love thee so!"

Her fair head now upon that throbbing breast
Amid the fur that wraps it, soft and thick,
She gently drops, as seeks the bird its nest,
Cooing, "Dear heart, I hear the Luna-tick!"

SANTA CLAUS' NARROW ESCAPE.

HARK ! Hark ! the dogs do bark,
Santa Claus has come to town!
With bundles and bags his fleet-footed nags
Are scampering up and down!

And naughty Tom, the Piper's son,
Who stole the pig, away does run.
With flying feet, Tom wild to beat,
The pig runs squealing down the street.

Little Jack Horner, round the next corner,
Stands munching his Christmas pie,
He gulped the last plum, licked clean his fat thumb,
And joined in the hue and cry.

Little Miss Muffit got up from her tuffit
And into her curds and whey
She dropped the poor spider, who sat down beside her,
And after them scampered away.

Ding! dong! went the bell
And Pussy said: "Well!
I'll miss all the fun, it's just mean !"
But she called Tommy Stout, who lifted her out,
And away they both ran with Tom Green.

Said Simple Simon to the Pieman:
It surely isn't fair
That fun like this be going on
And we not have our share!"

Little Georgie wiped his eye,
Kissed the girls and said "Good-bye!"
Told them all to stop and play
And with the rest he ran away.

Handy Spandy, Jack-a-dandy,
Was buying cake and sugar candy.
He saw them pass the grocer's shop
And out he skipped with his hip-pi-ty-hop.

Jack and Jill, at the foot of the hill
With shouts of merry laughter,
Their empty pail with snow did fill
And quickly followed after.

Mother Goose, in her doorway, with cap all a-wry,
Shook her broom and cried "Stop!" as the truants did spy.
"Marry, laugh an they will, drat the mad-caps say I,
Won't I dust all their jackets for them by-and-bye!"

And they chased good old Santa Claus all down the street,—
But the sleighing was good, and his reindeer were fleet,—
And they heard him exclaim, as he vanished from sight:
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

GRANDMA'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

I'LL TELL you about a wonderful tree
That grows in a wonderful land.
It grows as well in the cold, white snow
As it does in the warm, brown sand.
It doesn't open its buds in Spring,
But in Winter its beauty is seen;
And every year it withers and dies,
But the next springs up fresh and green.

It has no need of the heat of the sun,
Nor the dew, nor the freshening rain;
For no roots at all has this wonderful tree—
So you see the reason is plain.
But it loves the glow of the candle-light,
Or the warmth of the cheerful fire;
And its spreading branches nod and bend
As the sparks shoot high and higher.

And the wonderful fruit on the laden boughs
Of that wonderful, beautiful tree!
There are golden apples, and silver nuts,
And such candies you never may see!
And the fire-flies come, and the fairies, too,
To gaze on the wonderful sight;
And hang on the branches their tiny lamps,
Their frolicsome dances to light.

A wonderful, jolly, round, little old man,
In a hole in that tree has a store
Of toys and of dolls and of books and of games,
And wonderful things by the score.
And if you are good perhaps you'll get some;
And perhaps there's an apple for me
Growing there on that wonder from Santa Claus land--
Grandma's wonderful Christmas Tree!

SING A SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

Sing a song of Christmas—
  Pockets full or dry—
Four-and-twenty folks to eat
  Plum pudding and mince pie.
When the pie has vanished,
  Hands round in a ring:
Oh, what fun in Baby-land,
  Where Santa Claus is king!

Children romping round the house;
  Noise and laughter sunny;
Speeches in the parlor,
  Clever, dry or funny.
Grandma says: "Oh, let them play,
  And never mind their clothes!"
Grandpa's looking for his specs;
  And finds them on his nose!

Canadian Out-Door Winter Sports

CANADIAN OUT-DOOR WINTER SPORTS.

"We fear thee not, O winter!
Though stern thy face and grim;
Though vast thy strength to crush and rend
Our bodies, limb from limb.
On Scandinavian mountain,
On stormy northern seas,
Our fathers braved thy wrath of yore,
And heeded not thy sullen roar
Amid the bending trees."

"They loved thy gusty music,
And from full chests and throats
Rivalled, in happy recklessness,
The Storm-King's boisterous notes;
They made thee now their playmate,
They made thee now their slave;
Thy frost-built roads for them to ride,
With fair-haired lemans side by side,
Above the rushing wave."

—JOHN READE.

"LET me but make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes the laws," said the philosopher; and had he added: "Show me the sports of a nation and I will tell you the nature of the laws they will be governed by, or make for themselves," he would have but rounded out and made more complete the oft-quoted aphorism.

The inborn love of action and the free out-door life, the Anglo-Saxon inherits as rightful dower, en-

tailed through countless generations down from the days when his Norse ancestors swept sea and land by the might of a strong arm, trained in sports and mimic war, and knew not such a word as fear.

It is true to-day that the battles of England are won on her playing fields, and no less true is it that the achievements of her sons in the more peaceful paths of commerce, statecraft, and the founding of empires far beyond the bounds of her island seas have been accomplished by the "push" and "hold on" learned by them in their manly sports, the heritage of freemen.

Canada is a new country—but an infant yet among the nations—and the serious work of the settler and pioneer was necessarily of a nature to preclude the idea of much recreative amusement; nevertheless was this very labor a training of men who, with axe and paddle, swept a way for their sons to come after them. These in turn, born on the soil or attracted to it from beyond seas and still under the necessity of working their way, find in the complications of modern civilization a wear and tear that tends to speedy degeneration unless supplemented with the wholesome tonic to be found in the bracing out-door air; and the sports of their own or their adopted land are seized upon and made to conform to the desired end. The Englishman contributed his cricket bat and football; the Scotchman his golf club and "stane"; and even the Irishman's warlike shillalah when transplanted in our peaceful soil bloomed out into the mildly aggressive "shinty," from which, in turn, by judicious pruning and grafting, was evolved the puck-persuading hockey. The Canadian, in his new-world way, contributes his quota; taking from the Indian his lacrosse, he im-

proves it out of sight and beats him at his own game; then, from the limbo of a forgotton past drags to the light the bark canoe that once bore hunting and war parties of braves over stream and lake, the snow-shoe that carried him over leagues of trackless snow; and the toboggan, upon which was packed the hunter's outfit, supplies, and captured game, cooly appropriating the lot to his own use and recreation.

Passing by much of all this with regret as pertaining to Summer's green fields and rippling waters now hidden beneath the wraps Winter has folded them in against the blustering onslaught of the Frost-King and his attendant winds, let us see what use Canada is making of her acquisitions, and whether her sons are being trained by their unequalled privileges into that sturdy, self-reliant, healthy manhood so essential in holding their own in face of the great questions that press for solution in this history-making epoch.

"The city keeps high festival,
The icy air, like wine,
Quickens each pace to bounding glee,
Bright eyes with gladness shine.
With merry laughter flowing fast
From countless summits high—
Like flashing arrows from a bow,
The swift toboggans fly!"

"And far on yonder mountain side
A chain of living light!
Each link a stalwart snow-shoer
With torch that blazes bright,—
A jewelled order proudly flung
On old Mount Royal's breast,
A starry circlet from the skies
Dropt on his snowy crest."

"A moment, and the magic scene
Grows strangely bright as day,
For, see! an army storms the fort,
Oh, guard it while you may!
Hurrah! the rockets leap aloft,
The waving torches flare—
A rainbow shower of golden stars
Breaks into glory there."

—"FLEURANGE."

The suggestion made some years ago, that the snow-shoe clubs of Montreal should unite in a grand Carnival of winter sports to which all who chose to come should be made welcome guests, was hailed as an inspiration and speedily acted on. The citizens at large were fired with the idea and subscribed liberally to a fund which they placed in the hands of the clubs to administer, and, with the happy idea, born of the suggestion of some artistic frost-sprite, the Ice Palace, as the *pièce-de-résistance*, the carnivals were launched and enthusiastically carried out by the clubs for several seasons till they got to be looked upon as a money-making institution by certain interests, when the disinterested support of club members fell away, enthusiasm waned, and it was deemed advisable to drop the project for a time.

Who among the thousands who saw the wonderful creation rising in tower and turret and battlement of pure, glistening ice on Dominion Square can forget or describe its weird and transcendent beauty as it burst upon their wondering eyes, perhaps at a late hour on a moonlight night when none else were near, or again when in the presence of 50,000 people packing every inch of the vast square 2,000 snow-shoers in full uniform advanced in column down from the mountain, each with a blazing torch and a bundle of

fireworks, and opened a rain of colored fire, quickly replied to by shell and rocket from the garrison within, who surrendered their stronghold only when the mines exploding in a blaze of myriad-colored lights warned them it was high time?

What a sight, too, was the railway built across the ice on the river and regularly used for traffic; the grand carnival drive in which ingenuity was taxed to the uttermost to invent something novel, quaint, or grotesque, in the way of equipage, each club vieing to out-do the other in their efforts to get the biggest "car" drawn by the greatest number of horses and packed with the largest crowd of horn-blowing, shouting members; the massive arches spanning the main avenues manned by their living freight of uniformed snow-shoers, all under the gracious auspices and smiles of vice-regal countenance?

All this, however, while interesting as a spectacular feature of our winter sports to outsiders, is not the phase most interesting to those who enjoy them for their intrinsic worth. Your true sportsman abhors all this fuss and feathers, and, in his pessimistic way, growls out his belief that it is all owing to this sort of thing that general interest in some of our winter sports seems to have fallen off of late years, forgetting that others have greatly increased in favor and that fluctuations of this nature are not unusual in these as in other matters where fashion has her say but which Time in his rounds generally manages to smooth into their proper grooves. Let us, then, glance briefly in detail at some of our winter sports, native or acclimatized, beginning with those distinctly Canadian, and taking first,

SNOW-SHOEING.

"Hilloo, Hilloo, Hilloo, Hilloo!
Gather, gather, ye men in white;
The wind blows keenly, the moon is bright,
The sparkling snow lies firm and white;
Tie on the shoes, no time to lose,
We must be over the hill to-night."

"Shake off, shake off the clinging snow;
Unloose the shoe, the sash untie;
Fling tuque and mittens lightly by;
The chimney fire is blazing high,
And, richly stored, the festive board
Awaits the merry company."

—ARTHUR WEIR.

It is in this spirit the present-day Canadian accepts and uses one of the gifts handed down to him from his Indian predecessors. Unlike another gift, the lacrosse, which was avowedly an implement ministering purely to his amusement, the snow-shoe was, and still is, to the Indian, and his congener, the nor'-west half-breed, in the distant wilds, and even to the isolated *habitant* and settler in his cabin, an absolute necessity to existence amid the wastes of snow. As his canoe carried the Indian over the net-work of waterways in summer, so only by means of the snow-shoe was it possible in winter to pursue his game or reach a distant point on his expeditions. In a recent speech at a snow-shoe dinner Sir Donald Smith touched on this phase of the subject, showing from his past experiences as a Hudson Bay fur-trader how forcibly this fact was continually borne in upon the hardy nor'-wester, when,

to be unskilled in its use might mean at least the loss of his dinner if not his life.

The British government, too, early recognized its value as an adjunct to the equipment of the troops quartered in Canada during the winter, and snow-shoes (?) formed a regular part of the military stores. The interrogation point seems necessary, for, with the proverbial perspicacity of the War Office, the articles so misnamed were about as unsuitable for the purpose as they could well be. "Pancakes," the boys called them, as, sitting on the fence of the "Priest's Farm," they gleefully watched the antics of "Tommy Atkins" floundering in the snow in the effort to accommodate himself to his ungainly foot-gear.

Snow-shoeing as an organized club sport may be said to date from about the year 1840, at which point the history of the Montreal club—the oldest—begins, and three years later were held on the St. Pierre race-course, what Mr. H. W. Becket, the historian of the club, claims were the first regular snow-shoe races ever held in Canada, consisting of a 4-mile flat, and 1-mile steeplechase over four 4-feet hurdles! These races became established as a recognized annual event at which, for some time, Indians and white men competed together and at first for prizes in money; such notable men as Gen. Eyre; Gen. Sir W. F. Williams, K.C.B.; Gen. Sir Chas. Ash. Wyndham, V.C., K.C.B.; Lord Paulet; Gen. Sir John Michel, K.C.B.; Gen. Russell, C.B.; Gen. Bissett; Maj.-Gen Lindsay, etc., etc., and the Colonels commanding the various regiments from time to time garrisoned in Montreal figuring as hon. stewards at the meets. Bi-weekly tramps became fixtures, and Dolly's, Moore's, and other old-time hos-

tleries became famous for their club dinners. Long distance cross-country and mountain steeplechases were instituted and participated in by members of this and other clubs as they rapidly sprang into existence, and in glancing back over the long record one reads the names of men who became prominent in all walks of life. Many are dead, and some who are living have, alas! attained such prominence in other ways as to effectually deter them from attempting to stoop to tie on the shoes, not to speak of running with them. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the Earl of Dufferin, the Marquis of Lorne, the Earl of Lansdowne, Lord Stanley of Preston, and Lord Aberdeen have all been patrons of the sport during their tenure of residence in Canada, are honorary members for life of the Montreal Club, and appear in the large club pictures among their fellow-members.

Racing is but an incident of this grand sport. It is in the tramp pure and simple that the fascination lies as, with the club, or perhaps in a carefully selected party of kindred spirits—and their sisters—a start is made for, say, the splendid rendezvous of the Athletic Club House at Cote des Neiges; the bright afternoon sun, the smiling moon, or the laughing stars lighting up the blue Canadian sky and glancing from the jewels that flash and sparkle upon the diamond-strewn fields over which the cheek-flushing breezes are whistling their inspiring song.

As talent flowed into the clubs with increasing membership, the social features of club nights and more public club concerts became prominent. The club poet was born—his early efforts, however, being more noticeable for force than poetic fire, until Dr. Beers

presented the Montreal and St. George clubs with verses of more than common merit that were hailed with delight and are still sung as club songs. One of the latest contributions, a gem worthy of its author, W. D. Lighthall, is as follows:

ALL HAIL TO A NIGHT.

" All hail to a night when the stars stand bright
Like gold-dust in the sky ;
With a crisp track long, and an old-time song
And the old-time company."

CHORUS :

" All hail to a night when the Northern light
A welcome to us waves ;
Then the show-shoer goes o'er the ice and the snows,
And the frost and the tempest braves !"

" The snow-shoer's tent is the firmament,
His breath the rush of the breeze.
Earth's loveliest sprite, the Frost Queen at night,
Lures him silvery through the trees."

CHORUS :

" Yes, the snow-shoer's queen is Winter serene,
We meet her in the glade ;
Dark-blue-eyed, a fair, pale bride
In her jewelled veil arrayed."

CHORUS :

" Let us up then and toast to the uttermost,
Fair Winter ! We Knights of the Shoe ;
And in circle again join hearts with the men
That of old-time toasted her too."

CHORUS :

The literature of the snow-shoe presents a wide field as yet comparatively unworked and offers inducement to the ablest pens in its varied phases of song, story and verse. The late C. D. Shanly's weird yet beautiul

poem, "The Walker of the Snow," published in "Harper's Magazine" some years ago, may be cited as an example of what has been done in the last named direction, and, as a recent contribution, the writer's lines, entitled: "The Birth of the Snow-shoe," may, perhaps, be permitted mention.

The shoe, with its accompaniment, the moccasin, and the mode of fastening to the foot, are, in all essential features, the same to-day as when first made by the Indian for his own use. He still is the only maker of the shoe, but, like other manufacturers, has had to conform to the demands of his patrons as to style, weight, etc., but the principle of construction remains the same and cannot be improved upon, and

> "The harp-twang of the snow-shoe
> As it springs beneath his feet"

rings with the same music in the white man's ears as it did when the first Indian hunter donned it.

The costume—used also for tobogganing—is an evolution, and though incidentally picturesque, was designed specially for its serviceable qualities, and for the purpose intended is the best possible arrangement. The *Tuque* (by the colors of which the clubs are known) and the sash are but improvements in the articles imported in the early years of the century by the large firms by the bale or hogshead for sale to the lumber-men and *habitants*. Red and blue were the colors then affected, and the traditional colors are maintained in the present division of Quebec political parties into *Rouge* and *Bleu*. Both the sash and the *tuque* were adopted by the *Patriotes* of '37 as their distinctive badges as *enfants-du-sol*. The blanket is a

legacy from the Nor'-west and Hudson Bay Cos., where it has long been used, and its peculiar light, porous, yet heat-retaining qualities appreciated. Much of our history is thus woven into the costume that sits so gracefully on the stalwart forms of our snow-shoers. That they are conscious of it and cherish its memories, and that patriotic hearts quicken beneath its warmth, might have been gathered from the gusto with which the snow-shoe song, "Gather round," composed for the occasion by the writer, was sung to a popular air at the Jubilee concert of the Montreal club in 1890.

TOBOGANNING.

The Toboggan, with the Snow-shoe, is the Indian's contribution to the white man's amusements. It was, however, as a prosaic sled to transport his belongings that the original owner made use of it. Made of a couple of thin birch planks, 7 or 8 feet long, turned up at the ends and bound together with "gut" by means of cross-bars, and side rails, it formed the best possible kind of *traineau* peculiarly well adapted to glide along the top of the deep snow without sinking or being easily upset. With his supporting snow-shoes the hunter might travel over untracked wastes dragging his loaded toboggan behind, or, seated on it, drive his team of dogs at break-neck speed, just as he does to-day in the North-west wilds, as a free hunter or an employee of the Hudson Bay Co. In early times it must have been with great difficulty that the savage artizan contrived to split his boards down to the required thinness, combining minimum weight and strength. As people began to discover its utility as a factor ministering to their pleasures, and the demand for toboggans for this purpose increased, the friendly saw-mill aided him materially in this part of the work, though the making of the "Indian" toboggan remained in his hands and his own design was adhered to. While the sport was confined to the natural hills of the country and unoccupied city slopes, where a track had to be made over virgin snow, it was the best design that could be imagined; but, as vacant hills in the city were seized upon for building

purposes, the idea of the artificial "slide" with its iced "chutes" was generally adopted, and the white man's ingenuity was called upon to devise something better adapted to the new conditions of the hard, glossy surfaces of the slides. Various hard woods were experimented with and smoothed to a high polish; *lignum vitae* runners were added to reduce friction and increase the speed, and, with its luxurious cushions and trimmings, the modern toboggan was improved out of sight of the old, discarded "Indian" pattern.

In the great carnival years this sport was the most in favor with our people and the chief attraction to visitors, as many as ten or a dozen slides, with from two to five "chutes" each, being built at heavy expense in Montreal alone; these furishing the impetus and design for many others elsewhere in Canada and the United States. Owing to the whims of fashion, however, this grand sport has temporarily fallen into disfavor, and of all of these, not one slide was kept open by any club in Montreal last season. The Montreal club, however, instead of sending their timber to the wood-pile—where most of the other slides found their way—have wisely stored it till reviving interest shall again demand a return to this exciting and healthy recreation.

One of the greatest pleasures club members had in extending the hospitality of the slides freely to visitors in Carnival times was in enjoying the unbounded appreciation with which the "untutored barbarians" entered into the sport when once their not unnatural fears were overcome and they were induced to "take a turn." Many are the tales told of experiences at the slides where members unavailingly tried to persuade

spectators, who had come hundreds of miles for that very purpose and now stood with hesitating yet longing looks at the whizzing tobaggans flashing by, to "try just one!"

The writer calls to mind one evening in the old "Tuque Bleue" slide meeting two men walking down the steps after waiting all night at the top trying to make up their minds to "have a go." They were from the West Indies; had never felt colder weather than 60 degrees, and had clothed themselves in expensive furs from top to toe. One flatly refused to risk it, but the other, more venturesome, thought he would, and being enjoined at the top to "take a breath that would last him to the bottom and to hold on" used the remaining gasp to exclaim when we got there: "——! that was worth coming all the way and spending $1,000 to get!" "Well, try another then!" "No, Sir! not for $5,000!"

While some slight element of danger is always present in the sport, it is, owing to the construction of the wall-in "chutes" and the care exercised by experienced sliders and watchful committee men, reduced to the minimum that only adds zest. Hundreds of special correspondents have described the sensations they experienced; here is the way one of our own writers puts it in verse:

"The scene lends its aid, see! the moon's shining high,
So bright, the stars scarcely are seen in the sky.
A background of pines sway in melody sweet,
The snow crisp and dry 'neath the moccasined feet;
And close side by side at the head of the "chute"
A maiden and youth, each in gay blanket suit,"

"The wind's kissed her cheek to a bright rosy hue,
Her eyes glisten clear as the soft summer dew;
And though the hill drops nearly elghty degrees,
Her cheek never pales, she seems quite at her ease;
And soon they are seated, one word! and they fly—
Yes! swoop like the eagle from mountain-top high!"

"How firmly she's poised, the lines taut in her hand,
While he seated sideways, with foot keeps command
Of the flying toboggan, his face o'er her shoulder
So close to her cheek; one strong arm doth enfold her
Just to keep her from swaying, so great is the pace
The Lightning Express would be passed in the race!"

—O'Hara Baynes.

Tobogganing is at present under the ban—not so much of ecclesiastical as fashion's frown—but after a more or less lengthy term of rest will, without doubt, spring again with renewed vigour into the favor of our fair and stalwart citizens.

SKATING.

"Come to the moonlit lake,
Where rays of silver bright
Their slender arrows break
On the glassy pavement bright:
For hearts are gay, and joy is rife;
And youth and beauty, love and life,
Are out on the ice to-night.

* * * *

"Bright is the fairy scene;
The ringing steels resound:
And gleams the glowing sheen
To feet of beauty bound;
And health, with rosy pencil seeks
To paint the blush in beauty's cheeks,
And the echoing laugh rings round."

* * * *

"Earth and our cares forgot,
Our hearts we'll then reveal;
And spurn each colder thought,
As the ice the flashing steel.
Who, 'neath the sway of Luna's ray,
Love's sweet commands could disobey,
Or its brighter beams conceal!"

—JOHN LOWRY STUART.

As regards Lower Canada, the invitation "Come to the moon-lit lake!" must be taken figuratively, for, except under unusually favorable conditions of very cold weather in the late fall or early winter permitting good ice to form before the heavy snow-falls cover it up,

most of the skating is done in covered rinks. A noticeable exception to this, however, may be pointed to in the extensive open-air rink instituted by the Montreal Toboggan Club, when their special sport waned, on the grounds of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. It is the largest of the kind in Canada, and probably elsewhere, its race track being four laps to the mile. Several successful carnivals have already been given and championship speed-skating contests held thereon, at which latter the world's champions have made their only appearance in canada. The Victoria Skating Club's rink in Montreal and that of the Quebeq Skating Club are fine examples of covered rinks. Ottawa, St. John, Halifax, among other places have also fine buildings devoted to the sport which, while not distinctively Canadian, may be said to have here reached its highest development. Hundreds of really good skaters of both sexes are on the membership rolls of the various clubs, and not a few are well up to championship form. The world's champion figure skater, Mr. Louis Rubenstein, is a member of the Victoria and Montreal clubs. His experiences with the Russian police on his visit to St. Petersburg, where he won the championship, may be remembered. His threatened expulsion from the realms of the Czar simply on account of his Jewish birth, before he had even time to unpack his skates, was only averted by the intervention of the British ambassador, and even he could merely obtain as a great favor permission for the Canadian skater to remain till after the competition closed.

Speed-skating, under the auspices of the Canadian Skating Association, who hold an annual champion-

ship meet, has made great strides in recent years. Though our skaters had for long to take second place to the American and foreign cracks it is hoped that the near future will see them leading in all events, as the Winnipeg champion did in most at the world's championship meet held in Montreal in '96.

It is in the fancy dress skating carnivals and masquerades, however, one sees the embodiment of the poetry and fascination of the sport. Ingenuity is here, again, taxed to the utmost to devise something new and attractive, either in the comic, grotesque, or simply beautiful in costume, and the scene in the great rink, packed with spectators in tiers surrounding the glossy surface of the polished ice mirroring the glint of the electric lights of every hue, when the band breaks in on the quiet with its burst of music, and throngs of gaily dressed skaters sweep in a whirlwind across the unscarred surface of the crystal floor, is one that surpasses in its charm anything else out of Fairyland.

The evolution of the skate is an interesting study. Even those of us who still wish to be thought young can remember the fearful and wonderful contrivance of our early days with its wooden frame fastened on by a yard or two of leather strap; its blade chopped off short under the heel, "guttered" along the bottom and terminating in front in a protuberance that coiled up over the toe with the graceful curve of a poodle's tail. Now, the skater has choice of the many excellent paterns in the elegant mountings of burnished steel, nickel plate, and brass finish, either adjustable or screwed on to the boot. Speed-skating has developed the extraordinary structure known as the "long-reach"

skate, whose 22-inch blade and attachment, while anything but handsome, seem well adapted for the purposes intended.

The revival of interest in skating has been most marked during the past few seasons, previous to which, owing to the whims of fashion now affecting tobogganing, it was quite out of favor That it will ever lose its place as one of our healthier winter sports need never be feared while blood runs and young men and maidens have an affinity for one another.

HOCKEY.

"O wild Kaleidoscopic panorama of jaculatory arms and legs,
The wriggleness, the wormlike, snaky movement and life of it;
The rowdyism, and *élan*, the slugging and scraping, the cowboy
Homeric ferocity,
The bleeding noses, the shins, the knuckles abraded;

"That's the way to make men! go it, you border ruffians, I like ye.
O, wild, tumultuous, multitudinous shindy.
Well, this *is* the boss;
Purely physical glow and exultation this of abundantest muscle;
I wish John Sullivan were here.
O, the gore and the glory of battle!
Fall all over yourselves, squirm out! Leg it!
Say, you big chump, don't you kill that little chap
When you are about it!
Well, I'd like to know what an off-side is then? Draw?
Where's your draw?
Yer lie!"

—*Adapted from "The Football Match": Anon.*

In enjoying a stroll in the crisp air of a bright winter night, a stranger might pass on his way a large structure of no architectural beauty. On pausing to learn its nature, his ears are saluted by a burst of strident yelling as if a thousand demons were venting their joy at being let loose, while an ominous rattle of clashing sticks suggests possibilities of a riot going on within its walls. The propriety of ringing for the ambulance or calling out the police suggesting itself as he hurriedly seeks an entrance seems worthy of being acted upon as the wild scene breaks on the star-

tled spectator when once inside. Fourteen men, on skates, apparently equally divided into opposing factions, each armed with a heavy club, are chasing each other around the icy arena at lightning speed, seemingly bent on each other's destruction with their murderous weapons, while their mad efforts are applauded by their respective adherents in the ear-splitting manner that first attracted attention to the deadly fracas. While he gazes in horror at the whirling sticks a man is felled to the ice before his eyes, and e'er one can interpose any assistance the fallen warrior is up and off to join the *melée* at the other end of the arena where another man is being hurled bodily from the ice among the spectators. The horrible din increases; the skaters fly around the ice seemingly oblivious of everything in their excitement, when suddenly a man standing near a couple of poles stuck in the ice holds up his hand! A shrill whistle sounds above the uproar! One of the factions executes a sort of war-dance upon the ice and throw their clubs up in the air in apparent glee, while their friends on the platform redouble their cries as if to make up for the silence of the other faction, who look sullenly on—the fighting men, meanwhile, having, apparently by common consent, withdrawn to take breath and ease their wounds. As the crowd still remain, it is evident there is yet more bloody work to follow and the stranger waits with them, chained to the spot and fearful of the outcome. As if by a preconcerted arrangement, the fighting men on skates file out on to the ice at the sound of the shrill whistle before heard and form up in opposing lines, while their supporters hold their breath waiting for the word to begin. This is given and the turmoil goes

on fiercer than ever. On looking closer, it would appear as if the battle were conducted on certain established rules which each appears desirous of enforcing against the other party and disregarding themselves, as cries sounding like "Foul!" "Off-side!" heard above the din, and addressed to the man with the whistle, frequently call for his intervention between the disputants. Suddenly the whole mob fairly fly over the ice on their ringing blades and gather in a seething mass of arms, legs, and whirling clubs right at the spectator's feet. Their fierce blows fall swift and deadly till one of the combatants, evidently sorely pressed, breaks away from the *mêlée* and rushes to the other end out of harm's way, whereupon the entire band of thugs turn to pursue the unlucky wight fleeing from their vengeance. The crowd evidently look on this as a good joke, for they break into a roar: "Well played, sir!" "Run it out!" "Strike for home!" and other witticisms. Terror seems to lend him wings and he skims with the speed of a wild duck over the open space, apparently making for the refuge between the two posts at the other end, which seem to be placed there for the purpose of affording retreat in such emergency, and which his pursuers are striving to prevent him gaining. The distance is short; he has a good lead; and, encouraged by the sympathy which his flight evokes, in one last, bold dash he bursts through the goal just as a fell blow aimed at him by the forward man of the pursuing horde misses him by an inch and falls with a sickening thud on the resounding ice. Amid the howls of disappointed rage on the one hand and exultant yells of triumph on the other, from the spectators, the pursuers withdraw, and the stranger,

dazed and sickened with the sights and sounds of battle, staggers out into the fresh, pure air of the street and wearily seeks his bed in the hotel.

As he reads in his morning paper a glowing account of the "grand game" between two crack teams for the Hockey Championship, it dawns upon him that is what he witnessed and he questions: "If this is the way Canadians play, what will they do when it comes to fighting?"

Ice Hockey is a purely Canadian sport—a growth of recent years evolved out of the old game of "shinny"—with a code of rules adapted from those of Football and Lacrosse. Games are played by one side of seven men attempting to drive the "puck" between the goals defended by the other by means of the "hockey" stick. Matches are decided by the majority of games won in a specified time of play. Owing to the confined space and the speed with which skaters can cover the ice, it is one of the most exciting games possible; besides full knowledge of how to play it, requiring skating ability of the highest order. Long may it flourish!

CURLING.

"Whose stones are iron."

The "roarin' game" of old Scotland was brought to the land of their adoption by her sturdy sons as one of their dearest possessions, and has taken firm hold of the congenial soil of Canada's wintry fields. Its history as a club sport goes at least as far back as the founding of the Montreal club in 1807, and its growth from that time onward has been prodigious. A noticeable and pleasing feature of the sport is that, while at one time it was almost entirely played by elderly men, at the present time the hope of the clubs centres in the young men who, attracted by its charms, are flocking to the rinks in great numbers and are fast elbowing their way to the front among the veterans. Its great charm lies in its being essentially a game to be played; and, as a means of recreation and rest, because of its wholesome change from the labors of busy men, it holds the highest rank. In its hearty, social qualities and the free and easy spirit of *camaraderie* it engenders, the banker and his clerk, the merchant and his bookkeeper, the contractor and his foreman, in their enthusiastic pursuit of it, find a common ground where they can meet in that democratic unconventionality its enjoyment demands. It is probably enjoyed more universally in Canada than any other winter sport; its votaries being gathered into some

one hundred and fifty clubs scattered from Halifax to Vancouver, with membership running into the thousands and much valuable property. The heavy snowfalls—as in skating—operate against its being played in the open air to any great extent, and covered rinks are almost universal. Considering the difficulty of keeping good ice, and the bitter cold sometimes experienced out-doors, these are on the whole preferable. As the Irishman is said to dearly love a fight, so the Scotchman "maun hae a ding" at somebody, and he and his Canadian curling kinsman find their opportunity in the multitudinous club, inter-club, inter-provincial, and even international matches continually going on, which, while in progress, make the neighborhood anything but dull. The controversy regarding the respective merits of the "granite stone" and the "iron stone" is a dangerous subject for a stranger to meddle with when being argued, and should he attempt to settle it by suggesting that "stone is stone, and iron isn't stone at all" he would only still further confuse matters and get himself disliked. In fine, it may be said that the game is here to stay, and, if not of pure Canadian blood, certainly an adopted child of good parentage and destined to attain yet sturdier growth.

ICE BOATING.

Here, again, the heavy snowfalls, in the Province of Quebec, prevent enjoyment of this grand and exciting sport, and, beyond the outfits owned by some yachting men near Montreal, and only used occasionally in the exceptional opportunities of rarely favorable weather when a good surface of ice can be had, the sport is little known hereabout. On the Hudson River the sport is probably at its best, and on Toronto Bay it may be enjoyed to the fullest extent in Canada. There is no little danger connected with it, and only those with the fullest knowledge of sailing under such unusual conditions should attempt to handle a "boat." The speed is terrific, and on a favorable tack is actually "faster than the wind" that drives the boat along. Besides the danger of collisions, air-holes, cracks and hummocks are ever present snares in the path of the ice-yachtsman; and owing to the speed, if a "spill" does take place, the damage to boat and gear—not to speak of flesh and bones—is serious. It is not the danger, however, that deters, but, were it possible, all the waters that in summer float Canada's young manhood in canoe, and skiff, and yacht would see him skimming over their frozen surface in his boat on skates.

SLEIGHING.

In parts of the Province of Quebec the sleigh is in use six months of the year, and in the cities the authorities proclaim the times when wheels shall give place to runners, and *vice versa*. Aside from its value as a vehicle, the sleigh has its uses in ministering to the pleasures of the people in merry sleigh-drive parties, where the respective merits of the cutter-for-two and the great four-horse affair with its jolly load of occupants have each their defenders. Trotting matches on the ice of the frozen rivers are much in vogue in the country parts, and, given a good horse with well "pointed" shoes, harnessed to a light trotting "sulky," your *habitant* is the happiest of men—if he has been fortunate in doing up the other fellow in the race. The conventionalities of modern life in a large city have tended to modify somewhat the spontaneity and freshness of the old-time sleigh drive; but this is offset by the magnificence of the turnouts of such an organization as the Montreal Tandem Club at a full meet. It is believed that nowhere in the world can such a display be met with; the fine horseflesh, shining harness, elegant sleighs and rich robes—not to speak of the beauty enthroned amid it all—being one of the sights of the city on a fine Saturday afternoon.

IN CONCLUSION.

we cannot do better than quote a couple of stanzas from Mrs. L. R. Lefebre's spirited Carnival poem :

"So may faint hearts ever gather
From Canadian sports and play,
Something of the force that, working,
Hewed the forests, cleared the way :
For the tree shows fairer blossom
Where the roots are wide and deep,
And the pleasure turns to glory
When the victors revel keep."

* * * *

"Long may Canadians bear thy name
In unity and pride,—
Their progress, like thy rushing streams,
Roll a resistless tide :
Their hearts be tender as the flowers
That o'er thy valleys grow ;
Their courage rugged as the frost
When winds of winter blow ;
Their honour brilliant as the sky's,
And stainless as thy snow !"

Notes

NOTES.

CAMP AND LAMP.

Encouraged by the critical judgment of friends whose opinions he values, the author was led to gather such of his stray pieces of verse and prose sketches, as have already appeared in the pages of periodical literature, and, together with much new matter specially prepared, to issue them in this form. He is indebted, among other kindnesses, to his frend, Mr. W. D. Lighthall, for a suggestion which led to the adoption of the present title.

FRONTISPIECE.

This is from a photograph of Macnider Falls, Little Metis, taken by Dr. Rollo Campbell, of Montreal, and reproduced by his kind permission.

TENT, ROD AND PEN.

This series of sketches form what good old Isaak Walton might term a "Discourse" on the first article of the Angler's Creed: "It's not all of Fishing to Catch Fish." The two papers,

Trout Lines.

The Ensnaring Dimples of Fontinalis.

are re-written and enlarged from articles which appeared in "Outing" and "Our City and Our Sports."

How to make a Fly-Rod.

is reproduced from the "Young Canadian" by the kind permission of the Editor. In preparing it, the author acknowledges valuable suggestions from Henry P. Wells' book: "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle." The other papers were specially written for this work.

ANNEXED.

Little Metis, the summer home of the author since early boyhood, is here written of as "Macnider," from the name of the township. Save for the mythical legend of shipwreck and lost treasure, locally current since early days, the story, such as it is, is purely imaginative.

BALLADS AND POEMS.

How we Won the Trophy.

The author acknowledges suggestive assistance and kind criticism in the writing of this from Mr. Lighthall, who had himself contemplated doing something of the kind for Lacrosse, but retired in the writer's favor on learning of his attempt, and presented him with three or four lines already written, which have been embodied in the opening stanza.

The Bell of Justice.

Had the writer known Longfellow's "Bell of Atri" at the time of writing this ballad it is not likely that it would have been attempted. On its completion, it was submitted to one of the large American magazines, and in returning it the editor went out of his way to add to the conventional note of thanks: "We

have seen this incident told in verse before—but not as well told as yours." It is still an open question whether this may be attributed to "temporary aberration" or a kind wish to encourage with high commendation and full knowledge.

In Matabele Land.

"'Once between the attacks,' says a Matabele account of the death of Captain Wilson's police party, cut off and killed to a man in the recent South African war, 'when the Matabeles had fallen back, the men all stood up and took off their hats and sung.'

"They stood alone, a score or two. They had but fifty rounds of ammunition. They were outnumbered by thousands. Savages shut them in on every side. Escape was impossible. Death was near. Hats off, the bronzed, bearded men of the English blood which flows in the veins of all men of English speech, stood up and sung.

"With what song did these men about to die salute the future? Was it 'God Save the Queen,' or was it some last hymn of worship or doxology such as comes to men when death is close and the end not far? Whatever the song, the heart swells at this little band, dropping and falling one by one, rising and, 'hats off,' joining in one last burst of loyalty, love or faith."

Canada, My Land, My Love.

"The name Canada goes back to within half a century of the discovery of the continent by Colombo. We find it first used in Cartier's account of his voyage given by Ramusio, 1556. It was used for a century and a half before we find any allusion to its meaning,

and this no doubt accounts for the difference of opinion on the subject."—George Bryce, M.A., LL.D.

†"'Kannata,' which is pronounced 'Cannada,' and signifies a collection of dwellings."—Father Charlevoix.

"Doubtless signified, in the native tongue, clusters of cabins or villages."—F. X. Garneau.

‡"The Spaniards were the first who discovered Canada; but, at their first arriving, having found nothing considerable in it, they abandoned the country and called it 'Il capo di nada,' i. e., Cape of Nothing."—Father Hennepin.

"An ancient tradition goes that the Castilians * * when they perceived no appearance of mines, pronounced the two words, 'Aca nada'—nothing here."—Charlevoix.

"It is evident no reliance can be placed on this as the origin of the name Canada."—Bryce.

§"Canada continued the sole name of the country, discovered by the French on the banks of the St. Lawrence, until 1609, in which year the Canadian explorer, Champlain, having given at Fontainebleau, before the French King, Henry IV., an account of the country, it received the name 'La Nouvelle France.'"—Bryce—Garneau.

‖"September 18, 1759, Quebec capitulated. Before night, floated from the walls of this American Gibraltar the broad banner of England, where it has ever since remained untouched by an enemy's hand."—J. A. Boyd, M.A.

*"It was on Dominion Day, July 1st, 1867, that the Royal proclamation, dated on the 22nd May preceding at Windsor Castle, joined the four leading members

of the Confederation—Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—into a united Canada."—Bryce.

The kind encouragement extended, the detailed criticism proffered, and the warm welcome given by the late John Talon-Lesperance, the "Laclede" of the 'Gazette" and editor of the "Dominion Illustrated," to the writer—a stranger to him—in connection with this and other early efforts, is gratefully remembered.

"Sic Transit Gloria Mundi."

At a session of "The Society for Historical Studies" held in Montreal, April 1st, 1890, the chairman announced, on the authority of the "Herald's College," that the Beaver and the Maple-wreath had no part in the armorial bearings of Canada, and that their position as commonly depicted in the so-called "Dominion Coat of Arms" was unwarranted.

This poem was used, subsequent to its appearing in "The Week," by Horace T. Martin, F.Z.S., in his book, "The History and Traditions of the Canadian Beaver," section, "The Beaver in Heraldry."

SONNETS, VILLANELLES AND RONDEAUX.

She Looketh Forth as the Morning.

A close scrutiny of this sonnet may disclose a more special application than appears in it merely as a glimpse of "The Eternal Feminine which leads us upward and on."

Vengeance is Mine.

It is the work of statesmanship to devise some better way of protecting society, dealing even-handed justice

to the family of his victim, his own, and the criminal himself, than killing him off-hand.

Our Birthright.

Since appearing in the "Dominion Illustrated," this sonnet was used by Charles H. Crandall, in his work, "Representative Sonnets." Judging from requests that have reached the author for autograph copies, it has travelled and made friends.

To the End.

Written at the time of Sir John Thomson's sudden call.

REBEL OR PATRIOT.

Reprinted from the "Young Canadian," by kind permission of the editor.

RHYMES, VERSES AND JINGLES.

Spoilers All.

An attempt is here made to voice the harsh, staccato screech of the Kingfisher, and the wild, mocking laugh of the Loon which assail the ears of the Angler trespassing on their preserves.

"Gather Round all ye Good Men and True."

Written for the Jubilee of the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club in February, 1890, sung at a concert given on the occasion and at club re-unions since.

High School Song.

In October, '02, the "Witness" published a "Song" in praise of another city school with the remark: "Now it is the High School's turn. Don't come all at once. We want just one good one." This was written, sent, and printed accordingly.

1813.

In memory of the pulling down of the old stone house, on Mountain Street, referred to in this column, some weeks ago, and now covered by the track of the Canadian Pacific Railway, coming into Windsor Street Station, Mr. Samuel M. Baylis, of Montreal, in whose family the ancient relic was once lodged, writes a few appropriate verses, which will be found in another column of this issue.—"Laclede," in Montreal "Gazette," June 9, '88.

At Duty's Post.

Lines written on the death of Sir John A. Macdonald.

Lake St. Louis, July 8th, 1893.

At a Regatta held on this date, Mr. C. H. Levin, Commodore of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, alone of all, was drowned by the upsetting of his yacht in a violent storm which suddenly fell upon and endangered the whole fleet of boats and imperilled the lives of their crews. The heroism displayed by the rescuers of the survivors was the praise of all lips.

Homoeopathic.

"Wanted: small mirror for Nurses' room."—"Homoeopathic Record."

Santa Claus' Narrow Escape.

Grandma's Christmas Tree.

Sing a Song of Christmas.

These jingles were prepared for children's recitations at a Christmas party and are only included at the suggestion of some of their elders who thought them worthy of a place.

CANADIAN OUT-DOOR WINTER SPORTS.

Reprinted by permission from the Christmas number of the "Dominion Illustrated" for 1892.

The verse selections are all from the works of Canadian writers; most of the poems quoted from or mentioned may be found in Mr. W. D. Lighthall's admirable collection of "The Songs of the Great Dominion," to which acknowledgment is due.

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